METROPOLITAN
TORONTO
LIBRARY

General Reference

AUG - 8 1986

May Oct
1920

THE REAPER

Casting in Bronze from
the Model by
A. Suzor-Coté.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy of Arts.

A68215

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY REFERENCE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCT 4 1921

VOL. LV. TORONTO, MAY, 1920 No. 1

THE LEGAL MINIMUM WAGE

BY J. A. WALKER

ON all sides we hear that the cause of Labour is making such rapid and sweeping advances as to make possible an early and almost complete reversal of our social arrangements. From the English viewpoint we have the striking admission of Lord Haldane that Labour politically has captured the heights and that it remains for the old political parties to guard the plains below. Sir George Paish, the eminent financial critic and editor of *The Statist,* is on record as having said during his recent visit to the United States, that ere long Labour would be hiring capital.

The situation has made a direct appeal to the imaginations of cartoonists and purveyors of humour, and so we read of how the son of a leading banker had been ushered suddenly into wealth and social prominence by marrying a bricklayer's daughter, and also that the latest explanation of the unprecedented scarcity of teachers is found in the fact that so many of them have resigned to become janitors.

If these observations could be taken as implying a general truth as to Labour conditions throughout the world, then the recent action of four of the Provinces of Canada in placing minimum wage laws on their statute books, as well as the present agitation for like legislation in Toronto, would seem altogether futile and unnecessary. It may be that to some minds the action of these Provinces is only another manifestation of the mania that is abroad for Government interference in matters heretofore regarded as private, or as of concern only to the parties involved. Be this as it may, these Provinces are only following the example set by other parts of the English-speaking world in protecting and guaranteeing the incomes of women and minors who are obliged to earn their livelihood in shops and factories. Furthermore, as will be pointed out, the action of these Provinces is only a reversion to a practice that held sway in England for centuries and which seems to be the only adequate remedy for the evil of low wages, and for the protection of women and minors who enjoy it in no other form.

The idea of regulating wages by law is not in any sense a novel one nor peculiar to the period in which we live. This will be apparent from a consideration of certain aspects of the economic history of England, previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Before the Norman Conquest and for a long time afterwards the manor was the great institution around which the economic life of England centred. The lord owned all the land in the neighborhood of his manor, and under him was a body of serfs. The amount of services rendered by the serfs to the lord of the manor, and the remunerations given for these services, were not matters of free contract but of custom and manorial regulation. As time went on a new class arose in the economic life of the country, comprising the artisans who, as the name implies, did not cultivate the soil, but manufactured articles for general use. Large numbers of this class, having been brought up under the influence of manorial custom, felt in their new pursuits that their constantly increasing numbers made necessary some sort of regulation such as that to which they had grown accustomed; and herein we find the motive for the establishment of the first Merchant Guilds. These organizations regulated the conditions under which their members worked, the quality of the product turned out, and the price which they were to receive for it. But the one central purpose of all these regulations was to secure for members a sufficient income.

At a later period, as greater numbers of unpropertied workmen flocked to the towns and cities, the Merchant Guilds became more and more exclusive, the idea being to prevent the different trades from becoming overcrowded. Bitter feeling was thus developed between the Merchant Guilds and the craftsmen who were debarred membership, and this feeling found expression in the rise of a new organization known as the Craft Guild. As in the case of the older Guild, the main object of the new one was to enable each craftsman to earn a livelihood by the exercise of his trade. History repeated itself in the desire for self-preservation, and the Craft Guild became in time as exclusive as the older brotherhood had been.

It need not be emphasized that among the excluded workers in those years there existed no semblance of organization, no means of enforcing legitimate demands. Still, these did not fail to take advantage of such opportunities as the times afforded to improve their conditions. The havoc wrought by the awful plague of 1348 afforded a unique opportunity for self-assertion. Taking advantage of the scarcity of labour created by the epidemic, they demanded increased wages. But the employers refused such increases and even prevailed upon Parliament to pass a law known as The Statute of Labourers (Anno. 25, Edward III, Statute 1, A.D. 1350). The preamble of this bill runs thus: "Whereas late against the malice of servants, which were idle and not willing to serve after the pestilence without taking excessive wages, it was ordained by our Lord the King, and by assent of the prelates, earls, barons and others of his Council, that such manner of servants as well as men and women should be bound to serve, receiving salary and wages accustomed in places where they ought to serve, in the Twentieth year of the reign of the King that now is." The scale of wages was set forth for the various occupations, and the sheriffs, justices and mayors were authorized to enforce them. Note that this enactment fixed a maximum, not a minimum wage, for it aimed to prevent the worker from receiving more and the employer from paying more than the rates prevailing before the plague. The Statute, however, failed of its purpose, for wages increased despite the appeals of the employers for further legislation to keep them down.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century the labourers whose interests were no longer promoted by the

Guilds and who had abandoned all hope of obtaining protection from Parliament, formed organizations of their own as Journeymen's Organizations. These Unions reached the zenith of their power about the middle of the fifteenth century. Half a century later, however, we find them under the domination of the old Craft Guilds and affording little or no protection to the common labourer. The enclosures and confiscations of the sixteenth century swelled the ranks of the labouring masses to an unparalleled degree and, lacking organization in any effective form, they were helpless to maintain their wages at a level that would ensure subsistence. It was then that the Government attempted to remedy the condition of the labourer by passing in 1562 the famous Statute of Artificers. This, to all intents and purposes, was a minimum wage law, identical in principle with those we are familiar with to-day. It provided that each year the justices in each locality should meet and "calling with them such discreet and grave persons of the said county as they shall think meet, and conferring together respecting the plenty or scarcity of the time, and other circumstances necessary to be considered, shall have authority by virtue thereof, within the limits and precincts of their several commissions to limit and appoint the wages, as well of such and so many of the said artificers, handicraftsmen, husbandmen or any other labourer, servant or workman." Like much other legislation, both of present and of past times, the statute was not systematically enforced, for we find wages continuing to fall and the lot of the labourer growing worse and worse during the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth. During these years many appeals were made to Parliament for the enforcement of the law in question, and in many trades a minimum wage was actually fixed by Parliament. Instances are seen in the Act of 1720 for the benefit of journeymen tailors, and in that of 1756, which regulated the hours and wages of those engaged in the woollen trades. In 1808 the handloom weavers petitioned Parliament for protection along the same lines, but a select committee of Parliament, having reported that such legislation was inadmissible in principle, incapable of being reduced to practice and detrimental to the interests both of employer and employee, Parliament declined to give any relief. This abrupt reversal in the policy of Parliament is explained by the spread of the new economic doctrine of laissez-faire promulgated by Adam Smith. The exponents of this doctrine maintained that such matters as the regulation of wages was not a fit subject of legislation at all, being entirely outside the sphere of parliamentary interference. It is not surprising that this new theory should find favour with the employers, who all along had opposed the demands of labour, for it furnished them with new grounds for their opposition. So strongly did the new theory entrench itself in the minds of the lawmakers of England that not only did they turn a deaf ear to all appeals for the enforcement of the old Statute of Artificers, but actually repealed, in 1813, that section of the Statute which empowered the Justices to regulate wages. This marked what seemed to be the final doom of the old principle of a legal wage, and the complete triumph of laissez-faire.

For a whole century the economic life of England was determined by this teaching and with results that are appalling to think of. It was in this century that one could have found women working on all fours in th coal mines of Northern England. was the early part of this period witnessed the beginning of labour and of sweated wo which later became a menace t and to human existence itself. ever may be said in favour doctrine from a commercial dustrial standpoint, as a so it has long since been disc

and is fast passing into the limbo of forgotten things.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, after the new doctrine had held undisputed sway for a hundred years, and at a time when the conditions of the working masses cried aloud for a remedy, England realized that a serious error had been made and that it was undeniably a part of the business of the State to take cognizance of the evil of low wages. As a consequence we find her re-enacting wage laws in 1909, embodying the same principle as that of the old Statute of Artificers repealed nearly one hundred years before.

From this general statement of the history of wage legislation in England, we turn to a consideration of what has been accomplished in the same connection, in our own day, in different parts of the Empire and in the United States.

It is well known that Australia and New Zealand led the way in modern legislation of this character. Indeed it was to these countries that England turned when casting about, in 1907, for a remedy for the evils of sweated labour. New Zealand, in her endevour to settle industrial disputes, had adopted, as early as 1894, the scheme of compulsory arbitration between employer and employee. It is admitted that the board appointed under the scheme had no official designation as a Minimum Wage Board, but since the most important feature of almost every labour dispute is the rate of wages, the effect of the decisions of this board was to set up, in each and every case, a legal minimum wage.

Victoria was the first State in Australia to pass Minimum Wage Laws, as it has led all other States in matter of factory legislation. The Factories and Shops Act of 1896 made provision for the creation of wage boards in certain sweated trades. These boards are made up of not less than three, and not more than five, members together with an equal number of employees, and an outside non-partisan chairman. The Boards have power to determine minimum rates of wages, both by time and by piece, it being specified that piece rates must be so arranged as to enable those working under them to earn at least the minimum specified for time-workers in the same trade. When one of these boards has made a determination, it is published in the government gazette and becomes law within thirty days unless suspended by the Governor or revoked by the Court of Industrial Appeal.

When the Minimum Wage Law was first passed in Victoria, the object was to fix the rates of wages in certain sweated industries only, but the general effect of the law has been that the principle of free contract in regard to the fixing of wages has been all but entirely superseded by the principle of legal regulation. The States of the Commonwealth have, without exception, followed the example of Victoria and to-day the Minimum Wage Law, in varying forms, prevails throughout the whole of Australasia.

England, in 1909, passed what is known as the Trade Boards Act. It is interesting to note that throughout the whole discussion of this Bill in the House of Commons, all members were in favour of the measure, for they felt that the evil of sweating demanded a speedy remedy, and that the experience of the last thirteen years had shown that Victoria had devised the best and most direct remedy for this deplorable evil. The law at first applied to four trades only, but it was so framed that its scope could be extended to others as occasion arose. The results of the operation of the law in these four trades were so gratifying that in May, 1913, an order was issued extending its application to four additional ones.

In the United States the movement has made remarkable headway. The State of Massachusetts was first in the field, enacting in 1912 a Minimum Wage Law. Up to the present fourteen States of the Union, as well as

the District of Columbia, have placed similar laws on their statute books. In the majority of these States the laws do not fix the rates of wages, but set up machinery which shall first examine into the wages and the needs of employees in the different industries and afterwards arrange a schedule below which it shall be unlawful for anyone to employ women or minors. Unlike that of Australia and England, minimum wage legislation in the United States has been confined to securing a living wage for women and minors.

Of greater interest and more immediate concern to Canadians are the acts that have been passed, within the past two years, in four of the Provinces, namely, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and Quebec, and a brief comparative survey of them may here be of value.

The Acts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan show little or no divergence. In each province a board is set up with ample powers for holding inquiries into the working conditions of hired women, for fixing standards of wages and hours of employment, and for making all such orders in relation to conditions, sanitary or otherwise, as are, in its opinion, essential to the health or morals of those employed. The board, in each province, is composed of five members, the Manitoba Act specifying that, besides the non-partisan chairman, the employers and the employees shall each be represented by two members and that one of these shall be, in either case, a woman. The Saskatchewan Act provides simply that the board shall consist of five members and that two of these shall be women. Each board is permanent; its members are to receive salaries to be fixed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council; and its orders are effective thirty days after publication in the official gazette. In respect to enforcing the attendance of witnesses at inquiries, compelling the production of records in the possession of employers and punishing persons guilty of contempt, the boards enjoy "all such powers and privileges as are vested in the Court of Kings Bench in civil cases". To guard against the contingency of having inefficient workers thrown out of employment on account of being unable to earn the prescribed minimum rates, it is provided that special licenses, the number of which is left to the discretion of the board, may be granted to those who are physically defective or who are serving as apprentices in those occupations which require to be learned. In Manitoba those licenses are granted by the board, while in Saskatchewan they are granted by the Bureau of Labour under the board's direction. The Bureau of Labour in each Province is placed under obligation to supply to the board, at intervals, such information in relation to labour conditions as may be of assistance in carrying on its work; but the powers of the board are in no way limited or determined by any information so received.

The British Columbia Act, while similar in many respects to those commented on above, presents some differences that are notable. The board consists of three members, one of these a woman, and is merged in the Department of Labour, the Deputy Minister of Labour being ex-officio its chairman. Members of the board, as such, are to receive no salaries, but all expenses incurred are to be paid out of the Consolidated Revenues by the Department of Labour. The number of permits that may be issued to inefficient workers is expressly limited to one-tenth of the number of employees in any given industry; and the orders of the board are effective sixty days after publication, unless a longer period is thought desirable. Express provision is made for the calling, by the Board, of public meetings of employers and employees, and for the subsequent summoning, if necessary, of conferences composed of equal representation from both parties, together with one or more "disinterested persons". The idea of the public meeting and conferences would

seem to be to afford full opportunity for the presentation of the facts of the case from either side, a desirable and necessary thing, since, as has been pointed out, the board itself is constituted regardless of the principle of representation, which is a feature of the Acts in the other Provinces.

Just as the Saskatchewan Minimum Wage Act is all but an exact copy of that of Manitoba, so, the Women's Mininum Wage Act of the Province of Quebec, which was assented to March 17th, 1919, is a replica of the British Columbia plan. Minor points of difference appear in the sections relating to the number of permits issuable to employees of low efficiency—the Quebec Act leaving this to the discretion of the board—and in that relating to the constitution of the board, the authority, in the latter Act, for female representation, being merely permissive.

So far as Canada is concerned it is obviously too soon for an unqualified conclusion as to the success or failure of the measures in question. The attitude of the impartial critic in their regard will be that of "wait and see". The laws are, for Canada, an experiment in the sphere of social legislation, and are based on principles against which many serious objections have, in the past, been urged. But they are an experiment which other enlightened and progressive States have tried and which they have, to date, betrayed no intention of relinquishing.

It may be seen that no attempt has been made in these lines to show the superiority of any one plan over any other, to justify on ethical grounds the principle of State regulation of wages, or to refute the economic objections that have, with waning force, been urged against it in the past.

A LOCHINVAR OF THE SNOWS

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

WHEN the runners of the komatik had been iced, Fraser laid back on the top of its pack to rest. But Buck and the other Eskimo guide had still to treat the remaining sledges in the same way. First they lashed their loads on securely before turning them over. Then with their mouths filled with saliva, they began to spray it evenly on the runners as a Chinese laundryman sprays the white shirt front he irons. At once the water froze forming an ice coating which would lighten the load for the chained husky dogs, who were sniffing onlookers of these proceedings.

Quietly resting on the pack of his sledge Alan Fraser sucked his pipe in the perfectly contented frame of mind of a geologist who has seen and collared specimens of a piece of unexplored No Man's Land. On his way back from Cape Kater he was now pushing on towards the expedition's winter quarters at Arctic Bay, off Hudson Bay.

Very gradually the heavy drowsy sleeping-sickness of the North began to creep over him, while he lay ruminating on the trail they were making through this waste of snow levels and hummocks and frozen rivers. And out of this dream his attention was suddenly aroused by the huskies. With their ears pricked up they were excitedly scenting towards he east. Nothing, however, when he stood up to scan the great white world of snow came within his range of vision save league after league of shimmering cream beneath the sun making his eyes ache and smart. But Fraser knew by experience that the husky can sense things no man can see. Bending down to the ice he hoped to locate the cause of their excitement with his ears, for sound travels far in the unbroken silence of the delicate rich blue air of an Arctic day. Very faintly there seemed to come to him a far-away barking or howling from the direction of the distant shore of the Bay. He hailed his Eskimos to make sure of his surmise:

At once Buck nodded:

"Mickey Nannack, dogs and bears".

At the word bears all the white man's love for the hunt exhilarated the tired Scot. There was a bear hunt afoot in the North and Alan Fraser was going to be there whatever it cost. In a moment the second komatik was righted and the dogs in their traces behind their leaders tearing forward. Even the podgy little Eskimos felt something away down in their blubber-holding paunches that bestirred them into striking the trail at their full gait—a speed which first surprises and then surpasses the swiftest white.

"Ou-youk! Ou-youk!" ("Big seal! Big seal!"), they kept shouting in encouragement to the dogs, who, too, felt the magnetic attraction of the quarry down below the sky-line. Hungry and tired though they were, their paws fairly flew over the ice.

Yet it was a full hour before Fraser and his party came in sight of the conflict. But the sport was worth the diversion, for it was a fight to thrill

even the proverbial louse. Four madly barking, jumping and snapping huskies were wheeling and gyrating madly round two magnificent polar bears, who shambled round ferociously after them. And in the middle of this fray, in his desperate eagerness, stood a young Eskimo attacking the bears. The hunter had no firearms, only a harpoon, which he was wielding for a thrust at the second bear. The thong of another harpoon already lodged in the shoulder of the first bear, was driving that cumbersome animal frantic, as he dragged it on the ground. For as the beast jumped about to strike at the dogs he kept stepping on it. And each time he stepped on the thong, the barb in his shoulder was given a pull and turned cross-wise in the gash sending out a jet of scarlet over the trodden and trampled snow. For the cunning of the Eskimo in making his harpoon is almost devilish. It is a metal barb or dart of about five inches, with a walrus skin thong some six feet long attached to its centre to act as a pivot. This thong is attached to a long wooden handle. The harpoon is cleverly thrown, handle and all, at the great lumbering brute. The barb penetrates deeply; and, as soon as the infuriated animal feels the stab, he turns around to bite at his wound. So the handle drops to the ground trailing after him on the principle of a small boy's tin to a cat's tail; but the barb with its thong attachment claws like a fish-hook at his flesh.

Something of the grandeur of this primitive struggle and admiration for the audacity of the plucky little Eskimo for a moment halted Fraser and his oncoming teams. Before their eyes at that moment the Eskimo drove his harpoon home into the second bear.

"By the great Jerusalem, Mon!" Fraser screamed, "it's grand."

But Fraser's huskies scented the blood, the fray. They ceased to be dogs and the wolf-cross in them drove them uncontrollably forward to the glorious fight, before either Fraser or his Eskimos could even release their traces. In the nick of time realizing their danger the Eskimos rolled recklessly off their sledges; but, Fraser, too excited to act, was dragged with a tangle of sledges, traces and dogs, into the mêlée of wounded, snarling, raging bears, that struck at the dogs, the sledges and at Fraser, who was whirled round like a cork in a maelstrom. Helpless, bound up in a mesh of traces, before he knew fear, he was right in under one of the bears, its warm blood streaming over him. Then the bear itself seemed to realize that one of its foes was underneath, within its power. It slowly attempted to turn on its tracks, without losing its position. Failing to do this it began to bend its head down between its forepaws to discover Fraser's position. A whiff of its hot foul breath gave him a sense of his extreme peril and the bear in shifting its position over its prey to break the brunt of some attack, missed his head by a few inches with its terrible paw.

Meantime the dogs and the young Eskimo were attacking it too furiously to give the great brute time to locate him. Fraser himself was helplessly tied up in a tangle of traces, his arms strapped to his sides, with part of the overturned sleigh holding down his feet so that it was impossible for him to crawl out. His head was a foot to the rear of the bear's forepaws. The animal's snout began nosing about. In fact the fight had assumed an extraordinary position, the tracings of the three sledges intertangling with the dogs had also tethered the two bears up. The blows the great cumbersome brutes now rained round began to strike each other, further infuriating them, until at last the second bear in a supreme effort struck its mate a great blow with its claws across the snout, not only breaking it, but toppling the animal over on its side, where it lay helpless and bleeding, while the dogs proceeded to give it its coup de-grace by ripping its throat. This struggle between the brutes themselves had given the young Eskimo time to jab repeatedly the other with a walrus-

tooth sword. Feebly it tried to shake him off, but loss of blood had exhausted even its great strength and under the infuriated Eskimo's blows it too sank down on its side dead.

The falling apart of the bears meant a tightening and snapping of the traces, which nearly killed Fraser, but the Eskimo jumping in between the bears, quickly cut the bonds that held him. Then all three Eskimos rushed in to pull the maddened dogs away from worrying the dead bear's skins.

It was already late in the afternoon. As the village of Nambuck, the young Eskimo's abode, was too far away for the party to reach that night, it was decided to camp on the scene of the fray.

When the bears had been skinned and the kettle boiled, Nambuck, who was rather undersized even for an Eskimo, related the cause of the fray:

"As a child I was regarded as weak and hardly worth saving for the tribe. So quite early I was spoken of as one who would be a poor hunter. The girls of the tribe even mocked me on this account. Laughing, they said no one would ever want to marry Nambuck and starve. So I did not go with the men to hunt, remaining with the women and doing woman's work. It was thus one day I felt a great desire for Nuliayok, the last daughter of Gul-i-put, the Chief, and the flower of the tribe's young women. Now as to Gul-i-put no one knows how old he is; but his deeds and great hunting are known to everyone. And Nuliayok is dearer to him than any of his daughters and as age has made him greedy for wealth all the young men of the tribe and other tribes knew for Nuliayok he would ask much—many skins and other wealth, for he is very greedy, as greedy as the sea. For two years since Nuliayok has been ripe for a man, all the bravest hunters have toiled to kill enough for Gul-i-put's exceeding greediness, but he ever demands more.

"And I—from the day I felt faint like a sick man in her sight—have hungered after the beauty of Nuliayok and like the others who were stronger have toiled to make a great kill. The girls only laughed at me at first, the men taking no account of my killings. But as my killings grew even the old chief Gul-i-put himself has looked kindly on me until I have become first of them all for my pile of skins is such as no one has ever made before. And Nuliayok is more beautiful than any of the Eskimo women the North has ever seen. Better than any, too, is she skilled in needlecraft. And I—whom her father first spat at—have become her suitor. Gul-i-put is greedy and my skins are unnumbered. In the end he ached for them, but yet one more thing did he demand—that alone I should kill two of the great white bear. This now have I done, as you O white man know and to-morrow I go to claim Nuliayok."

Hearing this romance of the great white North told round the camp fire Fraser determined before his last pipe was done to participate on the morrow at the brave little Eskimo's triumph and at the same time make use of the occasion to do a little bartering among a tribe that evidently had had little or no traffic with civilization.

It was well on in the afternoon of the next day, when they arrived in sight of the village of snow-houses. It was situated on the frozen shores of a bay in a sheltered hollow cut in two by a deep gully. Fraser was to pass the night in Nam-buck's igloo. In the meantime the formal demand for the hand of Nuliayok was to be made at once. The lover was eager to enter the village with all the glory of his unprecedented kill. Across the gully was Gul-i-put's snow-dome. The villagers were already aware of the party's approach and were hastening out to welcome them. A regular cortege was formed with the dog teams. Nam-buck snowshoed ahead proudly carrying the great skins. Fraser went with him. Then the four teams followed with the two guides

and the ponderous carcasses of the bears.

With great state the procession proceeded through the village, across the ravine to the large igloo of Gul-i-put. The Chief had been informed of its approach, and on their traversing the tunnel entrance they found the wizened old brave meditatively seated on a pile of skins in the bosom of his family with the other head men of the village. In a corner Nuliayok was nervously hiding. After the formalities had been gravely accomplished and Fraser welcomed, Nam-buck came to the visit's object. Throwing down the skins he began:

"From the suitor of Nuliayok, the fairest of all Eskimo maidens, O chief, thou didst demand a last great kill. Behold it—two polar bear skins which even I Nam-buck killed alone."

A murmur of admiration went up from the assembled braves. For a while Gul-i-put looked meditatively at the offering. His yellow face was alone unmoved by such heroism. After a pause, with a cunning twinkle in his little bead-like eyes he looked up:

"And the white man—what did he do?"

"He came when the kill was all but finished."

"Nay—nay, Nam-buck, it was his kill and not thine."

A wave of amazement swept over the assembly. Nam-buck's rivals were quick to suspect him and a yell of assent went up.

"It was my kill," said Nam-buck stoutly.

Gul-i-put began to chuckle. A howl of laughter followed from the others.

"Get thee gone, Nam-buck," said the chief, "and tell thy old mother such a tale."

Nam-buck surprised, frightened, angered by this scepticism, appealed to Fraser, who backed up his friend.

"Nay—nay," said Gul-i-put, "the skill of the white man is known and this one would help his friend. Kill bears thyself, Nam-buck. Cunning thou art, but this time thy cunning has left thee. Never now shall Nuliayok be thine. As to these skins, we will accept them as a gift of the great white man."

Unavailingly Nam-buck protested. Nuliayok even laughed at him and the sound of her laughter filled him with shame.

"This is a jest of years," said the tribesmen. "It shall be known as Nam-buck's killing of the bears. And Nam-buck will be known for the villain he is."

That night in the igloo Fraser watched by the guttering light of the soapstone blubber lamp its disconsolate Eskimo owner lying in despair on a pile of skins.

"Nam-buck," he said, "the thought of Nuliayok is as fire to ice in your heart."

"Wow, wow," wailed Nam-buck, his head buried in furs.

"And she is not yet your wife."

"Wow, wow," wailed the hapless Eskimo, biting the furs.

"Yet a brave man should always have a fair wife."

"Words of truth," replied Nam-buck lifting his head up," and I have done all a man can do. Is there not the tip of the down of a deer's tail on the tail of my coat so that the hunting should be good? Have I not slain the white fox and the silver fox? Have I not harpooned in my kyak the walrus and the seal? Have I not tracked the martin and the mink like none other. Yes and the deer, too. And have not I—even I Nam-buck—slain the great white bears who are the protection of the maidens of the icebergs. Yet has all my great hunt been of no avail, for Gul-i-put has denied the maiden to me, saying that it was not my kill. And why should these things be? Never did I wear the boots, in which I have slain the walrus, when I slew the salmon; nor, did I ever let the dogs eat the bones of the seal or carve the tusks of my brother the walrus ere the ground was white with sonw. In sore trouble am I."

A primitive mind railing against fate is like a child refused a candy. So Fraser said:

"My heart goes out to thee, Nam-buck, for the white bears found you unafraid. You saved my life. So I will speak to thee words of wisdom. Take what the old man will not give, even the maiden herself?"

"But how shall I take her? It is the Eskimo custom ever that the father shall give."

You are a mighty hunter, Nam-buck. The bears found thee unafraid. Do you then fear an old man? Take her—even now while the night is on the land. Across the ravine is the igloo of her you love. Go in there and while they sleep take her. She will come gladly if she loves you. Crossing the ravine as you come back you can kick down the log bridge. So they will not come to-night after thee. And when in the morning they walk the long way round pay unto Gul-i-put her price in skins. And I will speak for you."

"It is good said Nam-buck. "I will go quietly and when I come to her shin-ig-bee I will take her up though she fight like all the mountain cats and carry her out."

Left alone Fraser chuckled. The humour of the situation appealed to him. Nam-buck would go through the blizzard that was now raging outside the igloo with all the unerring instinct of an Eskimo. He would sense his way along the ridge, creep across the jammed log, pause on the other side to gather himself for the contest, since the girl was sure to fight hard. The more a maid fights the better the bride is the Eskimo tradition. Then he would hasten to the great igloo only a few feet away from the primitive bridge. Down the tunnel like a huge human mole he would burrow. Pausing at the entrance he would look in on the sleeping humans in their shin-ig-bees. Which was the one? His decision must be made swiftly. Some one might wake up. They would all be sleeping on the big snow shelf. He would probably have to step in among them to get her. There might be a struggle. It would all depend on his deftness in getting away. Pursuit was certain. But how the girl would struggle. They all did.

If Nam-buck could cross the ice-bridge he was safe. A kick would dislodge the frozen log into the deep drift of the gully below. The danger was that in her frantic struggles the girl might topple him over while they were on the log. If he weathered that by knocking her on the head, the girl would be his.

Once Fraser got up to tend the guttering flame of the lamp. Time passed slowly and Nam-buck seemed to have been gone hours. Fraser was almost at last coming to the conclusion that the scheme had failed. It was then he heard through the roar of the wind the huskies outside barking. A moment after came a hoarse shout in the igloo tunnel and Nam-buck with an inert burden slung like a sack of potatoes over his shoulder stumbled into the interior sheeted with snow spray.

"You've got her Nam-buck — splendid!" said Fraser. "I hope you haven't killed her," he added, stooping over the inert figure, which head and all was encased limply in the sleeping-bag.

"She fight—fight," gasped Nam-buck, "terrible like one big man and I hit her on the head till she stop."

"You must have hit her d—d hard. Look at that." Fraser was gradually extracting a blood-clotted head from the bag.

"But what's this. Heavens, man, it's the old man himself you've got—her father." And there before the white man shaking his sides with laughter and the horrified wooer, very slowly consciousness came back to the sinful, old face of Guli-put, the father of Nuliayok.

"Wow, wow," wailed the hapless Nam-buck, "never now shall I see Nuliayok."

"Don't be a darned fool," Fraser burst out angrily, "it is a strategic stroke of luck, my young Lochinvar. We've got the father and he won't get out till we get the daughter—savez. Here, tie him up."

THE GARTER IN IRELAND

BY J. J. FENTON

IS there such a thing as a romance of English government in Ireland? Is there sandwiched somewhere between rebellions, massacres, confiscations, and penal laws, something English to which a generous Irishman can offer somewhat in the way of reverence? I believe I have made such a discovery. Looking over the list of those English noblemen who have ruled and sworded in Ireland in the past, I have been surprised to find how large a number of them were "Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter"; and Queen Elizabeth, especially, was very partial to sending over Gartered noblemen to Ireland. The Garter is the brightest flower of English chivalry. It is the most romantic and splendid jewel in the crown of English aristocracy, and its intimate connection with Ireland is one of which Irishmen, on the whole, should be proud. I wish that some really capable and sympathetic pen would write a history of the Garter in Ireland. All I can do at present is to call the attention of my readers—the great majority of whom have never seen Ireland at all—to the brilliant part which the Garter played in at least one important crisis in the story of Ireland: that period when the all but successful revolt of Tyrone had shaken the authority of Queen Elizabeth in the Island. The English nobleman who then came to the rescue of the Crown in Ireland was Lord Mountjoy. His is a great name in Irish history; and the present paper is an attempt to state why this great Knight of the Garter is entitled to a permanent and lofty niche in the temple of Irish fame.

Mountjoy landed in Ireland on February 24th, 1600. He was called upon at the age of thirty-seven to rescue Ireland from the slough of disorder and disgrace into which the sudden flight of Essex to England had left it. Elizabeth's authority was still recognized in Dublin and in a few of the coast towns. There were also some loyalists here and there in the interior of the Island; but the rest of the country may be said to have come under Tyrone's power. That power had reached its zenith when Mountjoy landed in Ireland; and yet, within six weeks after the date of his arrival, Mountjoy wrote over to England that he had the Rebellion well in hand, and that he had no doubt as to the final result. When we remember that, up to the very moment of his coming, the majority of those who sympathized with Elizabeth despaired of the continuance of English power in the Island, that Tyrone had so far successfully encountered every Elizabethan general that had been sent against him, and that the whitening bones of defeated Elizabethan armies bleached in the sun and wind all along the frontier of Ulster, this confidence of Mountjoy in himself will convince us that he knew he was possessed of military genius of a high order. At the very time that he wrote this letter men on the continent were comparing England's dread of Tyrone to Rome's dread of Hannibal. And

there were circumstances connected with the battle of Blackwater which not remotely recalled the battle of Cannae. But there also exists some evidence to show that Tyrone himself realized that *this* time he "was up against it": that the Russells and the Fitzwilliams and the Bagenals, and even the Norrises, were superseded by a ruler and warrior who "bore not the sword in vain". Certain it is that before Mountjoy had been very long in Ireland Tyrone became clamorous in his appeals to Spain for aid. Without such aid, he realised it was impossible to carry on a successfully defensive war against Mountjoy.

Fynes Moryson, who acted as Mountjoy's Secretary in Ireland, lets us into the secret of his master's Irish successes. Former English lords who had taken in hand the task of bridling Irish Rebellion generally confined their military operations to the summer and early autumn months, and after they had raided and ravaged during the warm weather retired into more sheltered quarters during the cold. But Mountjoy altered all that. Never a very strong man physically himself, he kept the field both winter and summer; and this novel method of conducting Elizabethan warfare was something for which the Irish enemies of Elizabeth were unprepared. He made England, not Ireland, his base of supplies; and his command of the sea always assured him of sufficient English reinforcements. His military genius was evident from the very first. The Irish who, according to that shrewd observer of human nature but not always accurate recorder of historic fact, Sir John Davies, recognize the strong hand when they see it, soon realized that when Mountjoy drew the sword he flung away the scabbard. He was not naturally a cruel man; but he had decided that the best interests, both of Ireland and of humanity, would be best served by military measures of the severest kind—and the measures he eventually adopted were such as necessarily made famine an ally of the sword. It is possible that Mountjoy may have put into actual practice a plan of Elizabethan warfare in Ireland which had originally sprung from the fertile literary brain of Edmund Spenser, who, gentle poet as he was, could be extraordinarily callous to human suffering at times.

It is painful to read of the famine scenes that resulted from Mountjoy's military policy. That phase of his Irish career is the most indefensible, and has naturally called forth the not unnaturally hostile criticisms of such Irish writers as John Mitchel. But it does sometimes happen that such surgical operations—terrible as they are—are in the long run the best that could be adopted to heal the ills of the body politic. I am not defending this phase of Mountjoy's Irish policy; but I am attempting to point out that as a measure calculated to put an end to the, then, centuries old disorders of Ireland, it was eminently successful; and for that reason can claim a more indulgent consideration from us moderns than it would otherwise be entitled to do. That Mountjoy was not animated in his military policy by unreasoning hatred, either of Tyrone personally or of the Irish generally, was made abundantly clear after the death of Elizabeth when all the efforts of the ultra-Puritanical and ultra-Plantation faction to root out the old clansmen of the North and to fill their places with English and Scotch settlers, were successfully baffled by Mountjoy so long as he lived. Indeed, his death was the occasion of much sorrow of heart and grief of mind to Tyrone. We have the defeated Chieftain's own words for that.

The same school of Irish historical writers who never lack for eloquence when the subject is Mountjoy's harrying of the Celtic territories, are also largely responsible for the wide prevalence of the myth which classes Mountjoy along with Cromwell and William of Orange as "enemies" of Ireland and "persecutors" of the Irish people. I hold no brief here for either Cromwell or William: one was

undoubtedly an illegal "usurper" both in England and Ireland; and the legality of the other's proceedings are more than questionable, if we apply to them such a test as their utter want of any kind of legal or moral sanction from the old legal and parliamentary institutions of Ireland. But surely the case of Mountjoy is different from theirs. He *had* the moral sanction of the old parliamentary institutions of Ireland for what he did to make Elizabeth's authority in Ireland *de facto* as well as *de jure*. The Irish Parliaments of 1560, 1569, and 1585 did not, it is true, contain representatives from every corner of the Island; but such parts of the country as they did represent were very different from those almost invisible villages in the waste which constituted the electoral machinery by which the so-called "free" Parliament of 1613 acquired a preponderant plantation and Puritanical majority—though the total electorate which returned those Puritanical and Plantation legislators could well be housed in a single Calvinistic conventicle. The Irish Parliaments of Elizabeth were not open to the reproach of their earlier Jacobite and later Williamite successors, in so far as their loyalist majorities did *not* represent elements in the population which as yet were almost absolute strangers to the Island. And not only was there Irish Parliamentary support at the back of what Mountjoy did, but a large section of the Irish population—in modern terms, probably a "majority"—sympathized with him rather than with Tyrone. However strange such a statement may seem to those who judge Irish sentiment and opinion by later incidents in Irish history, the fact itself appears to me to be unquestionable. The greater portion—and the best portion—of Mountjoy's army consisted of Irishmen. The Irish towns were remarkable for their Elizabethan loyalty and zeal. The Irish lords, even when they became rebels, were all anxious to return to loyalty again. Even the Irish bards, a class of men who were held to enshrine the most extreme ideal of Irish nationality in their breasts and to give the most vehement expression to it in their songs, in one instance at least—it is true that our authority for it is English—almost out-sang the contemporary English poets of the day in their worship of the Garter. I refer to the incident, related both by Moryson and Stafford, in which certain Munster minstrels rendered homage to Mountjoy after the battle of Kinsale. Did these minstrels accurately reflect the real feeling of any large section of the population? No decisive answer can be given to the question; but that such an incident should occur at all is a fact which the true historical student will regard as of no mean importance.

The injustice, however, which has been done to Mountjoy by the school of Irish historical writers to which I have just referred, is almost insignificant when compared with the more scandalous injustice which represents him as an active sympathiser with both the Puritanical and Plantation movements which began to raise their heads in Ireland during the last years of Elizabeth, and which a few years later — when both Elizabeth and Mountjoy were gone—effected those fundamental changes in church and state that have made any genuine reconciliation between England and Ireland almost an impossibility. Under Mountjoy's régime, Dublin Castle would never have been transformed into a glorified Orange Lodge. Of narrow religious bigotry, in the form which it usually assumes among Irish Protestants he was absolutely free. Again and again in his letters he gives utterance to sentiments which, if they had been acted on by those who succeeded him in the task of governing Ireland, would have saved both the Irish people and their historians that agony and shame from which neither now are free. A few years ago a great book was written by T. M. Healy—perhaps the most brilliantly sarcastic Irishman of the last generation—in which he, with a keenness that would

have done credit to Sherlock Holmes himself, traced home to their original authors the legal and other villianies from which Ireland then suffered. As far as I remember, the only Englishman who emerged practically scathless from that semi-legal investigation, was Mountjoy. This is what Mr. Healy says of Mountjoy (who had been created Earl of Devonshire on the accession of King James the First):

> On the 3rd April, 1606, a tragic event thrilled England and smote Ireland. It came as a portent athwart a troubled sky to both conquerors and conquered. On that day the Earl of Devonshire died; and his unlooked-for taking-off changed the course of history. The influence of the victor of Kinsale over a prostrate country was not without benignity. He restrained mere vengefulness after O'Neill's (Tyrone's) surrender in 1603, and bent towardly on the defeated nobles. The new court in London he despised, and, doubtles, ranked his long-descended antagonists in Ulster high above the rabble who infested Whitehall or "Tibbald's" to importunt scullions for writs to plunder.

A Healy will never arise in Ireland to write such words about Cromwell or William of Orange! We all know now that it is to the sectarian "Plantation of Ulster" that the gangrene can be traced which is still festering at the heart of Irish life. And those of us who know a little of the "inside" of Irish history of the past and of Irish politics of the present are thankful that with the weaving of the intrigues and the perfecting of the villianies which had their consummation in the uprooting of Irish clansmen from the soil of which they were as much a part as the shamrock itself, Lord Mountjoy had nothing whatever to do. He is fortunate to be one of the at most half-a-dozen Englishmen who have played a great part in Irish affairs, of whom this can be said.

No sketch of Mountjoy—and this sketch is as much concerned with the romantic as with the historic side of him—would be complete that passed over his love affair with Lady Rich, a love affair that eventually exercised as much immediate influence upon the strange and often unintelligible destinies of Ireland as the similar love affair of Parnell with Catherine O'Shea nearly three hundred years later. Mountjoy was not physically a strong man; and the intensity of his passion for Lord Rich's wife — to whom, according to some authorities, he is said to have been betrothed in his youth—did not add to his physical well-being. After several years' illicit intercourse with each other, and after Lord Rich had obtained a divorce from his Lady, Mountjoy and Lady Rich were married at Mountjoy's Wanstead home by no less an individual than William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Long did Laud repent of his action in celebrating this marriage, and he kept the anniversary of it ever afterwards as a day of fast and humiliation. But while this love affair was a genuine passion of the heart on both sides, a passion that ran its secret way like an underground river for years, and at last burst forth into the open with a song rather than a cry, it is with its disastrous consequences to Ireland that I am concerned here. Through the whole of his military campaign against Tyrone Mountjoy was love-sick for Lady Rich and home-sick for England; and his departure for England threw the actual government of Ireland—though Mountjoy himself still remained nominally at the head of it during his residence in England —into the hands of Sir George Carew and Sir Arthur Chichester, two Devonians like Mountjoy himself; but two co-workers who secretly envied and hated the greater man, and who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity so unexpectedly given them to undo nearly all of Mountjoy's healing remedies for Ireland. If Mountjoy was unquestionably the Lion of later Elizabethan Ireland, the justice of history demands that Carew be christened the Fox, and Chichester the Rat, of that memorable period. And it was to the Rat that Ireland was delivered over when the Lion ceased to actively participate in her affairs. Needless to say, the change

from the Lion to the Rat was inevitably for the worse. Chichester had now a more or less free hand to weave his web of intrigue and cunning—let it be borne in mind that the Rebellion *was* over, that a treaty had been made between Mountjoy and Tyrone, and that Mountjoy was doing all he could to make the Peace a permanent and fruitful one for Ireland—around Tyrone and the other northern chiefs; and so successful did this plot hatched in hell eventually become that, after the death of Mountjoy, one of its immediate results was the enforced flight of Tyrone and his friends from Ireland and the confiscation of their vast territories for the Crown, to be soon followed by the uprooting of the Irish clansmen from all this vast district, and the supplanting of them by English and Scotch settlers—with consequences of which the whole civilized world is aware today. What can we say to this?

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—It might have been!

It might have been. Yes, the whole course of subsequent Irish history might—and doubtless would—be different if there had been no female loadstone across the channel to draw Mountjoy away from the work he had in hand. He had every qualification for making that work a work of healing reconstruction. He was a personal friend to Tyrone, he had no fanatical hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, (save when, as at Cork and Waterford, it manifested itself in politico-religious conspiracies), he was opposed to the uprooting of the Irish from the land, and he was a staunch believer in the bravery and fidelity of Irishmen; for was it not their bravery and fidelity that won the battle of Kinsale? The "love of woman" has, indeed, been " a fearful thing" for Ireland. Why does not the now powerful school of Irish playwrights turn its attention to Devorgilla, to Lady Rich, and to Catherine O'Shea? The first unintentionally brought the Normans into Ireland; the second unintentionally destroyed an amicable English-Irish settlement of Ireland; and the third unintentionally ruined the Gladstone-Parnell combination for Ireland. Let us hope that there is not a fourth hidden in the womb of the future to unintentionally wipe Ireland off the map.

English government in Ireland, then, has had its romance as well as its tragedy and its comedy. But few eyes have seen that romance, and fewer still have sought for it. What Irish history really needs is more of the atmosphere of imagination and less of bigotry. It is painful to read the majority of the so-called "histories" of Ireland. They are either dull and uninspiring, or wild and exciting. The typical Irish historian writes with a pen in one hand and a shillelah in the other; and he either gives or gets a black eye in this historical Donnybrook.

A well-known Governor-General of Canada—Lord Dufferin—was not far wrong when he said that one of Ireland's greatest needs was a Walter Scott, a man of imagination great enough to take those wonderfully graphic episodes in Ireland's past and make the dead bones of the Tyronnes and Mountjoys live again. Never was there a country to attract or repel like Ireland! The very mention of her name either fills the eye with tears or the heart with rage—I have seen it do both one and the other at the same moment. Whatever may be the extent of Ireland's poverty in coal and iron underground, there can be no doubt as to the extent of her wealth in poetry and romance—or rather in raw materials for them—overground. And as one who has sought for them and found them I can say that whatever the past English government of Ireland may lack, it does not lack either poetry or romance in the relations which have existed between the "Most Noble Order of the Garter" and the vice-Royalty of the Kingdom of Ireland.

SAND CARTS

From the Painting by
Alice Des Clayes.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy
of Arts.

A Species of Hosackia

GARDENS OF THE DESERT

BY HAMILTON M. LAING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was not really a desert. But as our panting horses came to a stop on the side of the hill up which we had zigzagged back and forth to gain easier elevation, and as our eyes reached out to the far horizon and swept the flowered range, the old lines from "The Prairies" came into mind:

> "These are the gardens of the desert, these, the unborn fields, boundless and beautiful. . . . "

And somehow the expression haunted me. Also, these flowered slopes of the bunch-grass range were more truly desert than the open plains that had pleased the poet's enchanted eye; for we at least were in the dry belt, where in midsummer the mercury crowds the upper nineties by day and the nights are cool, where the grazing stock wander at will over wide acreage, where the yellow pines—the tell-tales of the semi-arid regions—stand like sentinels on the ridges, where the coyote sings through the night and where summer rains are few and scant.

We were riding in the rolling hills overlooking the little town of Princeton in southern British Columbia and in a portion of the arid belt—the most westerly finger of the vast desert land that lies upon the western and southwestern States and reached up to cross the Canadian line into Alberta and between the mountain ranges of British Columbia. Here on the eastern slope of the Cascades we were close to the tip of that limitless though in-

Eriogonum and Asters, with Silene at base

terrupted region of sagebrush that stretches south through Washington, Oregon and California to the Mexican border and beyond. To westward lay the blue Cascade chain. To take the old Princeton-Hope trail here takes one at about thirty miles to the summit at 5,608 feet in the Allison Pass, beyond which lies the different realm of the coast country. To eastward this narrow tongue of aridity is hemmed in by the Gold Range. But the desert character of our view must not be too strongly emphasized; for sagebrush was nowhere in evidence and instead we were in the land of flowers. Flowers were under the hoofs of our horses; they swept our stirrups and on many open hillsides disputed the area with the tall bunch-grass; whole slopes glowed in rich, bright tones because of the myriad blossoms there, and the gray-green slopes cut at intervals by the timbered valleys rolled away and away to the indigo hills that bounded every part of the horizon. Far to the south-west towered the only snow-caps in sight: the Three Brothers.

Nothing about the dry regions of the West so surprises the uninitiated as the flowers of the springtime. They grow here in myriads. Nature seems to have tried to make amends for some of the shortcomings of these places of scanty rainfall and has lavished upon them all the flower species that are hardy in the way of enduring aridity. The winters here are quite cold, the snowfall is abundant. Spring comes rather late and the thirsty land absorbs the melting mantle of the winter. Then comes the awakening of the myriad things in the soil. Plants and flowers spring to life. Tap roots and bulbs and underground stems that dried up and went to sleep the previous midsummer now swell and come

The Blue Lupine

alive magically and send up their foliage and flowers. A strange new birth this—a Renaissance. At the end of June and during July the land blossoms everywhere; it is a field of flowers—of spring flowers; for shortly the sun burning through to clear skies of the dry region, does its work. The blossoms disappear; the green range turns gray and then brown—it "burns up" as the stock men say—and autumn is premature. There is but one flower season: that of the spring. But Queen Flora makes up for the shortness of her reign by its intensity.

It is a horse-man country here. Men who habitually ride about in the ranching lands detest locomotion on foot. My comrade of these hills used to say that he would go anywhere a cayuse could go and a mile or two beyond—if he had to; so now we visited our flower fields in the saddle. These range horses, raised in the hills and climbing them every day were as sure on their feet as goats, knew exactly how to go up and down and were tough and hard and tireless on no other subsistence than the bunch-grass of the hills. Such means of mountaineering or at least of hill-climbing, was luxurious. When I turned Pinto's head toward the hilltops I had no other care on the score of transportation; eye and mind were free to ramble at will, to greet the old flower, to see the new. For the man who loves nature, life is ever a quest of this sort; greeting of old friends; seeking of the new and unknown. And here in these gardens of the dry lands most of the flower faces were but half familiar —like old friends in new clothes.

This was a land of the greatest amount of variety. There was the realm of rivers and creeks that rushed over gravelly bottoms between willow and alder-fringed banks at the feet of

The Geranium

the towering hills, and here were found certain types of flowers and birds not met elsewhere. There were the half-bald rounding hills and ridges that rose hundreds of feet above the river and were bare to their crowns. This was the open range. There was extensive acreage of half-timbered country where little parks among the scattering yellow pines led one into another and formed as lovely a land to ramble and ride in as I can imagine. Down in the hills were rare little lake jewels that with their tules and wild ducks and chattering birds were reminiscent and almost identical with the marshes of the far-off plain-land. Also there was the summit country four thousand feet above the town where only the alpine trees grew and the flower gardens there sprang to life with all the ardour and freshness of spring while the bunch-grass range below was sere and brown.

My first glimpse of this flowered valley of the Similkameen had been in the dawn of the morning before the sun had achieved more than a gilding of the high summits and all the lower lands were gray. Through the night the train from Hope had toiled up through the Coquihalla Pass and come over the summit. The crawling progression, the winding and curving, the jolting, the mournful whistle and echoing hills all spoke eloquently of the course of the road. Wonderful scenery, I was told was shrouded under the cloak of night and with eyes to the window I impatiently awaited the light of dawning. And at length the rushing Otter river came to view and we skirted Otter lake and thence hit the Tulameen—where can one see such fishing streams as in B. C.? They fairly cry trout to the hilltops—and by and by I turned to the other window and lo! the gray hillside below the pines had turned to purple and blue and white. A flower-bed of nature's planting lay there—a garden of the wilderness.

The Yellow-blooming Cactus

First impressions sink deep, and I cannot forget the joy of first setting foot among these flowers of the hillside. For that evening near sunset we crossed the brawling little One Mile Creek and set our faces toward the top of the open range. A few yellow pines of goodly proportions clung to the hillside up which we toiled; the rest of the slope was given over to the flowers. The commonest flower here and indeed of the region, was the lupine. Of the pea-blossom type, its large clumps stood knee-high, and the flower-clusters were so dense and the clumps so profuse that the slopes in many places were blue and purple—a mass of bloom. In the whole region the lupine is omnipresent. From the lower levels to the barren slopes of the highest summits, in one form or another it grows in profusion. It had caught my eye first in the gray dawning as it holds the interest of every visitor. With it here, also in broad sturdy tufts and mattings, was a species of pink hosackia, also a legume, bearer of "beans", food for the stock and the chipmunks. Taller than either, the wild geranium stood in miniature thickets, its numerous red flowers, large and showy, giving the plant a very imposing appearance. The stock men said that it took up altogether too much room on the range.

Here and there among the others glowed a tall, brilliant mass of crimson and scarlet gilia, its fiery red trumpets trembling in every air that moved over the hillside. Everywhere from the slope large masses of creamy bloom proved a tall, rank, handsome eriogonum. Like the lupine, this plant converted whole areas to its own colour. Here too seemed the home of all the borrages. Three or four species come to light on the hillside and quite as many of the cruciferae stood among them, these two families being notable on account of the smallness of their flowers. Matted about among the others in dense clusters and colonies

Saprophyte Orobanche

was a species of phacelia, a member of the strange waterleaf family. The plant itself was far more conspicuous than its flowers. The composites, it seemed, were represented by a legion of which the asters in white and blue and purple easily predominated. Yet these erigerons had not the field to themselves, for the gaillardia, arnica and a beautiful, if rank, species of thistle all clamoured for a place in the colour programme. But these just mentioned were all rather tall and large and showy. On the driest slope here grew opuntia, the yellow-blooming cactus; its waxy, transparent bloom was as delicate and lovely as its spiny mass was formidable and repellant. And here also sticking out of the gravelly soil was the little saprophyte orobanche—the last place one might look for parasitic plants.

We were not alone on the slope. A blue grouse sprang out of the flowers and took perch on a low pine bough while her several young hurtled off on the wing. Here she sat and eyed us with an interest that suggested little acquaintance with gunners. One or two pairs of meadowlarks lived here also and one of the males while perched on a pine sang his sunset madrigal—a strange setting it seemed for this bird. A nighthawk boomed and grunted as he swirled about the hilltop apparently making love and getting his supper at the same time; and here for some time we studied the beautiful Lewis woodpecker as he sat on a dead limb preening his fine feathers. We were to meet him often again, this lover of the dead pines, that has a coat like none of his kind, flies like a crow and catches insects on the wing.

The Purple Aster

The pine of this land deserves more than a mere mention. The yellow or "bull" pine (*pinus ponderosa*) is the tree of the dry regions and is one of the most beautiful of the western evergreens. Tall and stout-bodied, sturdily limbed when in the open, it is of pleasing appearance always. Its longleafed clusters give the foliage considerable density; the yellow-brown and ruddy bark cut into decorative, alligator-hide patterns glows hotly in the sunlight; its heavy foliage lays a clean needle-carpet about its base and its abundant cones decorate its circle. Though a slow-growing species it attains magnificent proportions and in this region was the prize of the lumberman.

Later in our ramblings we visited the park-like country among the yellow pines at higher elevations. These fine trees always stood openly; there was little underbrush and we could ride almost anywhere. A deer-track in the cattle-trails, sometimes a bear-print as well, added zest to rambling here. It was under the pines that we found the most beautiful of the lupine beds. Little hollows of half an acre in extent often were occupied exclusively by this plant, and growing thus, partly shaded, cut by the shadow tracery of tall pines, contrasting with the latter's ruddy trunks and with their own pine grass borders, they formed veritable magic glens—pictures artists love to paint. Along with the lupine these parky openings grew the white death camas lily, the tiger lily with its curly flower parts (the perianth is sharply recurved) the blue larkspur the dogbane with its fairy bells, the wild sunflower, white everlastings and

Wild Asters

two species of crimson painted-cup or Indian paint-brush. There seemed no end to the variety of flower forms; at every half mile we discovered something new.

The creeks and rivers were worlds apart. Like all mountain streams in arid regions they brought no living waters to the valley save to their immediate banks. A few yards back from the ice-cold stream the cactus thrust up its spears and the vegetation withered early from drought. The willows and alders, aspen and black poplar and the red osier, gooseberry, raspberry and service-berry all clung close to the water, however, and formed dense thickets: home for woods birds not found elsewhere. On the rocky banks of the streams the pentstemons flourished, clinging here and there in dense rose-red mats. Than these flowers there are none more lovely, few the equal. On such rough footing also stood another of the gilias, lifting numerous blue faces from every tuft large or small. Willow herb rose tall in luxuriant clumps, often transforming a dingy corner into a temporarily gorgeous place. The white spirea, short and wiry of stem, held up in the sun its broad flower clusters; wild roses blossomed plentifully; and yarrow, old friend of every field, grew here in such profusion as to whiten areas that were rods in extent.

The bird life along the alder-fringed creeks were quite of equal interest. This was the home of the song sparrow, of the Cassin vireo, of the willow thrushes, yellow warblers, catbirds and Rufus hummingbirds with rarely a lazuli bunting or Macgillivray warbler pair thrown in for good measure. The song sparrow was there as a matter of course: given willows and water, he is the natural product. The Cassin vireo, much like the "preach-

The White Spirea

ing" red-eye of the East, sang the hours away from a perch in the alder tip. What songs the willow thrushes breathed at morning and evening of these sunny days! This is the western veery and he sings the same mysterious eerie strain as his eastern brother. The yellow warbler and catbird, thicket skulkers always, were quite as usual; they spent their summer here in perhaps an acre and could never be found far from the home nest. But as I watched the darting hummingibrd I used to think that he must be in his heaven. With flowers in myriads awaiting his probing beak, what more could the sprite desire? To see him hovering and prodding into a cluster of the crimson-trumpeted gilia was to see one of the most brilliantly coloured miniatures of the bird world.

It was near the river in a pasture of East Princeton that I interviewed one of the original settlers. He was a portly chap living in a rock-pile or a hole in the ground and was known locally as ground-hog or ground-pig or whistler. The books call him yellow-bellied marmot. He was a huge feeder and local observers maintained that he was like Rip Van Winkle, "naturally a thirsty body", that he was never found far from water and daily made a pilgrimage to the stream. Half a dozen of his kind might be seen about the rock-piles at almost any time of the day, either gleaning a living among the gross and lupine or lying about in the sun. They were sun worshippers and loved to mount stone or stump and lie flat and soak in the hot rays of their solar deity for long periods at a time. When a visitor in man shape appeared among the pines the first to spy him whistled short and sharp; the call was taken up and passed along and all hands either waddled denwards, or made

The Dogbane

ready to go, or sat bolt upright with front paws on aldermanic bellies and stolidly calculated the intentions of the new-comer.

In this pasture remote from other trees stood one large pine and under it within three doors to his residence lived a very large old citizen. So one day I went down with the camera and when the patriarch retired, I focused upon the sunniest door, jammed stones and earth far into the other two entrances, attached a long trout-line to the shutter and went back and sat down. Pretty soon a whistle behind my back disclosed a portly chap standing on tiptoe in the lupine about sixty yards distant and looking upon me with evident disapproval. At first I suspected duplicitly: an underground passage, but soon gave the theory up as untenable. Old Marmota was far too lazy for such a task. But this "ground-pig" plainly was agitated. He was used to being disturbed by cows and horses, by dark-skinned section-hands who brought shotguns and wanted to eat him, by bank clerks with .22 rifles who wanted merely to shoot him, and even used to seeking his relatives scattered about by the .30-30 Savage of the owner of the pasture, but this new man-camera-thing was out of his orbit. After long consideration he decided that it was bad for him and went below.

Like all stolid folk and slow thinkers, it takes a marmot a long time to make up his mind; but once made it is cut, trimmed and polished and there is nothing more to be done. When he holes up he means to stay. My intended victim had made up his mind before he disappeared under the pine. It was fully an hour later that, as my eye hung upon the entrance, I saw a black-nosed gray head lift up about one-half an inch and pop down again as though something had hit it. A little dust fog burst up out of the hole and indicated the celerity with which Marmota had changed ends in making his getaway. So I waited another hour; and about the end of this sun-

The Rose-red Pentstemons

baked period a big blunt head poked up from the mound on the remote side of the pine. The wretch had cleared his door. Again I vengefully wadded up this entrance and waited; but Marmota had made up his mind—though I came to believe later that it was *her* mind—and I went home near sundown without a negative.

It took me three days to get an exposure at this den; but at about the third trial I at least had some personal satisfaction. While lying on the ground in a new spot I heard a rustle in the lupine beside me and turning my head slowly beheld the big marmot. He had been away from home and now had approached without seeing me—his eye doubtless being focused only on the three-legged terror at his den. But he saw me now! For a moment he froze while the hair on his back rose on end and his bushy tail expanded cat-fashion. Then he began to creep ever so slowly toward the pine. This only for a moment and fear seized his fat legs and he burst off at a terrific hobblety-waddle in a bee-line for the lower door. He rolled over the mound—and found the door closed, of course. Up he popped again to take a terrified look to see if I was coming (I was sitting upright now), then he bolted for the other door. It too was closed, and his consternation now was laughable. Back again he lumbered to the first entrance where he was out of sight and I fancied he was digging. Up his head would come for a peep and then back he would rush; I imagine he was working overtime and doing the best that was in him. But this was too slow; he dashed to the third door only to halt and stare hard at the eye of the camera. No, he could not face it; back he went to his digging. But not for long, and again he tried to face the camera. Then as he halted in stolid fear a few feet from the hole, a strange thing happened. Another small marmot that I had not suspected in the den, popped up in the entrance to his full height, looking quizzically

upon the big one as though asking what he was fussing about. And on the instant the big one dashed straight at him; the smaller one ducked as big Marmota landed and a dust flew out of the open door as they went down.

In variety of scene, few lands could hold out so much for the rambler afield. After I had exhausted a few of the possibilities at hand my comrade led me—on horseback of course—over to Swan Lake. Here a few miles from town, snuggled down in the range, lay a little mirror pond. It derived its name from the fact that a few years previously a swan had nested there. All around it lay the open hills resplendent in their patchwork effects in blue lupine and creamy eriogonum. On one shore stood some clumps of ancient willows; on the opposite corner rose a fringe of tall quaking aspens overtopped by a huge yellow pine. The lake itself was rimmed with green tules, and in the distance when we looked down from the hills, it shone like an emerald. In the quiet evening it was a mirror to invert the pine and poplars and the hills and the sunset.

What a thing of importance is a little water in a thirsty land! I had noted it elsewhere but nowhere was it so plain as at this little pond. The stock trails led to it as I doubt not at one time the deer trails led. Now the only wild paths of the sort were those of the marmots. On every knoll within a hundred yards of the water one or two of these fat fellows sat erect and whistled. They had dens within a few feet of the water and half-way refuge stations at intervals all along their routes. But the lake itself was a teeming place. Though so small it was summer home to some mallards and golden-eyes, three families of coots and a considerable colony of yellow-headed blackbirds. The young yellow-heads, though still unable to leave the rushes, filled the air with their incessant clamour. The tules were the roosting ground also for several hundred Brewer blackbirds that congregated at this center in the evening. The crows watered here in great numbers and in the willow-clumps were derelict nests that in previous seasons had been home to magpies. So snugly was this little water world tucked away in the hills one might have summered within half a mile of it and not suspected its presence.

Gardens of the desert truly were these lower hills and yet how fugitive were their blooms. By the first of August the slopes were gray and brown, the withered verdure rattled under foot and the chipmunks were busy gathering the lupine beans for their winter's store. But, Oh, the variety of the hills that renew and extend their youth and give us a season of bloom in the waning of the year. Though below in the valleys it was now early Autumn, yet far aloft toward the summit of the ridges spring was holding carnival. Up through the jack-pines along the old Hope Trail the lupine and crimson paint-brush now stood in solid masses of colour—quite beyond imagination until one has set foot among them; and out on the ridges at timber-line where the last stubborn banks of the vanishing snow still clung to the coolest hollows, golden adder tongues were nodding their downcast heads, the louseworts and valeriana and orchids were shouldering one another in profusion, while the red heather purpled the more barren slopes. But the alpine gardens of the West are a world apart, a tale untold—and quite another story.

ILL-FATED HOUSES

THE CURSE THAT SEEMS TO REST
ON SOME OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES

BY CHARLES G. HARPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

EVERYWHERE in England, no matter in which direction you go, you come upon the "ill-fated house", haunted, it may be; ill-omened to its inhabitants, or a mansion deserted without definite reason and left to decay. Even when there may be definite cause for some imposing pile being deserted, against all apparent reason, the marvel-mongers invent some weird story to account for it, and it is no use arguing that the site may have proved ill-chosen, or advancing anything so commonplace and matter-of-fact. In short, human nature loves to be thrilled; nay insists upon it; and so legends often come into being, without any real basis.

At the same time, it is an undoubted fact that many old houses are notoriously known to be unlucky; and many others suffer from a curse pronounced against them and whosoever should own them. The era of the curse has, however, to all appearance, passed; so far at least as new ones are concerned. The old-established curses are, nevertheless, in many instances still in going order, although erratic in their working. But to curse effectually nowadays, either a specific family, or prospective holders of properties, or mere individuals would seem to be among the lost arts. In those "good old days" of which we read, it was possible to call down disasters, and it is quite evident, from the records of those jolly old times that not only specially-gifted, but all kinds of people, when smarting under a keen sense of injury could curse effectually not only the existing generation, but unlimited descendants. This must have been exceedingly daunting to any evil-minded persons bent upon committing a wrong. Or rather, we might initially suppose it would have been, did we not know that many wrong-doers put themselves recklessly in the way of it. It would be an interesting field of inquiry, when and how this useful faculty of calling down woe and disaster ceased, and how it might be revived. I have often cursed people —but nothing has happened to them. They continue to flourish. There does not seem to be a canker, a gnawing something about them, they do not wither away. It is altogether unsatis factory.

But the history of families under this kind of ban is a remarkable and tragic record. Very largely they are suffering from the misguided ancestors who accepted the escheated Church properties, that were so freely

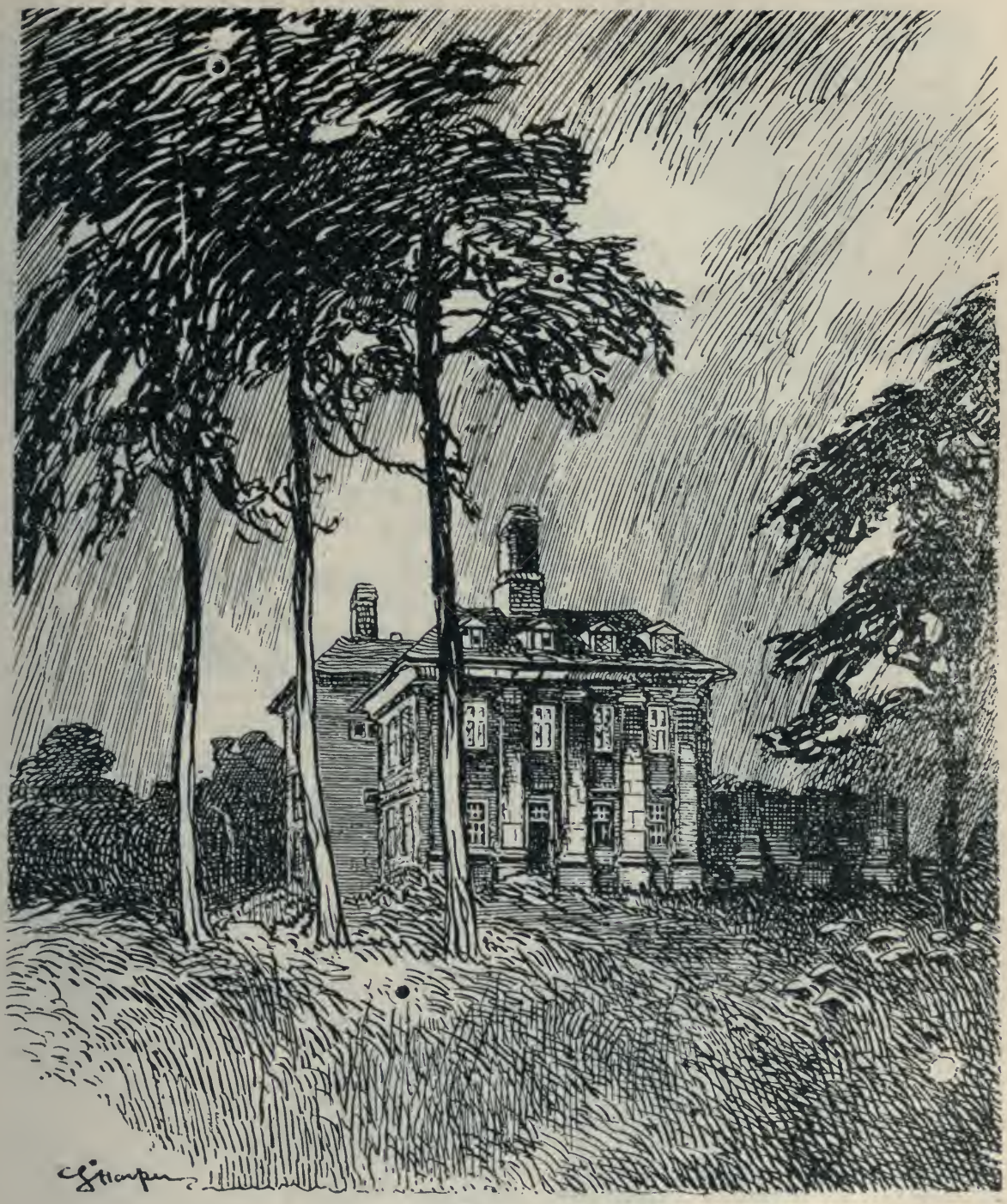
shared out in the time of Henry VIII. This, as that industrious old writer, Sir Henry Spelman, author of the "History of Sacrilege", would contend was only to be expected; but, if expected, how then we must admire the courage of those who acquired the old Abbey lands and resided on them, daring the worst!

I do not, however, at the present time propose to tell again the familiar story of Cowdray House, Newstead Abbey, and Battle, in which the doom of those who held those properties has been often illustrated by tragic events. Nor shall I enter upon the subject of "No. 13", which is a very vexed one in towns; so much so that—at any rate, before the present shortage of houses put a certain degree of rashness into people — house-agents found an extreme difficulty in letting any house thus numbered. I have at present before me a cutting from a newspaper of 1912, in which, in a proposal to renumber No. 13 Stanhope Place, Paddington, and change it to "14", the Chairman of a Committee of the London County Council stated that applications were constantly being received for the alteration of Nos. 13 to "12a"; and that they were always refused. This seems unnecessarily unkind, and exceedingly unimaginative in the part of a public body; because, whatever we may think of the prejudice against the number thirteen, there can be no doubt but that it is widespread, and that it would be a kind of cruelty to oblige anyone of a superstitious turn of mind to live at such an address; to say nothing of the material injury the retention of the ill-omened number may do to a property.

By an ill-fated house I do not, in this place at any rate, mean one reputed to be unlucky to its owners; although there are many such, like Dalham Hall, which has a long chain of unfortunate circumstances behind it. No one has suggested any reason for this; but the fact remains. And yet there are stolid and unimaginative people always ready to take Dalham. This mansion, near Newmarket, was built by Dr. Patrick, Bishop of Ely, in 1704. In all that neighbourhood it is known as "unlucky Dalham". Calamities, financial and other, pursued—and overtook—a long line of its owners; among them the Affleck family, who sold it to the late Cecil Rhodes. The purchase had not long been completed when he died, untimely, in 1902, in his forty-ninth year. He had thought of retiring, at the close of public life to Dalham. He willed it to his brother, Col. Frank Rhodes, who died three years later, and the estate then passed to the third brother, Capt. Ernest Frederick Rhodes, who died there, April 4th, 1907, aged fifty-nine.

But Dalham Hall is a well-kept house. It is not deserted; and it is rather upon the misfortunes that have befallen various houses of which I wish to tell. For example, of Great Bayhall manor-house. This extremely stately old mansion, built in stone, in the massive semi-classic style of about two centuries and a half ago, is a property belonging to Lord Cambden. It is wholly deserted, and partly in ruin, but still forms an impressive picture, if at the same time a gloomy one. No novelist, desirous of a fitting scene for a thrilling romance, could find so suitable an one elsewhere than this deserted spot, near Pembury Green, in the Tonbridge neighbourhood. It is, moreover, to be reached only by three-quarters of a mile of steep and rough pathways through hop-gardens. No tragic story belongs to Great Bayhall, and it was abandoned, long ago, only because the situation was not convenient. But the spectacle of a deserted house so appeals to the imagination that a story is generally found for it, and some years ago this lonely mansion earned the reputation of being a haunted house.

The roofless walls of the once stately mansion of Houghton Conquest, still show traces of a former great architectural beauty. It is outside Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, on a site which was once a park, and was begun by the Countess of Pembroke in the seven-



Dalham Hall, near Newmarket. A house of ill-luck

teenth century. The badges of the Sidney and Dudley families are yet to be seen there. Eventually Houghton came to John, Duke of Bedford, in 1758. He furnished it in 1764 for the newly-married Marquis of Tavistock, heir to the Dukedom, who was thrown from his horse and killed in sight of his wife, who witnessed the accident from the loggia pictured here. He was about twenty-eight years of age. That was in 1767, and she died in little more than a year after. In 1794 the mansion was unroofed by the then Duke of Bedford.

Nothing is more remarkable than the disappearance of old families which were once numerous and apparently destined long to continue. The ancient Fettiplace family, for example, seated at Swinbrook in Oxfordshire, utterly died out when their

Boarstall Tower. All that remains of the once famous mansion of the Denhams

one remaining representative expired in 1805, at the "George" Inn, Burford, on his return from Bibury races. And he was a Fettiplace only by adoption. Not merely have they disappeared, but their great mansion at Swinbrook has likewise gone. A few ponds and some farm buildings that belonged to it are all the stranger can see; and in the church only is there any trace of them. There, in the chancel, is one of the most extraordinary monuments: effigies of six Fettiplaces, life-size, reclining on their right elbows, in niches like bunks aboard ship. They are the lords of Swinbrook who ruled there

Great Bayhall Manor-house. A stately old mansion near Pembury Green, now deserted and in ruins

between 1504 and 1692. Opposite these voyagers across the Styx is a bust of the last actual Fettiplace by birth: Sir George, who died in 1745. His mansion passed to others, and was demolished about 1820.

It is curious to reflect that not so far away, at Besselsleigh, was the mansion of the Bessels family, who were seated there from 1350, and gave the place its name, only to die out for lack of a male heir. They had come into Besselsleigh by marrying the estate, so to speak, in the sole heiress of an elder family, and the final heiress of the Bessels married a Fettiplace; but not in this instance the property, which had in 1634 been sold to the Lenthalls. Of the ancient mansion of Besselsleigh only two stone gateposts remain.

The ancient knightly family of Hungerford, numerous, rich and powerful, owned lands in many shires, as well as at Farleigh Hungerford, a few miles south of Bath, where their ruined castle stands. This historic family seemed so deeply rooted that it might stand for ever. In many unexpected places the ancient badge of the family is found: what heralds style a "garb": that is, two crossed sickles. But the Hungerfords ended in a scatterer and spendthrift: Sir Edward, born 1632, died 1711. He parted with more than thirty manors. His mansion in London was burnt down, and he thought to retrieve some of his fortunes by building a market there. This stood on the site now occupied by the Charing Cross Station of the District Railway. But he was obliged to sell it, and he died at last as one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. And all now left of the Hungerford glories is the name of "Hungerford Bridge", and Farleigh Hungerford Castle, in whose chapel the bodies of that race lie in leaden coffins, moulded to their shape, a grisly sight indeed.

And so the Hungerford family no longer figures in our records. Gone are many another; often so long since that their story is forgotten: the Cyfrewasts of Crichel in Dorset; the Cruwys family; the Wasteneys; the Wichehalses; the Kedermisters; extraordinary names, all these. But somewhere, through the female line, their blood survives. It is the more remarkable when we look upon the monuments of vanished families whose very name is often an antiquarian curiosity to see that in Elizabethan and Jacob-

ean times they were among the most prolific, and that sometimes as many as twenty children are figured on their tombs. Many indeed are those ill-fated "houses", in the dynastic and family sense of the word.

Boarstall Tower, in a secluded part of Oxfordshire, is the picturesque gatehouse of a great mansion of the Denhams, and its only survival. In the meadows behind it, may be seen the mounds which mark where the buildings stood. Brambletye, near East Grinstead, is another striking example. Sir Henry Compton built it, in the seventeenth century. In 1685 the owner was Sir James Rickards, who, under suspicion of high treason, fled to Spain and was never more heard of. The mansion was then abandoned, and is now a ruin, approached by an extremely bad road. Ascott House, near Stadhampton, Bucks, built by William Dormer, was burnt down in 1662, almost as soon as completed, and never rebuilt. Only the grand avenue and some gate-piers stand. The old mansion of the Keigwins, at Mousehole, in Cornwall, is now an inn: the "Keigwin Arms", and the family are extinct.

An altogether different story belongs to Trentham, that sumptuous mansion built by the Duke of Sutherland about 1850: a palace, rather more than a residence. It stood beside the Trent, adjacent to Stoke-on-Trent, and gradually the expansion of the Potteries and the pollution of the river rendered the place impossible as a residence. Six years ago the materials of Trentham were sold and the Victorian Italian palace of the Leveson-Gowers was demolished. It had stood only sixty years. The like fate seems to be in store for Hamilton Palace, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton.

HER KING AND COUNTRY CALLED HER

BY CHARLES STOKES

"SUPPOSE," said Bob Wentworth, laying down his newspaper and turning to his wife, "suppose your country and mine were at war?"

Such a start Mrs. Wentworth gave.

"Whatever suggested that?" she nervously asked.

"The paper's full of the German invasion scare again. Of course, everyone knows it's impossible—but suppose—"

"Surely," she replied, "the impossibility admits of no question." She pronounced English so well that only the very occasional pauses she made, when the right word was not immediately forthcoming, betrayed that it was not her native language. "Why should we discuss it if—if it's impossible?"

"I don't know," said Bob. "The whole business, as everyone knows, is just a scare to foment a fake patriotism. You see what it is—an irresponsible newspaper, aided and abetted by some surly, disappointed military man, has worked it up as a catchpenny circulation dodge. Yet I sometimes wonder—"

"What do you wonder, dearest?" she asked, as he paused.

"I—I wonder—suppose it was really true—how would it affect us." His voice sank a little.

His wife, rising and crossing to him, perched herself on the arm of his chair, with her arm round his shoulders. "I love you, dearest Bob," she whispered, "and I love your England, and I love our two dear babes, and I love most of all the babe that is to come."

"Yes—but would you love England then, Lottie?"

"Me?"

"Yes, suppose Germany and England were at war."

She shivered. "Don't," she pleaded. "It's impossible."

"I believe, you know," he went on, "that all said and done, the strongest force that animates mankind is nationality. I don't believe it can ever be killed; it may become clouded over—buried below the surface—but it's there still. Look at the Boer War. . . . Of course, it's the kind of talk that goes well at election times. They say one in every two elections is won by waving a flag. . . . Still, I'm not so sure."

"Don't!" his wife whispered again.

Bob looked up at her. "You're not crying, Lottie?" he asked in some amazement.

"No—no—but don't let us speak of this," she replied chokingly.

"Why, I didn't think it would upset you so!" He drew her head down. "It's a silly subject, anyway."

And he spoke no more of it, but threw down his paper and picked up a book. But every time she looked across at him over the table, her eyes

dimmed, and she was glad she was out of the circle of light which the lamp threw. Once or twice her hands faltered at the little garment she was sewing.

Six years of England had made many strong marks upon Charlotte Wentworth. For one thing, her management of the language. Then, again, England had ceased to be the delicious adventure that it had seemed in those far-off days, when, as a girl in a small town in Bavaria, near the Black Forest, she had thrilled at the romantic idea of loving a foreigner and marrying out of the narrow circle that apparently threatened to be her destiny. She had done very well for herself, had Fraulein Charlotte. Many were her friends who had had summer flirtations with tourists, but it is not given to every pastor's daughter to receive the permanent affection of a rich tourist of thirty.

In reality, their little love affair had reached its quick climax before she learned that her betrothed was rich. Notwithstanding, her girl friends discredited her motives; but so comparatively short was the period before her wedding that she had not properly felt the bitterness of their envy. One of her brightest memories was the meeting and entire mutual appreciation of her Bob's silver-haired old mother and her own silver-haired old parents.

She had gone back only twice since. But they were planning now to go back again at Christmas, to exhibit the youngest child to her German grandparents, who had not yet seen her—and, of course, the new baby. During the six years of her unregretful exile, her husband's fortunes had risen. He had succeeded to the sole ownership of his father's flourishing business; his social circle was considerably enlarged, thanks largely to her; and he had lately entered Parliament.

She reflected upon these things this evening. England was no longer an adventure; London, although still so large, was no more a city of enchantment, but a very commonplace aggregation of human beings whose desires and failings seemed somehow very little different from her own. England, in short, was not now a foreign country, and she almost called it "home".

Yet, as she sewed, her eyes wandered to a discarded newspaper on the floor, and back again to her husband. Around him—he was blissfully smoking—her private life revolved. She caught her breath, as in a sigh.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked, turning.

"Nothing." Sometimes, when she was agitated, she pronounced it "nussing". "I go to bed."

"Good-night, my love," he said, kissing her. In a spasm of feeling she threw her arms round him and pressed him to her breast. Honest Bob was not accustomed to so much demonstrativeness, and looked his surprise. She fled quickly to bed.

Upstairs, she stayed long as she kissed her sleeping children. Then, when she had knelt down to whisper a prayer to God—for she was a pastor's daughter—she breathed a few words, as was her wont, for the unborn child; and she added some incoherent words that God might have understood, but which she could not have done if she had heard them herself without knowing the fear that impelled them.

II.

Bob Wentworth usually sent his family to the seaside for the months of July and August. This year he sent them to a quiet little spot on the Devonshire coast, and he intended to run down there himself for a couple of weeks at the beginning of August.

But in the last week of July, 1914, a bomb fell out of the clear sky, shattering many well-planned schemes. Incidentally, it smashed Bob Wentworth's holiday plans all to pieces.

"Will England go in?" When war could no longer be prevented between Germany and Russia, that was the universal question—a question that,

in the catastrophic hurricane of events, became almost instantly, "Can England stay out?"

Bob's position of dignity as a member of Parliament had not brought him into much prominence, it is true. A conscientious attendant, and a safe and regular "vote", he was little of an orator—he was quite content to remain in the obscurity of the back benches. But in the trigger-edge state of feeling, his privileges as a member in being near the storm centre were envied. So one of his friends, who was not in Parliament, told him as they parted at Palace Yard that memorable afternoon of the third of August.

"What wouldn't I give to be in there!" said his friend. "For once I envy you. To sit there and listen to Grey and Asquith and the others—and out here, what can we do? Just wait and wait and wait."

"But," Bob replied, "you must remember that's about all we can do. Those fellows don't say much except what they want, and all the papers have it ten minutes later."

"How—er—is Mrs. Wentworth?" asked the other curiously.

A shade crossed Bob's face. "I don't suppose she knows yet. Where she is they get all their mail very late, and I—I—haven't told her."

"Darned hot, isn't it?" said the other. "There won't be any war. Germany will funk, mark my words."

"I wish I were as certain as you!" He sighed and went in.

That day was a holiday—the only occasion, they say, when the British Parliament has met on a holiday. Instead of going to the seashore or the woods, the people of London spent the day in London—outside the Houses of Parliament. They waited there several hours, watching for a sign.

When Bob reached home he found a telegram from Charlotte.

"Send me the latest news," she wired. "I must have it."

But Bob the craven tore the paper and threw it away.

The next day Parliament met again. In the early hours of the morning a certain telegram had been despatched to Berlin. It asked for a definite reply by midnight. And the House dissolved, and Bob joined the huge mobs which paraded the streets—mobs that were shouting hostility at Germany and anathematizing the German Emperor.

Did words kill—could boasts win battles, and half-drunken choruses campaigns—the war would have ended that night. A little tragic, perhaps, that this awful moment of history should be given over to "mafficking".

But the beautiful summer evening waned to a close, and the lights blazed in every room of every public building. The August sky became darker and darker, till it was of deepest liquid stillness; and over all the roar of London, over all the cries and songs of the maffickers, a summer night's warm perfumes pervaded the atmosphere.

The crowds were thickest outside the Foreign Office. Every window in that building was flung open because of the heat. Not a sign!

But in one corner of the multitude, a man whispered to his neighbour. Others standing by heard it, and caught it up. It leapt like a flame then: it was shouted—shouted—shouted! War!

Who started it—on what authority—has been forgotten, if indeed he was ever marked. Not until the next day was it officially announced that a state of war had existed between the two countries from eleven o'clock; but at eleven o'clock the crowds of London sensed it.

No parallel in any history of mafficking to what ensued then! . . . Wild-eyed, and staggering, Bob Wentworth found himself on the outskirts of the crowd. His straw hat was smashed out of shape, his tie was flapping loose, his coat was dragged back. He laughed and sang with the rest.

As the outside man of a score of others in similar exuberation—none of whom he knew—linked arm in arm across the street, he rioted in a direction which his subconscious mind told him was home. Indeed, he presently passed his house. Two miles farther on, the party broke up, and he went back with three of them. At his own door he shook hands and congratulated them on being at war with Germany.

There were lights in the front. The first thing he saw, as he entered the hall, was a pile of baggage. Wondering not a little, he turned into the drawing-room.

His wife was standing there, dressed in her travelling clothes and with her hat still on, staring fixedly out of the window. The two children were fast asleep on the sofa, their outdoor clothes on the floor beside them.

"Good God—" he began.

"I had to come," she said simply. "We're at war, is it so?"

"Yes—you and I."

III.

Bob came down next morning at his usual time, but with a headache. His wife, an early riser, always breakfasted with him; and this morning, as usual, she wore a kimono, and looked up at him with a smile from behind the tea-pot. The windows were open, and there floated in, on the lazy August morning, the scent of flowers from the window-boxes; the sun flooded the room with light. The children were playing on the floor.

It was just such a breakfast scene to which he had come down for six years: a domestic memory that carried him through many arduous hours; only this morning the newspapers at his plate flung scarifying headlines at him as he closed the door.

Always his first act had been to kiss his wife. This morning he took the newspapers first; but, recollecting, he dropped them unread and kissed her. She had noticed, however, and on her face quivered a slight spasm of pain. And Bob saw how tired she looked.

"You didn't sleep well, Lottie, did you?"

"No—I—I—think the journey—used me up."

Bob threw the papers on the floor. "Dearest," he cried, "I haven't a very clear remembrance of what happened last night. I was—all worked up, you understand. Did I—I say anything?"

"Say anything? Yes, of course."

"Anything, I mean"—he hesitated—"that you didn't like."

"No," she replied. He had not done so either; and Charlotte, who had spent a greater part of her sleepless night listening to his restless tossings and his occasional mutterings, felt a sudden gleam of hope shoot across the sullen background of her unhappy thoughts.

He ate, after that, in silence. The papers lay where he had thrown them; and Charlotte, trying to read from his abstracted gaze what he was thinking, knew his fingers itched for them. At length he rose, kissed her and the children, and went out. He came back the next moment, however, and picked the newspapers up.

"I'll take these, if you don't mind," he said. "Good-bye again." Always he had read them at breakfast-time and left them at home, and Charlotte liked to read them lazily after he had gone.

She smiled back; but directly she heard the front door slam she caught the children to her, and burst into a torrent of weeping.

"What is it, mütterschen?" asked the five-year-old boy—the children being to some extent bilingual, and often given to mixing up the two languages.

"Oh, my beloved kinder! Oh, my dears!" And she sobbed and sobbed until they cried, too, without knowing why. Then she smiled again, and wiped their eyes. After breakfast she sent out for some more papers.

Bob came home very early—almost

after lunch. "It 's no good," he said, "work's impossible. Everybody's mind is elsewhere. So I closed up and let the men off."

"Is—is it bad news?" she asked.

Bob drew her to him. "Dearest," he said, "we won't let this come between us, will we?"

"No," she replied uncertainly.

"We won't speak of it more than necessary, will we?"

"No—no."

His arm closed round her shaking form; and together they stayed thus in silence, for a long while.

Thenceforth this agreement was more or less observed. Bob might let an unthinking comment slip out, but generally he set so severe a guard upon his lips to avoid paining his wife that his conversation tended to become monosyllabic. There was, in truth, an atmosphere of constraint that owed its existence to this mutual reserve.

Bob's business interests, of course, suffered. Trade became very depressed, and against his will he was forced to lay off a number of his employees. He and Charlotte seemed to spend a great deal more time together. The ostensible reason was that society life had become suddenly extinguished, but in reality he did not like to take her visiting his friends or relatives. Some nights he had to be at the House of Commons, but he did not otherwise go out after dinner.

One evening in late August—it was during the retreat from Mons—he had to go down to the House, and was casually looking out of the window before starting. He said suddenly: "There he is again!"

"Who, Bob?"

"Why, there's a fellow always hanging up and down this street. I'm always seeming to see him. Do you know him—does he live near here? That fellow in the raglan coat!"

She crossed to his side. Truly enough, a man in a light gray raglan coat was walking slowly along the opposite side of the street.

"No, dear, I've never seen him before," she said.

"I've got an idea he's a housebreaker, watching empty houses, the way he hangs round. Or maybe he's got a servant sweetheart and is waiting for her." He laughed, and, opening the street door, stood on the top of the steps. "Good-night, Lottie. I think we shall be late to-night—don't sit up for me."

The man in the gray raglan coat had reached the end of the block, and had turned, pacing slowly back. "Good-night, Bob!" Charlotte cried, and went in.

For half an hour she read; then she picked up her sewing. As she opened the basket and sat regarding with shining eyes the little garments inside, she heard behind her a gentle tap on the window.

Their house was old-fashioned, and had broad balconies outside the windows. On one of these balconies was standing—he had evidently scrambled up from the lawn beneath—the man in the gray raglan coat.

Charlotte opened her mouth to scream. But the man outside made a curious gesture, and she stopped, frozen. She had heard of this gesture, but she had prayed God she might never see it.

The man signed to her to open the window—it was a long one, opening from the inside; but she shook her head violently. He made another motion as cryptic as the former, and insistent; and then Charlotte found her voice.

"No!" she shrieked, in her native language. "No!" The intruder moved his lips, and she shrieked again.

Two minutes later one of the servants rushed in. Her mistress had fainted.

IV.

Charlotte's baby was born the next day—dead. Several times she thought, as she lay there, that she ought to tell Bob about the visitor. But meanwhile she underwent a subtle mental change.

In her heart there now blazed a sullen resentment—mostly against things in general, and only secondarily against racial distinctions.

Bob, too, had undergone a change. He was inclined to be moody. Once or twice he talked vaguely of enlisting.

"Oh, don't!" she cried in anguish. "I have nothing to live for now!"

"There are still Dick and Gertrude left," he brusquely replied. "You seem to forget them—and," he added, "I must say you seem to have lost interest in them."

"Yes—but—but since the babe—" And she broke down. Bob cursed himself for a brute, and comforted her.

"Don't—don't mind me, Bob," she said, between her sobs, "go if you like." But he found the restraint sufficient; yet in other hours—and, alas, they began to dominate him—he chafed at what he called his softness. "My country is at war," he would tell himself grimly, "and German wife or no German wife, I should be doing my bit."

Of the man in the raglan coat she saw no more for a time. But one day, when she was out shopping, she felt a light touch on her arm, and, looking round, there he was. He raised his hat.

"May I walk your way, Mrs. Wentworth?" he inquired politely, no trace of an accent in his speech.

Charlotte shook her head violently and dived into the nearest shop to escape him. When she came out again he had vanished. The next day she took care to have someone with her when she went out, and this continued; but in the end she met him again when she was alone.

"What is it you want?" she demanded. "Why do you follow me about?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I must speak to you," he said.

"You cannot—I will not."

"Only for ten minutes—"

"But it would be dangerous. No, I cannot."

"See—across the way—in the park—broad daylight." They were standing on the corner of Charing Cross, and he pointed towards the entrance of St. James's Park.

"No—" she began again.

"Don't you realize?" And Charlotte helplessly accompanied him. They entered the park and found a seat. Sitting on the seats in St. James's Park in winter is not a popular pastime, and they had no disturbers. The park looked very melancholy.

"Now tell me!" she commanded. "And speak English!"

"Of course!" he grinned. "Of course!"

"How are you here?"

"Ah, these English police!"

"Be quick. Am I to spy, too?"

"The Fatherland, my friend, demands the services of all true sons and daughters."

"I will not spy."

"You are not asked. All I have to say is—be ready! Your services are not yet demanded—but be ready!"

"I cannot. I have an English husband—I have English children. Your coming killed what would have been another English child. Shall I spy on them?"

"My friend, if the Fatherland asks—"

"How can it be so inhuman as to ask what I grudge?"

"Are you a traitor to say that?"

"No—but—"

"Then, see," he concluded, "how fortunately you are placed—what an advantage you have—the English husband—the English babies—"

"How can you be so cruel?" she cried, springing to her feet. But he laughed cynically.

"Sometimes," he suggested, "that is arranged beforehand." He rose also. "I will not see you again yet, but remember—readiness." And he stepped briskly away.

Charlotte looked apprehensively around, to see whether they had been overlooked. But no one was in sight.

V.

What was really in her mind?

She tried many times to analyze her feelings. Should she be a traitor to her Fatherland—but then, her husband and her babes—and then again, supposing she did have to serve, she was so frightened. . . .

But when Bob at last enlisted, she found herself unexpectedly enthused. He was mildly surprised.

"I really couldn't resist any longer, dearest," he excused himself, "but I never thought you'd take it so well. You might almost be pleased."

"I am, in a way, darling Bob."

"Pleased that I am going to kill your countrymen?"

"No, not that." Her brow clouded. "But that you have made your decision. I wish I could make mine."

But really his action swayed her more than she realized.

Thanks to some previous training, Bob was promoted to a lieutenancy before he went. When he kissed Charlotte good-bye, he held her close for a second. "Thou lovest me enough to give me up?" he whispered in German, a language he very seldom spoke.

But she answered him in English, "Yes."

So Bob marched away, one beautiful spring morning. The band was playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me". The boys marched with a keen springy step, laughing and singing; yet not one of them knew where he was going.

Then ensued Charlotte's dark days. She heard from Bob only very spasmodically. He was in the trenches, he said, and letter-writing was difficult. He spared her any recital of the horrors of warfare—never once did he mention death.

One day she received an anonymous letter.

"Your brother, Emil, is killed, and your cousins, Franz and Eric. Be ready. Tear this up."

Bob came back in June. A shot had entered his right leg at one side and come out lower down at the other, and the doctors said it finished his military career. He walked with a stick, and Charlotte cried most at his white face.

"Oh, my dearest!" she cried. But Bob was exuberated now with racial enmity. When they were back in their house, he began to speak of atrocities, of horrible mutilations, of soldiers said to be crucified.

"Those German fiends!" he would growl. His wife would look at him, but he did not heed her. "I wish I could say I'd killed a thousand of them instead of being sure of only two!" he would go on. "Give me the paper. They're baby-killers—where's the latest raids?" These were in the early days of the Zeppelin raids. Charlotte could have told him of another baby her country had killed; but instead she bowed her head in sorrow.

"They'd kill our babies if they could!" Bob would mutter, as his glance rested on his innocent two—playing most of the time, ironically enough, at soldiers. But this could not last. One afternoon, after an harangue of unusual bitterness, she broke down entirely, and suddenly Bob saw the light.

"Charlotte, dearest," he cried, catching her to him, "let's go away from all this—just you and I and the children." And she was happy, because she felt that whatever happened her husband loved her; but she sadly told him that they would have to go to another planet.

In the evening Bob took his stick and said he would go down to the club for an hour or two; and standing at the door she saw a figure on the corner that seemed familiar.

An hour later a messenger boy brought an express delivery letter.

"You will at once," she read, "take the lantern which you will find in the attic upstairs, ascend to the roof by the skylight, and wave it backwards and forwards. That is all. Destroy this."

Immediately the telephone rang. "Mrs. Wentworth?" asked a voice.

"Yes—who's that?"

"You will obey?"

"Who's that, I ask?"

"No need—you know. Will you obey?"

"There is no lantern—"

"Pardon me—yes."

"I can—I shall—ring up the police."

"Too late! They are almost here!"

"I cannot! . . . Oh, God . . ."

But the voice at the other end said quietly, "You will be spared if you obey. Otherwise—it is now—you are needed by your country."

VI.

Out of curiosity—who knows?—she went up to the attic to see if there really were a lantern. And there was: one with a red glass. It had not been there the last time she had visited that room, a week before. And during the ascent a strange, horrible, emotional thing happened to Charlotte Wentworth which the sight of the lantern finished—she remembered that above all things she was German.

She could see little when she had staggered up the ladder and on to the little rectangle of roof enclosed between the sloping roof. London lay dark, hidden in artificial blackness. Nowhere could a light be seen; and yet she knew that millions of people were below her. Above, the dome of the sky was just a shade lighter.

She lifted the lantern to the extent of her strength and waved it. Was it imagination, that she saw, towards the northeast, an opaque obscuration that could not be a cloud?

Bang!

Immediately the darkened and apparently extinct city squirmed. Just as, when a tiny drop of water falls on a hot stove top, a hissing little jet of steam spurts up, so suddenly, almost as suddenly, it looked, as if they were the escaping flames from an incendiary bomb, half a score of pencils of dazzling light shot up into the sky. These pencils of light had a curious, jerky action, and they twisted round the great deep bowl of heaven uncertainly.

Bang!

It was nearer. The lights began to waver less, and to concentrate towards one particular spot, as Charlotte watched them in fascinated horror. They reached the vague density in the northeastern sky, and stayed there.

They revealed a long cylindrical shape. Bathed in the combined power of ten searchlights, a beautiful sight—a great silver fish, it seemed, was floating the dark blue ether—a fish that moved without perceptible effort, but moved swiftly.

Bang! A death-dealing fish!

Charlotte remembered her lantern, and waved it frantically backwards and forwards. At one moment she thought what a tiny pin-point of light it must be—almost invisible; but she did not realize how eager eyes had been watching for it the whole night.

Now she heard a fierce tumult in the street below. The sound of a multitude of voices, of the rushing fire-engines, of the crash of falling masses, but not, thank God, of the shrieks of pain. Beneath her, in her own home, she heard doors shut. And in an incredibly short time she heard another bang!—a different kind, smoother and gurglier. Immediately she saw a burst of flame near that floating mass in the sky. The burst of flame was a long way from its target, but it was followed by a fusilade. Very vividly it reminded Charlotte of rockets at the fireworks displays.

Her arm was tired, but she still waved the lantern. A great whirring noise came from above, almost directly overhead—a noise like a very angry and very noisy bluebottle, only somehow inhuman. In it machinery seemed to have found voice—seemed to shrill its ferocious triumph over civilization.

Then one of the searchlights began to droop from the airship towards the

earth. It hung level with the street, and moved slowly round on its axis. Then suddenly its enormous power dazzled Charlotte Wentworth full in the eyes; and it moved no more. At the same moment there was a loud rushing noise, as of a gale—the atmosphere seemed to rock—a blank—and she fell—fell—fell!

"Stand back there!" roared a policeman. "Let 'er alone—can't you see the lady is ill?"

"Spy, spy—German spy!" screamed the infuriated mob. A searchlight operator had received hurried instructions over the telephone; the consequence being that a cordon of police surrounded and protected a desolate woman who, bleeding from assault as well as from bruises, and uncomprehending her own miraculous escape, stared fixedly at a heap of ruins from which workers had brought out bodies—two of children in their nightgowns, and one of a man who, in outdoor dress, still grasped a walking-stick in his rigid hand.

LEMNOS

By HERBERT J. MELDRUM

AND now the war is done, the fighting o'er,
Departed are the ships and busy throng
That filled the isle with action and with life.
Now doze the natives as of yore;
For thousand years they lived the same,
No change to mark the passing of the time.
But now they have a trust—to guard
The graves of those that stayed behind:
Neat mounds, row upon row, and each
Its wooden cross that bears the honoured name
Of one that died in honour's cause.

Here they shall rest; and in the years to come
Shall pilgrims journey from a thousand ports,
To pay their homage to the sacred dust!

Beneath the pale white brilliance of a tropic moon
That soaks the scene in its transparent night,
Outlined by shadows, floating velvet gloom,
There lies a waste of rocky barrenness:
A vibrant silence fills all space with dread,
And thousand soldier spirits seem to roam
Between the glistening waters and the hills
That guard the land-locked harbour from the sea.

AN UNTAPPED CANADIAN FUEL RESOURCE

BY A. BROOKER KLUGH

THE serious situation in regard to fuel which prevailed in Canada as the result of the coal strike in the United States leads us to consider the fuel resources of the Dominion very carefully.

We have coal in Canada, but unfortunately the deposits are situated in the extreme east and the far west, and are thus remote from our largest centres of population, and from our main manufacturing districts. Our industrial centres are consequently almost entirely dependent upon a supply of coal from the United States. This fact was not generally appreciated until the coal shortage due to the war, and even at that time was not driven home as forcibly as at present.

While our coal resources are inadequate, owing to unfavourable location, we have a huge fuel resource, the supplies of which are very favourably situated, and which is at present untapped—our peat deposits. The total area of the peat-bogs of Canada is estimated at 37,000 square miles, and of this total area the bogs in New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba comprise 12,000 square miles, with an average depth of six feet. One square mile of peat-bog, with an average depth of six feet will produce 774,000 tons of peat fuel so that the bogs of the provinces above mentioned will yield approximately 9,300,000,000 tons of peat.

In view of these vast peat resources, and of the further fact that there are seven large peat bogs near Toronto and seven near Montreal, it behooves us to devote some attention to a consideration of peat and its utilization as fuel.

What is peat? It is partly decomposed and disintegrated vegetable matter that has accumulated in any situation where the ordinary decay of chemical decomposition of such material has been more or less suspended. Water is an excellent medium for preserving the remains of dead plants, since it excludes air and most of the organisms that are the chief agents of decay. The water may contain certain poisonous organic compounds, that originated in the growing plants, and these compounds may act with the water in preventing the growth of organisms that cause decay.

Peat is found in all parts of the earth where conditions of moisture are favourable, but it is most uniformly present in regions of abundant and regular rainfall, and relatively high humidity. The first factor supplies the necessary water and the second prevents excessive evaporation.

The different plants which play a part in the formation of peat and the manner of peat formation must be known in order to understand the characteristics of the different kinds of peat. A peat bog has its origin in a lake with a border of vegetation round its margin. In lakes in which

the slope and character of the shores are constant enough the different kinds of plants will be arranged in definite zones. Thus we usually have an outer zone of pondweeds, next a zone of water-lilies, then of bulrushes, and then of sedges. The sedges form a dense mat of vegetation, which becomes so strong and buoyant as to build out from the firmer part of the bottom and form a floating marginal shelf, which rises and falls with periods of high and low water.

As the plants of these zones die their remains gradually build up the bottom, rendering the water shallower, and in this manner the ring of vegetation slowly advances and encroaches upon the open water. This process goes on until finally the lake is converted into a marsh. As soon as the sedge-mat is established certain shrubs such as the leather-leaf, Labrador tea, andromeda, shrubby St. John's-wort, sweet gale, and species of willow come in, and with them comes the sphagnum or peat-moss. Sphagnum is a large grayish-green moss, often tinged with pink. Several species occur in Canada. The plants grow continually at the top and die below it. It is limited in its upward growth by the height to which water will rise above the general level through the spongy mass of dead moss below. If the water-level remains constant this height is seldom more than three feet, but if the water-level rises with the upgrowth of the peat the bed of sphagnum may become many feet in thickness. At this stage the peat-bog is at the acme of its development.

The peat-bog is next invaded by certain species of coniferous trees, the Tamarac and Black Spruce being the commonest and most characteristic species. These trees, like the other plants which have successively occupied the old lake basin, first appear at the margin and gradually spread towards the centre. When these trees have become established over the whole area, and deciduous trees, and other coniferous trees, begin to come in at the margin the area has passed over from the bog to the forest stage, and is no longer workable as a peat deposit.

So far we have considered the formation of peat in old lake basins, but there is another location in which extensive deposits of peat are formed—flat, poorly-drained country, in which the water-level is at, or near, the surface for the greater part of the time and the soil below is saturated. In this case we have none of the strictly aquatic plants present, neither have we the zonal arrangement so characteristic of the lake basins. The plants which grow on these flat areas are mainly grass-like in from, with long slender stems and leaves which die down at the end of the growing season, thus forming a very compact, tough turf. The soil water is increased because this turf holds water like a sponge. The excess of water prevents the complete decay of the dead vegetable matter and thus peat formation goes on indefinitely.

In colour, peat ranges from light yellowish or straw colour, through various shades of yellowish-brown, reddish-brown, and dark brown, to jet black. All of these colours are darker when the peat is wet, though the lighter shades often change to dark brown after the peat has been cut and exposed to the air.

From what has already been said it is apparent that peat has great capacity for taking up and holding water. The water is held partly in the interstices of the deposit and partly in the cell-walls and cell-cavities of the plants composing the peat. Of this water only a part is removable by pressure or other mechanical means. Prolonged trials made by competent experimenters show that only a relatively small per cent. of the water can be pressed out, and that the remainder defies the action of the most powerful hydraulic presses and the best centrifugal machines. By pressure the amount of water can only be reduced from ninety per cent., as it occurs in the bog, to seventy per cent.; the rest can be removed only by evaporation.

The quantity of water is less in the black, thoroughly-decomposed types of peat than it is in the lighter and more fibrous kinds.

If, after thorough maceration, a mass of peat is allowed to dry slowly to the air-dry condition, it contracts in bulk, and dries into a hard and firm substance that absorbs very little water even if immersed. This effect is due to the formation during drying of a complex hydrocarbon compound, known as hydrocellulose, which is distributed through the interior of the peat brick and which forms a skin over its surface. This skin, while it will absorb moisture from the interior and transmit it to the air, does not allow water to pass in the other direction. Unmacerated peat, on the other hand, dries into a loosely aggregated mass, which takes up water readily and is easily broken up either in the wet or dry condition.

Peat that has been dried below the air-dry condition, that is, dried until it has less than twenty-five per cent. moisture, quickly absorbs moisture from the air.

The suitability of a peat deposit for certain definite uses depends upon the physical condition of the peat. Thus if peat is to be used as stable-litter there should be a large amount of well-preserved fibrous matter present, whereas fine-grained, structureless, compact peat is best for use as fuel.

The classification of peat is usually based upon physical properties, but it is difficult to draw hard and fast lines between the different types.

A convenient and commonly used classification is the following:—

Turfy Peat—consisting of slightly-decomposed mosses and other peat-producing plants, having a yellowish colour, very soft, spongy and elastic. A cubic foot weighs seven to sixteen pounds.

Fibrous Peat — Little decomposed peat which is brown or black in colour and easily broken. A cubic foot weighs from fifteen to forty-two pounds.

Earthy Peat—Nearly or quite destitute of fibrous structure, drying to earth-like masses which break with some difficulty. A cubic foot weighs from twenty-five to fifty-six pounds.

Pitchy Peat—Dense and very hard. Breaking under blows of a hammer with a smooth, lustrous fracture. A cubic foot weighs from thirty-eight to sixty-five pounds.

Primarily the organic materials from which peat originates are two—cellulose, the substance of which the cell-walls of plants are composed, and lignin or woody matter. These are often mixed with lesser quantities of other organic compounds which have been formed in the course of the life of the plants.

During the process of partial decomposition as it usually goes on in the peat-bog, a part of the gaseous elements, oxygen and hydrogen, with part of the carbon, are liberated as methane (marsh-gas), and carbon dioxide. These gases contain respectively more hydrogen and more oxygen than carbon, hence the more completely decomposed peats have a higher percentage of carbon than those which are less decomposed.

So far we have considered peat in general, now we turn to a consideration of peat as a source of fuel.

The quantity of ash which is left after combustion determines within certain limits the value of the peat as fuel, since the fuel value decreases with the increase of the ash content. This is due to the fact that ash constituents replace a certain amount of combustible matter, that the ash uses up heat to raise and maintain its own temperature, and also uses up heat in bringing about chemical changes in the minerals which compose it. The maximum amount of ash considered allowable in fuel peat is twenty per cent. of the total dry weight. Irish authorities class peat with five per cent. or less as good, with from five per cent. to ten per cent. as fair, and from ten per cent. to twenty per cent. as bad, while the Swedish standards are as follows:—Good, two per cent. to five per cent, fair, five per cent. to eight per cent, poor, eight

per cent to fourteen per cent. When peat is to be used in the generation of producer gas, to which we shall refer later on, a higher proportion of ash may be present than if it is to be burned in the ordinary manner.

The ideal fuel should maintain a steady and efficient fire, be capable of easy control with little attention, and must not develop smoke or offensive or injurious gases. It must not have too much ash, and must not produce clinkers or slag, nor give off compounds which will corrode the boiler or other metal work. It must be cheap and transportable. Let us see how peat measures up to these requirements.

The maximum temperature developed by the combustion of perfectly dry peat of good quality is high, being more than 4,000 degrees F.

The lighter kinds of peat ignite at a temperature of about 400 degrees F., and burn with a red smoky flame, and a grayish or whitish smoke. The denser kinds of peat do not ignite as readily, and burn less rapidly. These characteristics of the two kinds of peat are so well recognized in Europe that the fibrous kinds are cut for use as kindling, and the denser kinds for general use.

In comparing the efficiency of different fuels the figures are usually given in British thermal units. A British thermal unit, (abbreviated to B.t.u.), is the amount of heat required to raise one pound of water one degree F.

The values of some common fuels are as follows:—

One pound of wood yields 5,760 B.t.u.
One pound of lignite yields 7,069 B.t.u.
One pound of air-dried peat yields 7,615 B.t.u.
One pound of bituminous coal yields 11,000 B.t.u.
One pound of anthracite yields 12,523 B.t.u.

These figures are for average samples, and there is naturally a wide variation depending on quality. Thus anthracite varies from 10,966 to 14,000 B.t.u. a pound and bituminous from 10,706 to 13,365 a pound.

The variations in peat are as follows:—

Peat with 4% ash and 10% water—9,117
Peat with 4% ash and 15% water—8,688
Peat with 10% ash and 15% water—8,045
Peat with 4% ash and 25% water—7,615
Peat with 10% ash and 20% water—7,508

On the whole, peat, as used, will stand in calorific value to anthracite as seven to twelve.

Now as to its other characteristics as fuel. Peat raises steam in a boiler in about one-half the time taken by coal. It is free from clinkers, cinders, sparks, soot and smoke, and evolves no injurious gases in burning. It is cheap, costing about $1.75 a ton to produce. Its greatest disadvantage is its bulk, as a quantity of peat equal in heating value to a ton of coal, has a volume 3.6 times as great. This fact precludes the possibility of long hauls and makes storage more difficult. This difficulty can be overcome by the use of gas-producer plants, to which we shall refer presently.

Peat is usually used as fuel in one of two forms—as "cut peat", or as "machine peat". The use of cut peat is very ancient, but is still in vogue in Ireland, Denmark, Russia, Germany and other countries in which peat is a common domestic fuel. In the production of cut peat the portion of the bog to be worked is first drained by ditches, the peat is cut out in blocks of from ten to eighteen inches in length, four to seven inches in width and three to six inches in thickness, which are taken in a wheelbarrow to the drying-ground where they are stood on edge. After a week or two they are turned on the reverse edge, and after about a month they are sufficiently dry to be stacked, The stacks are built in an open manner so as to allow the air to circulate freely, and are protected by a thatched roof. The peat is usually left in the stacks until needed for use.

Machine peat, otherwise known as pressed peat, condensed peat, and wet-process peat, is produced by thoroughly macerating the peat before it is formed into bricks. After the peat

has been dug it is fed into machines in which revolving knives and flanges cut and knead it so as to crush the fibres and woody structures. The most recently devised machines have a hopper for receiving the peat, a cylindrical body containing the cutting and grinding tools, and a device for cutting the strand of macerated peat into uniform blocks as it issues from the orifice. These machines are made in all sizes, from the small machine run by the power of a single horse and turning out about three tons of brick a day, to the largest, which require powerful engines to operate them and turn out fifty tons a day. The most effiicient machines reduce the bulk of the peat by about one-third. This is due partly to the squeezing out of some of the water, but mainly to the crushing of fibres and woody parts.

Machine peat has many advantages over cut peat. It is firmer, denser and less friable, more homogeneous, and, as previously mentioned, does not absorb water readily.

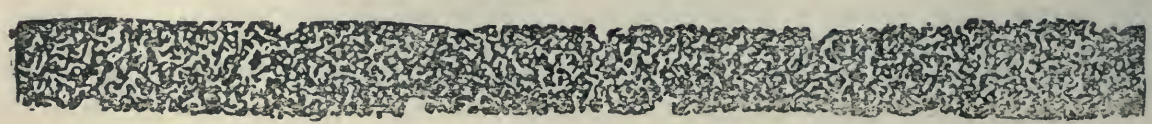
In connection with the big peat machines various mechanical devices are operated, such as digging machines, automatic carriers for bringing the peat to the machine and taking the bricks to the drying-ground.

It is quite natural that attempts should have been made to eliminate the moisture from peat by artificial means, and to compress it so as to render it less bulky. We have consequently heard a good deal in recent years of the manufacture of peat briquettes. By a combination of heat and pressure it is possible to turn out hard, black and heavy briquettes of peat, but the process is expensive and the cost of the finished product is too high to compete successfully with other fuels. It is remotely possible, but hardly probable, that some economical method of making briquettes may be invented, but at present the statement made by our peat expert, Dr. Haanel, in 1910 still holds true—"The endeavour to accomplish economically by artificial means, and in a short time, what has been accomplished by nature in exceedingly long periods of time, namely, the change of peat into a substance similar to coal, has so far not been attended with success."

There is, however, a method of utilizing peat as fuel which holds out great promise for the future — the generation of producer gas. The gas producer differs from an ordinary furnace in that less oxygen is admitted to the combustion-chamber, and the fuel bed is thicker. In an ordinary furnace the effort is made to have the fuel elements take up as much oxygen as possible, and thus get the maximum amount of heat from the fuel. In the gas producer only a small part of the fuel is burned, and the heat from that portion is utilized in converting the rest of the fuel into gas, which is then piped away from the producer. The amount of gas produced from peat is large, varying from 74,400 to 97,200 cubic feet a ton according to the quality of the peat.

Peat for use in gas producers does not need as careful preparation, nor as thorough drying, as when used under boilers. The gas producers can be located at the bogs, and the gas generated can be converted into electrical energy and transmitted to centres of consumption as electric current. The gas may also, if desirable, be piped long distances and burned under steam boilers.

Gas producer plants have been in operation in England, Ireland, Sweden, Russia, and Germany for some time and have proved highly successful. The fact that there are seven peat bogs near Toronto and seven in the vicinity of Montreal suggests the possibilities in the use of producer gas in these industrial centres.



THE BLUE PRINT

From thn Painting by
G. A. Reid.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy of Art.

COSSACKS AND CANADA

BY HAROLD SANDS

CANADIANS follow with the deepest interest Russia's efforts to redeem herself. They do not forget that for over one hundred years Russia was their next door neighbor in Alaska, even if at times a distinctly quarrelsome neighbour and inclined to claim what did not belong to her.

To Russia must be awarded the honour of establishing the first permanent settlement on the Pacific Coast north of California and of proving that only a strait separated the continents of Asia and America. On the other hand she must be debited with trying to drive British and Americans from the Pacific Coast and with endeavouring to cause savage natives to war upon the Hudson's Bay Company.

Somehow or other people do not look upon the Russians as having done much in the way of exploration as compared with other nations. Yet men seldom embarked upon more dangerous or more plucky expeditions than those which gave Alaska to the Muscovites. To Russian aggression in this direction Canada owes the fact that its northwest corner is not nicely rounded off but is a territory of the United States.

When the Russians first went to Alaska some of them had visions of ultimately spreading over a far greater area of North America than they subsequently were confined to. At one time their government made a wholesale claim to all the coast from Behring Sea to San Francisco, a claim which was partly responsible for the Monroe doctrine. Subsequently the Petrograd Government found itself sufficiently occupied with European and Asiatic affairs and retired from this continent, selling out to Uncle Sam for something near seven million dollars. The United States secured a wonderful bargain which many Canadians feel should have been picked up by the British. But those were the days when not a few British statesmen looked upon the outlying parts of the Empire as those "damned colonies". That kind of statesman has perished for ever.

Russia's North American adventure owed its start to Cossacks. In early days those men were not only picturesque soldiers but also hardy adventurers, who travelled far afield lured by the spoils of fur hunting. In 1600 large bands of them crossed the Ural Mountains in search of fresh hunting grounds. They traversed Siberia, subdued the inhabitants in much the same style that Germany tried to subdue Belgium, and reached the Pacific in 1639, only twenty years after the first Puritans landed in Massachusetts.

About the time that Charles II. of Great Britain granted a charter to his "trusted and well-beloved" cousin, Prince Rupert, and others as "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay (1670) the descendants of the first Cossacks who crossed Siberia had induced capitalists to establish the first big fur establishment at Okhotsh.

Looking for new fields to conquer in the fur-trading line the Cossacks heard with interest the native rumours that the coast of America was not far

distant. The government at Moscow was interested and promised to undertake a voyage of exploration. Governments, however, move slowly, and it was not until Peter the Great ascended the throne that action was taken.

Peter deputed Vitus Bering, the Danish sailor, to undertake a voyage of discovery. The emperor died, however, before Bering made his first trip. The peasant girl he had made an empress carried out his plan.

Bering made his first attempt to reach America in 1728. Violent storms drove him back. His second expedition in 1741 was more successful. After a voyage during which he was beset with many difficulties and encountered many dangers, he caught his first glimpse of this continent when he sighted the snow-crowned summit of a "Bolshoi shopka" or great peak. This is the mountain, 18,000 feet high, close to the Canadian-Alaska border which we know of as Mt. St. Elias. Bering so named it because he caught sight of it on St. Elias's day.

After this discovery Bering, dangerously ill, hurried home. He died before reaching Russia. Hearing from his crew that there were many seals sea otter, and other valuable fur-bearing animals to be obtained in the new country many adventurers from Siberia crossed over to North America. For years these Russians monopolized the fur trade in the region, and they did not take kindly to Canadian and American competition when it came.

These early traders deserved all they got. Bancroft, the noted historian who recently died in Berkeley, California, paid his compliments to these brave and rugged pioneers by saying: "The obstacles encountered in the exploration of these northern seas, and the reckless daring and energy displayed in overcoming these obstacles are unsurpassed in the history of American discovery."

Having settled themselves in what came to be called Alaska the Russians made voyages south, some of their ships sailing as far as Southern California. With the exception, however, of one fort in Northern California they do not appear to have made any real attempt at colonization outside of Alaska.

The voyage of Captain James Cook, "father of British Columbia", did a great deal to stimulate Russian fur hunting in the North Pacific. When Cook returned to London after his first voyage of discovery in 1776 his account of the quantities of sea otter to be had along the coast and the high prices to be obtained in China electrified England and the continent. "It was as if a new gold coast had been discovered," Washington Irving said in his picturesque way.

Hitherto the Russians had not paid much attention to fur hunting south of Alaska, but after Cook's discovery they extended their field as far south as Vancouver Island. Indeed they planned to corral the trade and for this reason put forward the extravagant claim to coast ownership already mentioned.

In 1806 Rezanof, Imperial Inspector in Alaska, urged his government to seize the whole coast from Bering Sea to San Francisco and asked for an armed brig to drive away the Bostonians (Americans) from the mouth of the Columbia River. The Russian Government did not send the brig, but in 1810 it notified various governments that its claim to the coast extended "at least down to the Columbia". This was followed up by the establishment of Fort Ross in Northern California.

Eleven years later the Russian Emperor, in approving certain rules of the Russian-American Fur Company, declared in a formal edict that the coast down to latitude 51 belonged exclusively to Russia and prohibited all foreign vessels approaching within one hundred Italian miles of it.

Commenting on this edict a writer in *The London Quarterly Review* of January, 1822, remarked:

"Whether this wholesale usurpation of two thousand miles of sea coast, to the greater part of which Russia can have no

possible claim, will be tacitly passed over by England, Spain and the United States, the three powers most interested, we do not pretend to know; but we can scarcely be mistaken in predicting that His Imperial Majesty will discover at no distant period that he has assumed an authority and asserted a principle which he will hardly be permitted to exercise.''

This writer's prediction speedily proved true. The Russian Government soon heard from Great Britain and the United States and backed down. Treaties were concluded by which Russia relinquished claim to any territory below "fifty-four-forty". Russia's settlement with Great Britain at this time played an important part in the Alaska boundary arbitration some years ago. The loose way in which the convention was worded undoubtedly was responsible for Canada losing valuable land after the award of the tribunal was announced.

Among other things this treaty provided for the free navigation of Alaska rivers by British subjects. Violation of this clause by Russian officials in Alaska nearly led to armed conflict with the Hudson's Bay Company. The company fitted out an expedition in 1834 to establish trading posts on the Stikine River, above Russian territory. The mouth of the river was in territory over which Russia claimed complete control and Baron Wrangel, Russian Governor, refused to allow the Hudson's Bay expedition to move up the river. He stationed two war vessels at the mouth to enforce his orders.

After considerable parleying the Hudson's Bay men were forced to retire. This matter was reported to the head office in Fenchurch Street, London, and was the subject of prolonged diplomatic negotiations. In the end the company was allowed twenty thousand pounds damages, was permitted to build its Stikine post and also to establish itself farther north on the Taku River.

This arrangement was followed in 1839 by a lease to the Hudson's Bay Company of a strip of land ten leagues wide extending north from latitude fifty-four-forty and lying between British territory and the ocean. For this lease the company paid the Russian-American Fur people two thousand east-side land otter worth thirty-two shillings and sixpence each skin. This lease lasted until within a few years of the retirement of the Russians from North America.

The Hudson's Bay Company made its headquarters in the new territory at Fort Stikine with eighteen men. The Russian officer, in handing over the fort, marvelled at the British audacity in taking up such a task with so few men. The Russian had fifty men under him and a brig at the mouth of the river carrying thirty-two cannon. The officer told the Hudson's Bay leaders that the Indians were savage and troublesome and that the chief was a bloodthirsty ruffian. The Scots who were to manage the new post made light of his fears.

"Other forts we rule with twenty men and we will hold Stikine," they said. And they did, though several times the fort was besieged by the Indians.

This lease undoubtedly had some effect in later inducing the Russians to sell out their Alaska holdings to the United States. The Russians and the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to respect each other's territory, but neither side lived up to the pact. The Hudson's Bay men, indeed, became so bold and adventurous that they won no small part of the fur trade away from the Russians. On more than one occasion the Slavs sent armed vessels to break up the Britishers' traffic, but these warships could not follow the trading canoes of the company into the intricate channels and inlets up which the latter fled when warned by friendly Indians of the presence of the hostile vessels.

Failing with the use of their own craft to put down the British trade the Russians sought to put a crimp in it by getting the Stikine Indians to rise up against the company. Joseph W. McKay, general agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, who in the

"roaring forties" was superintendent of the north coast establishments, tells of an attempt in this direction made in 1847. In his journal McKay says:

"In August, 1847, a chief of the Stikine Indians, whom I knew well and had reason to believe perfectly trustworthy, told me that he had been bribed by a Russian officer with presents of beads and tobacco, and that he was told that if he would get up a war with the English in that vicinity and compel them to withdraw he would receive assistance in the shape of arms and ammunition and in case of success he would be given a medal from the Russian Emperor, a splendid uniform and anything else he might desire, while his people would always be paid the highest price for their pelties."

There were times, however, when the British and Russians had to combine for self-protection against the Indians or to stop the natives fighting amongst themselves. In the same year that the offer was made to the Stikine chief the Tsimpsian and Tungass tribes started a war. Much as the Russians would have liked to see an attack made on the Hudson's Bay Campany they objected to this native warfare because it interfered with their own fur-hunting and because the battling tribes ceased to bring skins to their posts.

The Russian agent, Shemelin, therefore approached his rival, McKay, and asked him to use his influence to stop the savage feud.

McKay was at Bella Bella and after the conference entertained Shemelin at a big dinner. While the feast was in progress a native appeared and called McKay outside. He informed the English trader that a large fleet of Hudson's Bay canoes, heavily laden with furs surreptitiously obtained in Russian territory, was entering port.

With Shemelin as his guest the news was highly disconcerting to McKay. Fortunately for him he knew that the Russian was inordinately fond of intoxicating liquor and he determined to get him so drunk he would not know what was going on or where he was.

Orders were sent to the fleet of canoes to lay outside the harbour for further instructions. Meanwhile McKay returned and plied his guest with Hudson's Bay rum. The Russian agent's men, who were entertained in another house, were also liberally supplied and it was not long before all the members of the Muscovite expedition were dead to the world. McKay kept sober, of course, though not without difficulty, and at the right time called in the fleet. The valuable pelties were all landed and hidden before the Russians sobered up.

In the lease which gave them control of a valuable portion of Alaska the canny adventurers of Fenchurch Street stipulated that during their occupation the Russian-American Fur Company should purchase all its European goods from the Hudson's Bay Company. The Russians on their part bargained that the British company should supply such agricultural products as their posts and trading vessels should require.

This part of the agreement was none too welcome to the Hudson's Bay Company. As Bancroft remarks, the British fur hunters were but little more inclined to agriculture than the Russian traders. They had developed some farms in the south, in sections which are now in the State of Washington, but these had hitherto only raised enough for their own requirements.

Having made the agreement, however, the Hudson's Bay Company did its best to live up to this particular part of its terms. It started new farms, imported farmers from Eastern Canada and upon the retirement from its service of French Canadians and half-breeds it encouraged them to remain on the coast and raise produce.

It is more than fifty years since the Russians sold out their Alaska holdings to the United States and retired to the Asiatic side of the Pacific, but signs of their occupation still remain in many of the northern coast towns, especially at quaint old Sitka, which was their capital.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

RECEIVER GENERAL'S ROBBERY

ONE of the most clever and successful robberies carried out in Toronto in my time, was the robbery of about $12,000 in cash from the Assistant Receiver General's office in Toronto, about twenty-five years ago. The late Mr. Fraser was the Assistant Receiver General in charge. To understand the way in which the theft was carried out it will be necessary to study the diagram of the office as presented on the page following this.

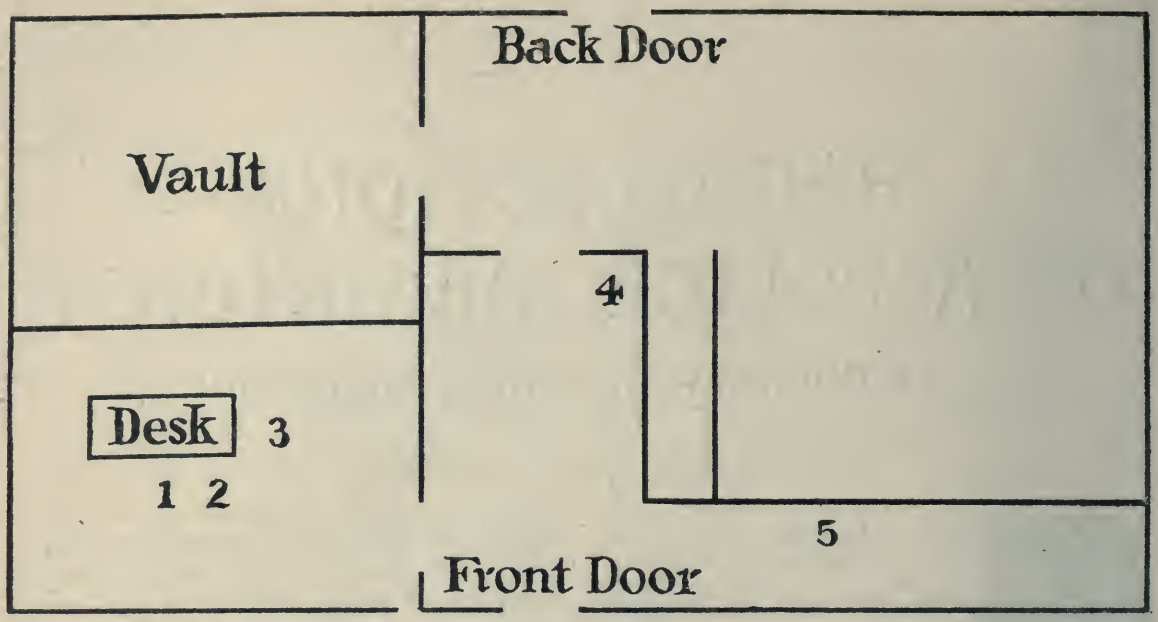
Shortly after noon when the messenger had gone to lunch, and one of the clerks was also out, three men came in and inquired for Mr. Fraser. Two of them were shown into his office. They were tall, stout men with overcoats on, which were unbuttoned. They went up to his desk and told him they had been informed that he owned a lot of land at the corner of King and Bathurst Streets, which they wished to buy in order to erect a factory. They stood so as to intercept his view through the glass partition into the main office. The third man came up to the counter, and told the clerk he was just waiting for the others. He had a large newspaper, which he took out of his pocket to glance over while he was waiting, and held it up in both hands wide open, looking up and down, and making sufficient noise with the paper to prevent the movement of a fourth man from being heard. This last was a small, active fellow, who crept along under the level of the counter, slipped into the safe, seized a couple of bundles of notes, and then under the cover of the rattling of the paper opened the spring lock of the back door, and got away with about $12,000. The man with the paper, as soon as this was done, folded up his paper and put it in his pocket. This was the signal to the two in Mr. Fraser's room to leave, and they thanked him for some information he had given them as to where they could find another Mr. Fraser who might own this property, and the three men went away. It is supposed they went straight to the Union Station and caught a train for the States.

The loss of the bills was not discovered for some hours, and, of course, no one knew how it could have been done. Suspicion fell on the two men who had talked to Mr. Fraser, more particularly when it was discovered that the lot they had inquired about had never been owned by a man of the name of Fraser. The Government employed two Pinkerton detectives, and every effort was made to discover the thieves, but without success. The detectives obtained enough information from various sources to satisfy them that the theft had been effected in the way I have described.

*

LEGAL QUIBBLES

I HAVE always had a decided objection to the technical quibbles which appeal to so many lawyers. They are



1. Mr. Fraser 2. First caller 3. Second Caller
4. Man with newspaper 5. Clerk

often very clever and ingenious; they may be called principles of law, but are certainly not in the interest of real justice.

One case will well illustrate the difference between so-called law, and real justice and common sense. A pick-pocket robbed a man of about $50 on a ferry running across the Toronto Bay to Hanlan's Point on the island opposite. The thief was caught, the evidence was conclusive, and the man was tried before me, and committed to the Central Prison for four months. A conviction was made out, and filed away, and the Warrant of Commitment to the prison issued.

The clerk who made out the conviction (and it must be remembered that only about one in every 500 or 1,000 is ever seen again), copying out the charge from the information, put it that the prisoner on a certain day, in the Bay of the City of Toronto, did contrary to law steal from the person and against the will of complainant $50. The information read that on a certain day in the City of Toronto, in the Bay of the City of Toronto, the prisoner did, etc. The clerk, who was a new hand, thought it unnecessary to repeat City of Toronto. A lawyer saw the omission a few days later and had the prisoner brought before a Superior Court Judge, and asked to have the conviction quashed, because it did not state that the offence had occurred in the City of Toronto. The line of argument was that if it had not occurred in the City of Toronto, I had no jurisdiction; if I had no jurisdiction the conviction was bad, and the prisoner should be set at large.

This was actually done and the prisoner was discharged. He had not been wrongly convicted; I did have the jurisdiction, but on this technicality the thief was set free. That is called law. The curious point about this case however was that, as I understand, the statute setting out the boundaries of the City of Toronto includes the Bay of the City of Toronto, and the Judge should have taken judicial notice of the statute, so that he was wrong anyway.

The difference between that method of administering so-called law, and the common sense method of doing substantial justice was well illustrated in another case by the action of Chief Justice John Armour, one of the greatest Judges who ever sat in the Canadian courts. A lawyer had found some case where no sworn evidence was recorded, that the offence had occurred in the City of Toronto, al-

though it was sworn to in the information. The argument was short and to the point. The Chief Justice said:

"Then file an affidavit that it did not occur in the City of Toronto."

"I cannot do that," said the lawyer.

"Why not?"

"Because it did occur in the City of Toronto."

"Then what are you complaining of? Rule refused," said the Judge.

Could there be a greater contrast than in these two cases. One was supposed to be law, but was a failure of justice, the other was sound common sense and straight justice.

Another amusing illustration of legal quibbling was in a case in which there was a by-law prohibiting the playing of the drum in the streets of the City of London, Ontario, on Sundays.

The by-law was passed, I understand, to prevent the Salvation Army from playing with drums on the street on Sunday. A man was charged before the Magistrate with the offence, and two or three witnesses swore that they saw the defendant walking along the street vigorously beating a drum. The magistrate convicted the defendant and put on a small fine. The case was taken up before a High Court judge, who quashed the conviction because while there was plenty of evidence that the man had been "beating" the drum there was no evidence that he had been "playing" the drum.

This judgment was criticized rather severely in a United States law journal, but the best comment was in an Irish law journal, which said there was only one precedent for such a reading of a regulation, and that was in the case of an Irish station master, who came upon a man quietly smoking his pipe in the waiting-room and censured him.

"Why shudn't I smoke?" said the Irishman.

"Don't you see that notice, 'No smoking allowed'?"

"Well, I am not smoking aloud," he said, and calmly went on with his smoking.

In Poulin vs. City of Quebec, 13, Canadian Criminal Cases, 391: The Statute provided that in this case upon conviction the prisoner was liable to a penalty of thirty days' imprisonment with hard labour. The magistrate imposed thirty days, but no hard labour. The prisoner complained and had the conviction quashed, on the ground that the magistrate had no discretion and must impose hard labour with the thirty days. A common sense method of dealing with that case would have been to order the hard labour, but courts are not supposed to have common sense, and very often they have not. This case shows that in the Province of Quebec the same principle prevails as in Ontario.

From September, 1908, until September, 1919, the total of cases dealt with in the Police Court in Toronto amounted to 331,036! Now while in by-law cases and petty offences, which are generally dealt with by the Assistant Magistrates, there has been a small proportion of decisions reversed, I felt that in my special branch, the trying of indictable offences and offences under the Criminal Code, the number of my decisions quashed by the Superior Courts was very small indeed. I asked Mr. Arthur Webb, who has charge of the appeal books, to examine carefully and give me a report on the convictions appealed from my decisions during the last eleven years and received the following report:

20th September, 1919.

Dear Colonel Denison:

In answer to your inquiry I beg to say that I have gone carefully through my appeal books, and find that from 1st September, 1908, to 1st September, 1919, (a period of eleven years) out of a total of some 31,800 indictable offences finally disposed of in the Police Court (the large majority of which have of course been tried by yourself) there has been a total of nine cases in which an appeal has been taken from convictions made by you.

Of these nine convictions only one has been quashed on appeal—six have been sustained after argument in the Superior Court—and the remaining two appeals were not proceeded with by the parties

convicted, and these two convictions are also confirmed.

The net result therefore is that in these nine appeals during past eleven years eight convictions were upheld and one quashed.

Yours sincerely,
Arthur A. Webb,
Deputy Police Court Clerk.

*

Confidence Games

In July, 1891, we heard of a swindle perpetrated in Manchester, England, which interested me as one of the swindlers passed himself off as my son. A man named Mercer had kept a hotel for some years on Queen Street, Toronto, a little over a mile from my residence. He died about 1888. Shortly after, his widow went to England, and in time married a hotelkeeper named Fisher in Manchester. She knew me well by sight, and knew of the late County Court Judge Boyd, who was with me on the Board of Police Commissioners.

Two respectable and gentlemanly young men, as she described them, came to her husband's hotel in Manchester and gave their addresses as Toronto, and their names as W. F. Boyd and F. G. Denison. Mrs. Fisher, hearing they were from Toronto and hearing the names, asked who they were, and one claimed to be the son of Judge Boyd, and the other said he was my son. Mrs. Fisher knowing that Judge Boyd and I were friends, thought it very natural that the young men should be travelling together.

To give an impression that they were all right, the one passing himself off as my son said, that I had instructed him to buy some carpets, and he went to a shop and ordered about £80 worth of carpets, which he directed to be sent to my address in Toronto to be paid for on delivery. The carpet dealer evidently understood his business, and apparently sized up the young man accurately, and of course knew nothing of me, so fortunately he did not fill the order. Mrs. Fisher had confidence in the young men and it ended in the so-called Boyd drawing a draft for £100 on his father (?) and asking her husband, Mr. Fisher, to endorse the draft, so that the £100 might be got without waiting to send the draft first to Toronto. Fisher endorsed the draft and was swindled out of the money. The men were not captured for this fraud, but the detectives believed they were convicted somewhere in Western Ontario not long afterward for another crime.

On another occasion I received a telegram from a hotelkeeper in London, Ontario, saying that a man claiming to be my son was stranded, and wanted him to advance him money to take him to Toronto. I promptly wired back, "The man is a fraud; I have no son in London." This hotelkeeper acted wisely.

Another time a confidence man swindled a large business firm in Toronto out of about $200 by pretending that he was a partner of mine in some mining operations in Cobalt. This was very careless on the part of the firm, for they could have inquired of me in a quarter of an hour, but it is very annoying to me to hear of swindlers using my name to defraud people.

*

James Heaman alias Chas. E. Hall

In August, 1914, a man named James Heaman arrived in Toronto from Vancouver. He claimed to have been in the grain business in the West and to have cleared up a fortune in wheat. Shortly after his arrival in the city he purchased a grocery business on Bathurst Street, in which he installed a young Scotch girl as manager. He also interested himself in a concern for manufacturing shop fixtures and for doing electro plating. This business was situated near the corner of Church and Queen Streets. He took up his residence with a very respectable family on Madison Avenue. He also opened a bank account with one of the banks near the corner of Queen and Yonge. He showed a typewritten statement of his assets, which included 10,000 acres of fruit land and a large tract of mining prop-

erty, both in British Columbia. He seemed to have plenty of money and spent it freely.

On September the 10th of the same year a man called at the head office, here, of one of the largest milling companies in Canada and introduced himself as Chas. E. Hall, of Yorkton, Sask. He said he owned a large farm in that locality, which is well known as one of the best wheat sections of Canada, and that he had come east to dispose of 50,000 bushels of wheat, which was loaded in cars and awaiting his orders as to where it was to be forwarded. He produced bills of lading, signed by the C.P.R. agent of that station, showing that amount of wheat on the cars there, and also giving the numbers of the cars. The manager of the milling company and he could not agree on the price the first day, but on the following day the deal was closed and the price was $50,000 cash. He asked to have a draft, on a New York bank, for $20,000, a draft for $20,000 on a local bank, and a check for $10,000, to be given him. This was done. He then said that he was unknown to any of the banks in Toronto, and asked that someone from the company would go over and identify him. This was done and he cashed the check for the $10,000.

To make sure about the wheat a telegram was sent to Yorkton and it was then found out that Hall was not known and no wheat was in cars there. It was also found that the signatures to the bills of lading, although having the proper name of the agent, were forgeries. The matter was reported to the Detective Department at 11 o'clock on the 12th and Detective Guthrie was sent out on the case. A private detective had already been on it. It was learned that a draft for $20,000 had been deposited to the credit of James Heaman in the latter's bank and also that Heaman had purchased a new automobile. Inquiries at the Parliament Buildings disclosed that Heaman had just taken out a new license and the number was obtained. The private address could not be obtained, but it was learned that he had a grocery business on Bathurst Street. Hiring an automobile, the detectives hurried to Bathurst Street, and after a search the shop was located. Guthrie entered the store and asked for Heaman. The young woman in charge said he was not in, but she had just received a telephone message that he was on his way over. Seating themselves in the car, the men waited, and presently Heaman drove up in a new car. He was accompanied by a party of four. When he was asked if he had had any dealings with a milling company in regard to wheat he laughed and said no. He was then told he had to go to headquarters. Taking a pass out of his pocket he handed it to one of the party and told them to go on down to the Exhibition, which was then on, and he would meet them there as he had to go down town on some business. Arriving at the City Hall Heaman was seated in one of the rooms there and the complainant was sent for. When he arrived he was shown Heaman and asked if he knew him. He said he did not, and that he was not the man who sold the wheat. Then Heaman was asked to remove his hat and even then he was not sure but thought it looked more like him. Guthrie insisted that it was the man and began to search Heaman. In the inside pocket of his vest he found the draft on New York for the $20,000 and about $8,000 in cash. Heaman still maintained his innocence but said that if we would give him till the next day he would produce the right man. Four hours after the case was reported to the Police Department Heaman was in custody. A search of his room disclosed a bundle of bills of lading all signed with the name of the agent at Yorkton. What had deceived the milling man in the identification was the fact, that on the day following the deal Heaman had the barber remove his moustache. We also found the rough clothes which Heaman had used to act the part of a farmer. He was held and appeared before me, and when the evidence was heard he was committed for trial. He

still denied having sold wheat to anyone. He finally pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years in Kingston. All the money except $200 was recovered.

It was learned that this man had been convicted of bigamy in Vancouver and was wanted in Woodstock, Ont., for the same offence. Later we learned that a man answering the same description had played the same kind of game in the West, and it is supposed that the money he had received there had gone into the grocery business here.

*

A lady was standing in front of Eaton's shop one day when there was a large crowd on the street and she happened to notice a man who among others was standing beside her. After she left, she found that her chatelaine had been opened and that her purse had been stolen out of it. The purse contained $25 and a ring mounting three diamonds, the centre one larger than the two outside ones. She advertised her loss in the papers, and offered a liberal reward, and she notified the police.

The detectives a few days before had been watching three men acting very suspiciously at a street car junction, where passengers transferred. They would crowd in and as if it were too crowded back out, and they watched them for some twenty minutes. They succeeded in catching one of them in a theft, and he was convicted and sent to prison for a year. The detectives suspected that one of the other two men, who seemed to have been working together, might be the thief who stole the lady's purse. The lady recognized one of them when arrested as the man who had been standing close to her in the crowd just before she missed the purse. When he was searched three unset diamonds wrapped up in a scrap of paper were found on him. The lady said the diamonds were exactly like the three that had been in her ring, but of course unset diamonds cannot be absolutely identified, and I was much puzzled what to do, for I believed they were hers, and that we had the thief. Then the Counsel for the defence began to cross-examine the witness, and asked her if she had not thought she had lost the pocket book, and he produced a small newspaper cutting of her advertisement and read it to her. I broke in at once: "Where did you get that cutting Mr.—?" He suddenly saw his mistake, hesitated and said a man gave it to him.

This was enough to satisfy me that the thief was connected with the affair or he would not be likely to have either the diamonds or the newspaper cutting, so I convicted him and sent him to prison, and gave the lady the diamonds and five dollars in money found on him.

*

A man found that his milk which was left on his doorstep in the early morning, was sometimes stolen. He was anxious to catch the thief so one Sunday morning he and his son got up early, and they prepared a bottle of soap and water which looked like a bottle of milk with the cover on. The milkman left the bottle of milk on the doorstep as usual about 5.30 a.m. and went on. The occupant opened the door quietly, and took in the milk bottle, and immediately replaced it with the bottle of soap and water. Around the neck of this he had a white cotton thread attached with the end of the thread through the crack of the door, and stretched on the floor, and then the man and his son waited developments. About 7.30 they heard stealthy footsteps and saw the thread moving. They opened the door quickly and saw the next door neighbour, who was the landlord, with the bottle hurriedly entering his door. The man was brought before me for the theft. I kept him in jail a day and then fined him $5.00 and costs or thirty days.

(To be continued.)

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XIX

ALL this time we have been neglecting Miss Clara Sims in a manner which she would be the first to resent.

"If you think me of no importance," I can fancy her saying, "just try to get along with this history without me and see what happens."

She would be right, we could not tell David's story without telling her story too, at least in part. We would like to tell it truthfully although it isn't always easy to deal justly with people whose tricks and manners one may not admire. It is only fair, for instance, to admit that Miss Sims was extremely clever in the way she managed the affair with David. David, on the contrary, was not clever. He was clever enough ordinarily and could usually see as far as most people. But in this instance he proved no match for Clara. Perhaps she succeeded in finding his "blind spot"—a spot which eminent psychologists tell us is not hard to find in most of us.

She made mistakes, of course. The meeting at the station was a mistake. She realized that at once and her tactics changed as quickly and as easily as a summer wind. David had no sooner turned a set face toward the breeze than he found it blowing gently from an entirely different direction. From being effusive and possessive, Miss Sims, in a moment, had become pensive and shy.

As they walked out of the station she lifted to him a startled, half-ashamed face.

"Oh I—I'm afraid I shouldn't have come," she murmured, "I'm sorry if I——"

As usual the sentence remained unfinished and as usual David's quick chivalry hastened to cover her confusion. He simply couldn't allow a woman to feel ashamed.

"It was very kind of you to think of meeting me," he said with a fair show of heartiness. "I hope it hasn't put you out at all."

"Oh, that!" murmured Miss Sims—the implication was that nothing which she might do for David could ever be considered to put her out—"when you have been so very, very kind to me."

This she saw was nearer the right note. David felt ashamed of his irritation at the station.

"Well," he said cheerfully, dismissing the subject, "how has the city managed to exist without me? How are all the select boarders?"

"The select ones are all selectly well."

"And you?"

"Oh, I," with a small, quickly suppressed sigh, "you know I am always well."

This made David look at her more closely. She looked, he thought, not quite so bright as usual. Working too hard, probably.

"When do you get any holidays?" he asked.

"Holidays?" with a pathetic widening of the eyes, "not for ages. Our very busiest season comes first, around Christmas, longer hours, you know."

"That's too bad."

"No. It is necessary, I suppose. These big stores can hardly be expected to take account of the individual."

"But that is exactly what they ought to do." David in common with many young men, felt that there was nothing in business ethics which he did not feel competent to advise about. "What right have employers to employ individuals if they do not take account of them? What is our civilization for if it does not make us aware in a practical way of the truth that the good of the community is in exact proportion to the good of the individual? Now these big stores ——" Being fairly started on the subject David was safe to work himself up into a state of indignant interest which would relieve Miss Sims from further conversational effort. It was quite safe to relax and think about something else; being careful, of course, to maintain the attitude of intelligent listener. When they parted at the corner above Drummond's David had almost ceased to blame her for the episode at the station. She offered her hand in farewell, shyly, and with a little wistful smile.

"Some day perhaps more men will think as you do," she said, "and then——"

The eloquent pause conveyed the conviction that when more men felt like David the millenium would be right along.

Being but as other men, David found this not unpleasant. He departed whistling.

It was some time later on that David first learned of Billy's acquaintance with Miss Rosme Selwyn.

"Rather piggy of you not to let on that you knew her too," suggested Billy. "What was the idea?"

"I didn't know her. That is, I didn't know that I knew her until that morning on the train."

"How," said Billy, "did you not know that you knew that you knew her? Be careful of your answer. For, to me, it looked as if you knew her mighty well."

"You see, I knew her long ago."

"As bad as that? Previous existence, cosmic bond, soulmates through the ages? Let us take it as read. But why the delay? Why didn't you want to re-meet her when I gave you the chance?"

"You? You gave me the chance! What do you mean?"

"That's right, pretend I never did! As if I hadn't asked you to take her to a show a hundred times—well, once anyway. That time I wanted you to come along with Mary Fox and me? I told you her friend was a wonder."

"You say that of every girl. How was I to know you were telling the truth?"

"After that," said Billy, rising with dignity, "nothing remains but—aha! catching sight of the brilliancy of David's face, "sets the wind in that quarter? Young man, I pity and forgive."

"Drop it, Billy! Miss Selwyn comes from my town and I knew her when we were children. She seems more to me than just a casual acquaintance. I'd give a good deal to know her better. But I don't know where she lives."

"I do."

"But—she didn't ask me to call."

"It was up to you to ask if you might. Did you?"

"Not exactly. But I think she understood——"

Billy shook his head. "No, you have to be plainer with them than that! They make a point of not understanding. You had better go back and start all over."

"Do you know her well, Billy?"

"No. But the omission is hers. I've met her several times when I've been with Mary. But I never seem to have impressed her mind. Doesn't take me seriously, you know. It's no use running after a girl who gurgles when she looks at you."

"Gurgles? How does she she gurgle?"

"Didn't you ever hear her laugh?" She's got the loveliest little gurgle I ever heard. All the chaps who know her rave about it."

"What?" sharply.

"Do you think you are the only boy who was born in her town?" asked Billy solicitously. "Believe me, not. There are others."

"Is she——" began David. "I prefer not to discuss Miss Selwyn," he finished coldly.

Billy hugged himself with delight, never before had he been able to string old David like this.

"Do you mean is she popular?" he asked innocently. "Rather! Never saw a girl more so. My dear son, you will be right in the fashion, and about the hundred and steenth on the list!"

He expected a pillow cushion at least for this, but David threw him nothing more serious than a troubled glance. His cigarette had gone out.

"Yes, I supposed she would be popular," he said half to himself.

Billy repented.

"Oh, if it's truth you're wanting," he said disgustedly, "she doesn't go around with any one at all. Too busy! Does tall advertising stunts somewhere. Of course she is admired. That chap MacIlvain, who paints, raves about her hair. He too, was brought up with her from infancy."

"MacIlvain? I used to go swimming with him. He didn't know her any more—I mean he didn't know her as much as I did. Is he going to paint her?"

"Wanted to. But she said she hadn't time. She's not like Mary and her set who can play around. Life is real, life is earnest and the grave, etc., etc."

"She's not a bit like that!" indignantly.

Billy yawned.

"What would happen, Billy, if I called without being asked?"

"A frost, little one. I speak as a prophet."

"What worries me is—what do you suppose she thought of what happened at the station?"

"Umum!" said Billy delicately.

"You mean it was obvious?"

"At least distinctly visible in fine weather."

"You think she didn't like it?"

"Why should she?" reasonably.

"I couldn't explain?"

"Not 'alf! That is why I predict cold weather."

David sighed. "Then the only thing seems to be to wait a little until there is no need for explanation."

"Oh, it's well to be off with the o-old love, before you are on with the new," whistled Mr. Fish cheerfully. And this time a pillow, well and truly thrown, was the reward of his endeavour.

"All the same," added Billy, rising to go, "if I were you, *I'd hurry up!*"

"I will."

David's tone was confident and so was his state of mind. Things were coming along very nicely. The delicate hint which he had ventured to convey to Miss Sims had been met in the promptest manner. She had told him that she had been thinking things out and asked him to make an appointment for a quiet little talk in a day or two. It was his intention to arrange for this quiet talk at once. To-morrow would not be too soon. Billy's conversation had aroused a sense of unrest. He would meet Clara to-morrow as she left Drummond's, they would have a quiet dinner downtown and settle the affair out of hand.

It should be known that Mr. Murray Willard was taking an active interest in his friend's entanglement. No one was more surprised at this than David. He had expected that, following his final turning down of so much good advice, Murray would ignore the whole affair. The opposite had happened, Murray had continued to manifest an interest, which in view of his general selfishness, seemed unaccountable. He was very nice to Clara. He induced David to think of little pleasures for her, pleasures

which in the most natural manner included himself. David was puzzled by the rapidity with which the new friendship ripened. He often observed with pleasure how well the two got on together. But the things which he did not observe were the things which mattered. These things were inconsiderable, just looks, smiles, handclasps, a shade of too deep interest on the one hand, a shadow of self-consciousness on the other—trifles all, but trifles potent with that invisible force of human attraction which goes by many names.

Clara knew that she was flirting with David's friend. This was nothing new. She was used to flirtation but she was used also to having the advantage altogether on her side. To find it otherwise was both novel and annoying, and the annoyance added just that spice of excitement which had hitherto been lacking. Clara felt as a good fencer feels when he meets an antagonist worthy of his steel. Yet it was not only admiration for a fellow-artist which drew her to Willard. In David, for instance, such adroitness might have pleased but never could have thrilled her, in Willard it thrilled even when it did not please. The difference was ominous.

As for Willard himself, his attitude in the matter was very simple. In devoting himself to Miss Sims, he had but one motive, the disentangling of David from her neatly thrown coil. For Clara herself he cared nothing. She presented nothing new in his experience and he soon tired of her good looks. She bored him. Sometimes he let her see it; but Clara, never yet defeated, would heed no warning. She still backed herself to win. So the little sordid game went on and, in spite of its smallness and its meanness, slowly the big things of life drew near, observant of the players. For there is no soul too mean for tragedy and no heart too small for love.

Willard and David were better friends now than they had ever been. Willard was, David felt, being awfully decent and Willard would probably have said the same of himself. He liked David all the better for the trouble he was taking in his behalf. Of the service in preparation David had, naturally, no idea. Billy Fish knew, but he had been sworn to secrecy by all the gods. Often in those days David found Billy with his mouth half open as if preparing to hint portentous sayings, but always Billy managed to swallow them.

This programme, David carried out to the letter. So that next evening Clara, furtively searching the hurrying crowds for a sight of David's friend, was considerably annoyed by the sight of David himself. Her greeting was cold. Even policy gave way before disappointment. Besides, it was still possible that Willard might be waiting for her around the corner—he sometimes did. If he saw her with David she would lose her walk home with him; and she had come to prize those walks. You may begin to pity her if you like.

They had turned the corner now—was that Murray? No, he hadn't come! and this was the fifth night that he hadn't come! Very well, then, let him stay away. It was nothing to her what he did—nothing, nothing.

Pale with anger and something which she would not admit to be pain, the girl decided once more, as she had decided often before, to be definitely done with Willard and to devote her whole attention to the problem of David, a problem which bade fair to tax her utmost powers.

Already, David, deprived of her customary smile of welcome, was looking slightly aggrieved. Of course he did not want Miss Sims to smile on him. But what had she stopped doing it for?

"Perhaps you would rather I had not met you at the store?" he asked diffidently.

The smile came back. It was lovely of David to have met her! Just like his usual kindness, and it would be such a pleasant change to have dinner down town. Had he told Mrs. Carr not to expect them?

Yes, David had told Mrs. Carr.

"You see," he said, "we never seem to get a moment to ourselves. And this arrangement will give us time for our little talk. You wished that, didn't you?"

It was David's way to face his questions squarely and to lose no time in doing it. But his way was not Clara's.

"Don't try to find reasons," she said pettishly. "Reasons spoil things so."

David's lips set a trifle grimly and Clara, watching under the brim of her hat, saw that the time for pretty puttings-off had gone by.

Instantly he felt her soft touch on his arm. He was used to this by now and could not have sworn that he did not find it pleasant.

"What is it?" he asked kindly, looking down at her.

Clara smoothed the last of her frown from her face and laughed.

"You haven't a speck of manners, David," she said, "it would be much more polite to pretend you did not want to hurry up our talk about things." Her tone was light but there was just a hint of pathos somewhere. As if the girl were trying to be cheerful at the expense of her real feelings.

"We'll wait until we have something to eat, anyway," said David, drawing the hand a little closer within the fold of his arm. It was a cold night and the hand was small.

Dinner was pleasant. The warm room, the lights, the flowers, the music, the passing of gay and well dressed people, the sense of privacy and the crowd, all were stimulating and delightful to their unjaded youth. David, who had no natural taste for crowds found that, for a change, he liked it very much. Clara sighed with the content of one who breathes her own atmosphere. She looked across the little table for two and felt the glow which a woman feels when her escort might be the desired of other women. For the hundredth time she tried to analyze what it was in David which gave him his distinguished air. It wasn't his height, nor his fine proportions, it wasn't that his clothes seemed always just right without effort, it wasn't even his arresting face with its beautiful eyes so full of the clear, fine ardour of youth. It was something which included all these, yet transcended them. It was almost as if the faintly luminous shadow of some larger and as yet unrealized self surrounded him, saying to the world, "This man has it in him to be great."

"Sometimes you look so much older than you are," declared Clara, voicing this impression.

"Do I?" David's eyes twikled. "I hope it's a fault that doesn't grow with years."

"You don't really care, though," she guessed shrewdly, "men don't have to. But I love youth. I'd like to keep it always!"

"Then you would miss the 'last of life for which the first was planned'?"

"I don't care about that," listlessly. "It must be awful, I think, to be old. To look back and see others still young—oh, I'd hate it!" Clara shivered.

"No, you wouldn't. You'd think, 'Is it possible that I was ever as silly as that?' You would pity the young things, not envy them."

Clara knew better, but she did not argue. They were getting away from the purpose of their conversation. After a pause in which she finished, in an absent manner, the last spoonful of her ice, she looked up at him with a sudden darkening of the eyes. "I have been thinking about you and me, David. And first I want to thank you. You have been so good, so very, very kind—no one could have been kinder. I—" The dark eyes fell again upon her plate.

"Please don't!" said David gently. "Don't say that."

"No, I won't, I know you hate to be thanked. But what I wanted to tell you is this—I have planned to go home for a little holiday right after Christmas, just as soon as the rush is over. That will arrange everything nicely, don't you see?"

"After Christmas!" There were still four weeks till Christmas! David remembered this with cold dismay. He had hoped for something much earlier than that. But the girl's eyes were on his face, anxious eyes, eyes with an appeal in them—very beautiful eyes too, soft and dark! He swallowed down his dismay with less effort than he would have thought possible. After all, Clara was not asking much—out of a lifetime.

"I can't get away before," said Clara timidly, answering his unspoken comment. "But right after Christmas there is a slack season. I can go then. I have planned it all. You see, I will take my trunk and everything and then, when I come back, if I do come back, I will simply go to another boarding-house. There will never need to be any explanations at all. The people at Mrs. Carr's will just forget about it, or, if they ever think, will conclude that we quarrelled or that—"

"That you got tired of me," finished David smiling.

"Do you think so?"

The girl was looking directly into his eyes as she put the low-toned question. But it was not of him that she was thinking. It was not his face that she saw, but, by some trick of fancy, a face which at that moment she discovered to be strangely like his. For a second it seemed that she looked at Willard's face. She closed her eyes and when she opened them the likeness, or illusion or whatever it was, had gone.

But the effect of that moment on David was electrical. For the first time in all his association with Clara Sims he had stumbled up against reality. That look had been no clever simulation. It was vital, real, revealing. In that passing glimpse David had seen love in a woman's eyes!

How was he to guess that it was not there for him?

When a moment afterward Clara faltered something about never having noticed before how much he resembled his friend Murray Willard, he attached no importance to what he considered an effort to re-establish ordinary conversation.

The look had shaken him. What did it mean? Had he in any way really hurt this girl? Had his carelessness in letting this affair drag on been fraught with consequences to her of which he had never dreamed? Or was he nothing but a conceited cad seeing things which did not exist? Almost, he thought it must be the latter, for the look had been so fleeting and was so completely gone!

Clara had finished her coffee and was putting on her gloves.

"You'll find it will be quite simple," she said again. Her voice sounded tired. "I shall just go—and that will be all. In the meantime, I suppose we can be good friends. It won't worry you?"

"Rather not!" Dimly David felt impelled to offer something. "We'll have the time of our lives." Whether he had dreamed that look or not, its memory burdened him with a sense of his own inadequacy. A good time was terribly little to offer but, as it was all he had to give, he offered it.

As for—other people, well, everything connected with "other people" would have to be put sternly aside for the present. Christmas was only four weeks distant and life is long.

Their ride home was a silent one. David was busy with his thoughts and Clara for once made no effort. She seemed tired.

(To be continued.)

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

IT is impossible to believe that the open bar will ever be re-established in Ontario. But it is just as certain that many people who are against the bar will not tolerate "bone dry" regulations. There is a point in liquor legislation at which public opinion revolts and enforcement becomes impossible. It is significant that in Vermont and Massachusetts many communities which have had no bars for years have declared for licenses. The reaction is explained by the votes of thousands of decent people who believe that Washington has gone too far with the temperance extremists. They have a conception of individual freedom which they will not yield to persuasion or coercion. It is the fashion to sneer at the attitude of this class of people and to threaten inquisitorial investigation of their "cellars", but politically they have considerable power to resist and punish.

It is curious that so many of those who proclaim their readiness to perish for their principles, who are forever denouncing interference with "free speech" and all censorship of opinion, and who never grow weary of asserting their contempt for majorities, are the most violent in their attitude towards opponents of sumptuary legislation. But at least there is as much sincerity in the one class as there is in the other and surely all honest conviction is entitled to respect. The best that can be done is to maintain temperance legislation which commands general respect. To go further is to ensure evasion and to provoke reaction. It is not yet finally established that prohibition will endure even on this continent. The blunt truth is that thousands of people who vote for prohibition in plebiscites and referendums freely violate the law when opportunity offers. There was probably as much drinking in Toronto when importation was prohibited as there has been since the embargo was removed. No one can desire a reaction which will bring back the bar or any other system of license, but there is some danger that prohibitionists themselves will ultimately produce the result which they would so greatly deplore.

In the meantime the doctors have been legislated into a relation to liquor which the bulk of the profession cannot desire. If they give prescriptions when they should not they are denounced as they should be; if they refuse in many cases patients are angry and go elsewhere. In British Columbia doctors have asked to be relieved of the privilege and authority to issue liquor prescriptions, and this must be the general feeling of the profession throughout Canada.

II

The United States and Ireland

State Legislatures continue to receive De Valera "President of the Irish Republic" and to pass resolutions in favour of "self determination for Ireland." It is not so remarkable that De Valera should endeavour to excite feeling in the United States against Great Britain and incidentally collect money for his movement, but nothing

could be more amazing than the official action of American Legislatures. Even in the South, a Legislature has blessed De Valera, and demanded recognition of the unborn Republic. Nor do the statesmen seem to have realized that they were puppets in a comedy which as presented in Ireland is a pitiful tragedy.

One knows what a tempest of wrath would sweep across the United States if the British Parliament should demand independence for the Philippines or the separation of California from the Union. There would be instant and violent protest from the White House and a demand for war by Congress. But American Legislatures suggest the dismemberment of the British Empire with no greater sense of responsibility than they would display if they were passing a resolution against the railway or the packers.

The United States will not enter the League of Nations nor take any mandate in Europe. The President continues to give voluminous advice to Old World nations, but Congress will do nothing to make the advice effective. He pleads for Armenia, but the cost of protecting the Armenians must fall elsewhere. He lectures other nations while his own people will not take his counsel. He has no censure for the American Congress and American Legislatures which grossly interfere in the domestic affairs of the British Empire.

No one believes that if Ireland held the relation to the United States that she holds to Great Britain any American Legislature would suggest "self determination". There would instead be rigid suppression of Sinn Fein and instant deportation of De Valera. For the Americans can be ruthless. No other free country has less respect for the forms and theories of freedom in presence of unconstitutional agitation or any symptom of violence. In this they may take the better way but at least they do not follow the example of Great Britain.

Lord Salisbury once told Mr. Choate that the United States never understood freedom, and possible "Reds" and "I.W.W.'s" would agree. In face of extreme provocation the British press is restrained. So British statesmen continue to cultivate intimate relations with the American people. They know that by the great bulk of Americans De Valera and the eccentricities of Congressional bodies are merely tolerated, and that a Presidential year produces insolence and bad manners in international affairs. They know, as we know in Canada, that no actual quarrel between the United States and the British Empire is conceivable and that the Irish have many votes in a Presidential contest. One thing the British people have learned in international relations is that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city". Besides the action of the United States in the Great War the British people will remember forever with praise and gratitude. During the war we had a good deal of vapid denunciation of "secret diplomacy", but "open diplomacy" as practised in the United States possibly is still regarded with some suspicion by other nations.

III

Prohibitionists Embarrass

It is clear that the Drury Government is embarrassed by the demands of the extreme prohibitionists. There is reason to believe that in the Labour wing of the Coalition there are those who favour wine and beer licenses and oppose "bone dry" legislation. Hence the disposition of the Government to evade responsibility and leave the whole problem to the Legislature.

Whatever justification there may be for such action in this instance it will be unfortunate if the country forgets that ministerial responsibility is the sheet anchor of responsible government. Denial or evasion of responsibility by Government encourages jobbery, log-rolling, corrupt trading in offices and

appropriations, extravagance in expenditure and slackness and inefficiency in administration. Whatever may be the defects of the two-party system, vigilant criticism of public measures and stern scrutiny of expenditures are assured. Parliament is controlled by a majority which expresses national feeling and remains a majority only so long as national feeling is expressed.

Under coalitions and group systems minorities usurp authority, bargain with mininsters for concessions which very often the people would not sanction, or prevent legislation which the public interest requires. We know the story of coalitions in New Brunswick and British Columbia and it is not the best chapter in Canadian history. Coalitions may be effective for great national crises but they are feeble and dangerous as regular machinery of government.

It can hardly be doubted that Canada desires the restoration of party government at Ottawa. In Great Britain Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law are striving to weld the Coalition into a national party with a definite programme. For a generation in the United States and Canada the chief object of civic reformers has been to fix responsibility for municipal legislation and administration. For this reason the Board of Control was created in Toronto. For this reason Montreal has an Administrative Commission. One hopes, therefore, that direct ministerial responsibility for legislation and administration will not be evaded or relaxed in the Legislature. For just in degree as responsibility is evaded by ministers mercenaries flourish and private and sectional interests prevail against the general public interest. To avoid such results the system of Cabinet government was evolved and the joint responsibility of ministers established.

IV

The death of Judge Savary of Nova Scotia, leaves Sheriff Hagar of Prescott as the last survivor of the members of the first Parliament of Confederation. Born in 1831, of Acadian stock, Mr. Savary lived for nearly fourscore years and ten. He moved the address in reply to the speech from the Throne in 1870. But there was then no Hansard, and therefore the speech is not contained in any parliamentary record. He entered Parliament as an opponent of Confederation and as an adherent of Howe against Tupper. The Confederates were overwhelmed in Nova Scotia in the general election of 1867, but Tupper easily recovered his ascendancy. This ensured the defeat of many anti-Confederates in the next contest although in 1872 Savary himself was re-elected. Indeed, when Howe joined hands with Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper Mr. Savary also turned towards the Government, and in his second contest was an official Conservative candidate. Defeated in 1874, he was appointed County Judge of Annapolis, Digby and Cumberland by the Mackenzie Government in 1876, and this position he held until he retired in 1907. He was diligent in the performance of his duties, judicial in temper, benign and merciful. Deeply interested in the early annals of Nova Scotia, he was the author of a history of the County of Annapolis, was an active member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, contributed to many historical publications, and was perhaps the foremost historical authority in the Province. To the last he gave close attention to public questions. As late as 1916 he published letters in favour of generous recognition of the French language in Canada.

Sir John's Port and Cold Water

While my "Reminiscences" were running in *The Canadian Magazine* I had a letter—one of many—from Mr. Savary which gives recollections of the first Parliament of Confederation. "I am naturally very much interested," he wrote, "in your Reminiscences in course of publication in *The Canadian Magazine,* especially

where they touch matters that came under my personal observation while a member of Parliament. Referring to the December article I would say that the bitter personal estrangement between Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir John Macdonald did not begin till some time after the defection of the former from the Conservative party. The evening before Sir John left Ottawa on his mission to Washington he gave a small dinner party to some of his parliamentary friends at which the only Opposition member present was Cartwright and the only member from the Maritime Provinces was myself. I am pretty sure Cartwright sat on his immediate right, being perhaps the senior member of Parliament present or the one longest in his friendship. Lady Macdonald and his son Hugh John were present and we noticed that neither of the three touched wine.

"Sir John's sprees to me seemed to commence after a long and exhausting debate during which he would be at his post till long after midnight, night after night with all his wits about him. Immediately this strain was over he would be seen rushing to the restaurant and calling for port wine and cold water, which seemed a very proper as well as natural thing to do. But it would be repeated during the day much oftener than was prudent, and in a day or two he would disappear from his place altogether, or come in looking very much the worse. But it was remarkable how he would sometimes rouse up from what seemed to be almost a comatose state and make a brilliant little speech. He surprised me one night when we thought he hardly knew what was going on by waking up and moving the "three months hoist" most opportunely to some bill, the introduction of which was very embarrassing and the debate annoying. When he would begin running to the restaurant for his port wine and cold water some Cabinet colleague would run after him to bring him back.

"When I first went to Parliament and before I had time to be more personally acquainted than a mere introduction would imply, I made a severe speech censuring the Government for sending Tupper to England to oppose Howe's efforts for repeal. A few minutes afterwards I was reading a newspaper in the reading-room when Sir John, in passing me, gave me a smart slap on the shoulder with the words, 'Savary, we'll have to send you home with Tupper.' That was his reply to my attack.

Sir John in the Corridor

"One day he was with some men he was afraid were going to vote against him on the Governor-General's salary. I was one of the group discussing the question in the corridor. He said, "This must be a test question, we want to know who our friends are and who our enemies are.' I said that his remarks did not apply to me as I was an Independent member. Said he, 'Do you know what an Independent member is?' I answered, 'Give us your definition'. He said, 'A member that no one can depend upon,' and as on the former occasion away off with a rush. I ought to mention that Sir John did not have more than two or three of these escapades during my time in Parliament, 1867-73."

V

The New Irish Bill

Although the new Home Rule Bill has few friends in Ireland it may provide, as one writer suggests, the fundamentally right method of enabling Irishmen to establish by degrees their own self-government and national unity. There was a long conflict between Upper and Lower Canada which was ended by Confederation. One doubts, however, if the British North America Act with its educational provisions could have been imposed upon Canada by the Imperial Parlia-

ment. Probably in both Ontario and Quebec there would have been protest against compulsion and a temper developed which would have made a union of the Provinces impossible.

The new Irish Bill gives to North and South a greater degree of control over local affairs through Provincial Legislatures, and provides for a Council of Forty, half of whom would be named by each Legislature, and which would exercise such powers as might be granted by the two Provincial bodies. Responsibility for organizing the Council is left with the Legislatures. Thus its powers must be defined by agreement. It would have wide executive, legislative and judicial functions and even control over customs and excise. Under the Bill the Irish people, if they can agree, may practically establish Ireland as a Dominion in the British system. Apparently, however, there is no design as Washington may suspect to give the Empire an additional vote in the Assembly of Nations. Substantially, the Imperial Government refuses to "coerce Ulster", but offers to the Irish people almost complete self-government if they can agree among themselves.

Clearly the war has affected the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal Coalitionists in the Imperial Parliament. There is in the new measure a frank confession of the unwisdom and futility of legislation at Westminster which a great body of Irishmen will not accept. There is also free recognition of the national sentiment of Ireland and concessions which almost go the length of "self-determination". All leaders among Southern Irishmen oppose separation of Ulster from the Southern Counties. The North has never desired separation although sternly opposed to any Irish Parliament dominated by a Southern majority. In all previous Home Rule Bills Ulster has denounced the provisions designed to protect its "civil and religious liberties" as elusive and inadequate. The new Bill demands that Irishmen themselves shall determine what provisions are necessary to protect religious minorities and provides in the Bill itself ratification of any safeguards upon which they may agree.

In Quebec there has been faithful observance of the provisions of the Canadian constitution affecting the Protestant minority. In Ontario there has been conflict, not over denial of the constitutional rights of the Roman Catholic minority, but because these rights have been interpreted liberally by the Legislature. The controversy over the French language may be an exception, but according to the Imperial Privy Council, this has been a quarrel outside the constitution. Moreover one suspects that even upon this question the resources of conciliation have not been exhausted.

If Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal Coalitionists display greater consideration for Ulster it is just as true that Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and Conservative Coalitionists are agreed upon concessions to the South which they would not have tolerated a few years ago. The British Tory party has travelled far since Lord Randolph Churchill declared that "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right", and since the passionate assault of British Toryism upon Gladstone's first Home Rule measure.. And in the immediate situation there is nothing more remarkable than the fact that *The London Times,* almost fanatical in its opposition to Home Rule twenty or twenty-five years ago, should now be the leader in the movement for self-government for Ireland.

At the moment the whole problem is gravely complicated by the intemperate agitation of Sinn Fein for an Irish Republic. Murder has become a science; brutality a pastime; and sneaking cowardice the refuge of a multitude of professional patriots. But this movement like all extreme movements will destroy itself. The Imperial Parliament will never consent

to separation of Ireland from the Empire. It is not in Ireland only that their is turbulence, violence and social and political madness. One is not surprised at Bernard Shaw's suspicion that the other planets are using this for a lunatic asylum. But sanity will return and the Southern leaders will recognize that no greater misfortune could befall Ireland than separation from Great Britain.

A grave responsibility rests upon Ulster as well as upon the South. The Ulster leaders will be stronger in the Ireland of the future if they are now conciliatory and generous. If they consent to establish the Council of Forty they need lose nothing and they may do something for the peace and prosperity of Ireland and the unity of the Empire. Face to face in Council with their fellow countrymen of the South they may find that they have interests which unite far greater than all the interests which divide and that it is not impossible to discover safeguards for the faith which they profess and the institutions which they cherish. Whatever may be the immediate fate of the new Home Rule Bill, it is not easy to believe that the people of Ireland ever can be happy and united, except under a constitution which they fashion themselves, and which shall be based upon mutual recognition of common interests and a trustful, generous, confident determination to make the best of one another.

VI

A Legacy of Phrases

The war has left us with a legacy of phrases which are embarrassing to practical statesmen. It is not so easy to make the world "safe for democracy" or to apply the Sermon on the Mount in social, industrial and political practice. There has been no regeneration of human nature nor any general infusion of divinity in human institutions. Still he that laboureth laboureth for himself, still a slothful man hath his hand in his bosom and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again, and still the sluggard who will not plow by reason of the cold will beg in harvest and have nothing.

We are not going to have a new world on new foundations. We have been laying the foundations of this civilization for a thousand years and one is not persuaded that this generation is wiser than all the generations that have gone before. There is great confusion of voices but one doubts if in the multiplicity of counsellors there is wisdom. In the newspapers every Monday morning we read the addresses at the Sunday Forums and every week we get a new gospel, or several new gospels, for the healing of the nations. If they could all be put into effect the world would be a madhouse and no doubt the moral, social and political regenerators would be the keepers of the institution.

In his first contest for the Presidency of the United States Mr. William J. Bryan was taken to visit an insane asylum and one of the patients confided to the candidate that he was not insane but was detained because he was a Divine Healer, while the officials of the institution and all his fellow patients were uninspired and unregenerate. Mr. Bryan was as sympathetic as a candidate ought to be and explained that even he had been called insane merely because he wanted to coin silver at sixteen to one. The patient in turn was sympathetic and declared with complete confidence, "Why no, Mr. Bryan, you are not insane. You are just a damn fool." One would not pass any such judgment upon the world-savers of the Forums, for many of them have the capacity for sacrifice, and a sincere desire to make the world cleaner and better, but one could not follow them all unless, as was said in another connection, he were a centipede.

Reasons for High Prices

The orators who are happy only when they denounce "profiteers" are responsible for much anger, misunderstanding and confusion. Even the Board of Commerce admits that "business is, in the main, sound and honest" and that "despite high prices undoubtedly prevailing profiteering so called, that is the taking of unjust profits, is not, in the Board's opinion, as common nor nearly as common as may have been charged or claimed". But how seldom are these sentences quoted and how seldom are the real causes of high prices explained. Wages in many industries have been nearly doubled. Wages represent seventy per cent. of the cost of production. The prices of all food products have increased tremendously, not through "profiteering" among farmers, but through a world scarcity which was the inevitable result of the great war, the withdrawal of millions of men from productive pursuits, disorganization of transportation, social and political revolution and the reaction from the long agony in Europe.

Added, again, to great and general wage increases are the heavy losses from industrial conflict. The losses to labour in Canada by strikes during 1919 aggregated at least $9,000,000 or $10,000,000 and to employers a far greater amount. In the United States the loss to labour through industrial conflict in 1919 is put at $723,478,000, and to capital at $1,226,357,000. The loss in production of coal is estimated at 40,000,000 tons and of steel at $300,000,000. In Great Britain 34,000,000 working days were lost by strikes and the hours of work were reduced by 6½ hours a week for 6,000,000 workers. It is not suggested that wage increases were excessive or that there was no justification of the destructive contests in which so many workers engaged. In many cases no doubt there was justification. In some there was not. But it is not intended to pronounce, or even to suggest, judgment one way or the other. It is enough to argue from the facts that food scarcity decreases production and higher wages must raise prices of much that we eat and wear, and must involve higher charges for housing, transportation and all other necessary services.

There is "profiteering" and no judgment too severe can be pronounced upon manufacturers, landlords or traders who traffic deliberately in the necessaries of the people, but we should remember the judgment of the Board of Commerce that "Business is, in the main, sound and honest" and that the causes of our "Present Discontents" are largely natural and inevitable. Farmers, manufacturers, traders and capitalists may offer against many of the attacks to which they are subjected the defence of the darkey who was reprimanded by his master: "Marse Andrew, I has enuff to answer fer wid the scusations what is jest, widout having to be 'sponsible for dem what ain't so". If the actual facts of the situation in which we find ourselves are understood and admitted there will be less angry denunciation by press and platform and a soberer and sounder temper in the country.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE NEW APOCALYPSE

By John Daniel Logan. Halifax: T. C. Allen and Company.

HE other day in Toronto Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, one of a group of young writers in England known as the Georgian poets, delivered an address in the course of which, as a war veteran, he dwelt on the cruelties and horrors of war, and afterwards he read some of his own poems treating war as a brutal, dismaying and altogether revolting and demoralizing business. Dr. J. D. Logan, a Canadian, likewise a veteran of the war, and likewise a poet and lecturer, in this his latest volume of verse, sees war spiritually, not carnally, sees Christ above the ruins; and, like his namesake John of Patmos, he has a vision of glory, the poet's conception of the Divine hand working out the welfare of mankind. Here is his own expression of his vision:

> Finally, in France, on the battlefields and in the soldiers' cemeteries, the "Gardens of the Dead," I saw, for the first time, the holy apotheosis of Love. For I had a new vision, and I perceived that the fallen are not the dead but the *living,* so long as we win them to life by tender remembrances and loving communion with them, and that the dust of the bodies of the fallen, mingling with the mould of the French soil, transmutes the land of France into the one "universal homeland," spiritually owned by all the nations, whether friend or enemy in war, and some day, by grace of the beautiful mercies and love manifested, by friend and foe alike, in those dear Gardens of the Dead, the once warring peoples shall be united in genuine charity and brotherhood."

The volume is dedicated to "the mothers of my martyred comrades who fell on the field of honour", and in his preface Dr. Logan, in one of the most compelling paragraphs that the war has produced, explains why the dedication is confined to mothers. Instead of republishing one of the poems in the volume, we quote in full this great paragraph, this quickening revelation of the supreme function of motherhood:

> I have, however, in the Dedication to the little volume in hand, special reasons for memorializing the mothers of my beloved fallen companions in arms. I have helped, in the line while shells screamed and artillery roared and wrought destruction of human life nearby, to wrap many of my fallen comrades in their last blanket and lay them in their last earthly resting place. Living soldiers' tears and prayers at the rude obsequies over the remains of fallen comrades were a poor substitute for mothers' last tears and the last kiss of maternal love. Still, we who ministered at the obsequies always thought of the mothers at the burial of comrades—we thought of them chiefly—and gave our fallen companions the best substitute we could give in the stead of mothers' tears and farewells. Moreover, I have never heard from mortally wounded and dying comrades—and many of them were mere lads, and no doubt some of them were, in that dear, homely term of affection, "the baby" boys of their families —I have never heard from the dying a whimper of regret, but I have heard—oh, the tender pathos of it!—from lips soon to be sealed in silence forever the low, faint call, barely more than a whisper, "Mamma, mamma, mamma." Any psychologist will say that this was inevitable. As the earliest expressions of love which these fallen, dying soldiers experienced were those of mother-love and care, so, naturally, in the dissolution of spirit from body, the last call of these passing heroes was the human call for the mothers who bore them and to whom they, in the days before their manhood, turned for love, comforting and strengthening. God conferred immortal distinction on the mothers whose sons He chose to make the supreme sacrifice. Each of the fallen, as I know, went to his death calmly, triumphantly, renouncing country

and life—without regret. Each of them had on his lips something like the Requiem hymn which Captain R. Dennys, himself fallen, sang so beautifully for them—

"No need for me to look askance,
Since no regret my prospect mars:
My day was happy—and perchance
The coming night is full of stars."

Nay, Mothers—not perchance, but indubitably the coming night of so-called death was for your fallen ones full of stars—the Stars of Everlasting Life and Christ's Reward; and, with the eye of faith, you may see them, hear them, still marching on, tramping triumphantly, as I have pictured them in my verses, "The Spendthrifts"—"adown the White Eternal Streets."

*

SUNNY DUCROW

By Henry St. John Cooper: Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THIS is a book which emphasizes a truth with a little too much imagination for cool and austere minds. Nobody but an old crab would deny that to hold up one's head and keep smiling is good business. But in "Sunny Ducrow" the author has raised the success of such a policy to the Nth power. He rather makes us gasp. True, we gasp deliciously and read on to page 482 avid for more gasps. And when we set the book down there is apt to be a smile about our eyes and a warmth within our hearts that is the right kind of antidote for crassness and superciliousness and that superior restraint whose other name is haughtiness. The book is abandoned; it is romantic; it is sentimental. Our judgment of the book will vary according as we like or dislike abandon and romance and sentiment. It is rather a fad to-day to be above sentimental considerations; romance is a bit at a discount; as for abandon, one should not be abandoned. There are elegantly attired young men and facinating young women to-day whose pose is to be cool as cucumbers. They wear rather constantly a faint smile high up on their faces which is intended, we imagine, to give the impression that it is connected with their intellect. As a matter of fact, to the ordinary observer, it seems to have a more intimate connection simply with well groomed eyebrows, which are felt by the owner to be rather fetching. Sunny Ducrow would laugh at all this sort of thing .. .. .. there, the reviewer has accomplished it! He has reviewed the book all in one sentence. By one sentence which slipped off his pen he has revealed the fact that Sunny Ducrow has become real to him. Despite the fact that Mr. St. John Cooper has made Sunny do impossible things with her smile and her head up (that business of having her learn French and Spanish and Italian in a few months, for instance). Sunny is real; she is going to go into a lot of people's lives and bless them. O Sunny, Sunny Ducrow, with your abandon, your romance, your sentiment, rising from a little slum girl whose open-work boots would fly off when you hurried, to be entertained by duchesses and desired of great theatre managers, rising to be leading lady and to love your cottage in the country and Arthur Curtiss after all! O Sunny, you do do us good! Maybe we nearly cried a little before the last. Then we laughed again. Maybe we'll hold up our heads and keep smiling sometimes just for you.

Sunny Ducrow!

*

LITERARY STUDIES

By Charles Whibley, Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE are brought together into one volume a number of articles and lectures that are independent of one another and yet that are sufficiently the same in character and purpose to make them agreeable. The author has been attracted by some peculiar phases of English literature, the Tudor chroniclers, for instance, and Edward Hall and Raphael Holinshed in particular, and on them he discourses with intimacy and charm. He treats also of court poets, particularly of Rochester, whose qualities, both as poet and libertine, are discussed; of highwaymen in England during the time of Shakespeare, men like Gamaliel Ratsey, who provided

good reason for the character of Falstaff, and other studies of a highly interesting and entertaining nature, especially of early playwrights and actors, of Jonathan Swift in "An Underworld of Letters", Sir Walter Raleigh, and "Congreve and some others".

*

COLORADO: THE QUEEN OF THE ROCKIES

By Lacy Baggs. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS handsome book introduces the reader to unexpected beauties in Colorado and gives him as well a history of that wonderful State, treating of the Indians of the Rockies, Pike and other explorers, the trapper, the trader, the hunter. It describes "the glitter that was gold", and "the silver lining". It discusses the Spanish nomenclature of Southern Colorado, gives an account of the builders of Colorado, of its writers and artists, of its great resources and their development, of its problems and how it met them. It gives also a survey of its industries and an idea of the delights that await the traveller.

*

HEARTS OF WOMEN

By Morley Roberts. London: Eveleigh Nash.

FOUR women of the middle class in London compose the interest of this book. Only two of them are convincingly depicted, and only two of them could lay any claim on happiness. Two are married and two single. Three have babies, and the fourth, the remaining single woman, confesses to her doctor that her arms ache to enfold a child, that she has great and distracting yearnings, and that notwithstanding all this she repeatedly and even on the eve of his departure for the Front turns away her lover, who, as a mere incident, is already married. Indeed, the whole book is a medley of illicit love affairs. It starts out with the return home of Theo, who supposedly has been an actress turned war nurse, but who now, although she does not wear any wedding ring, is a mother. Her baby she named Bimbo, and her mother, who never seems to appreciate the situation, refers always to the child as the son of a great friend of her daughter's, an Italian woman who died of a broken heart. The father knows, because the daughter, a very matter of fact person, doesn't mind telling him, for she foresees that he will sympathize with her. She comes home at a time when the other three women, all intimate friends of hers, are in great distress over their love affairs, and there is a suspicion that they are rather pleased that she has broken away from conventionality. One of these women, a married sister of the one that yearns for a child, is in love with an artist. Her husband, as a condonement for her infidelity, is depicted as brutal, selfish, despicable and utterly impossible as a social human being. So impossible is this man that the wife, urged on by the other women, and abetted also by them, leaves his house, goes to the studio of the artist, and there, when she wakes in the middle of the night, she discovers the artist dead, and when, next day, she herself is discovered, she poisons herself and her little girl, and the book ends—a tragedy. In reading it one compares it with "The Pretty Lady", by Arnold Bennett, and "Saint's Progress", by John Galsworthy, only it is more melodramatic and much more tragical.

*

SISTER ANNE! SISTER ANNE!!

By Gertrude Arnold. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

THIS book, which is really an entertainment, an intimate revelation of hospital life, bright with laughter and sympathy, portrays the joys and sorrows, loves and fears, heroisms and even the most secret emotions of the inmates.

This is a side of life about which little is written and yet it is of the most intense human interest. Miss Arnold seizes upon situations and incidents of hospital experiences from

the nurse's point of view and has employed exceptional dramatic skill in placing before her readers the varied humour, sentiment, and pathos of these experiences.

*

STORIES OF THE SAINTS

By Grace Hall. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

HERE are retold vividly and in a manner within the compass of the average child's mind, the fascinating stories of heroes and martyrs such as occur in Fox's memorable book. The author treats the various characters reverently and simply, for as she herself expresses it, "To understand their histories we must become as little children and look upon that wonderful phase of the world with unquestioning eyes; even with the prayer or wish that we may know its spirit and share something of its devotion and faith."

*

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

IN the April number of *The American Review of Reviews*, which is edited by Dr. Albert Shaw, there are two articles on Canadian affairs. The first is a pessimistic review and forecast of railroad nationalization in Canada, by Sir Patrick Thomas McGrath, a Newfoundlander, but nevertheless a keen observer of current affairs in the Dominion. The second is a complimentary statement of which the Union Government has done in "Constructive Legislation in Canada". The writer is Owen E. McGillicuddy. He credits the present Government at Ottawa with having put through since its election to office in December, 1917, more legislation of a varied character than any other government ever attempted in the history of the Dominion.

NEW POEMS

By Contemporary Poets. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

SOME months ago an unusually interesting publication, *The Chapbook*, began with the idea of concentrating in each monthly issue on one peculiar subject of theme. For instance, the March issue contains "Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry", by T. S. Eliot, Aldous Hurley, and F. S. Flint. From these essays one gets a fair idea of the attitude of the new generation of poets in England, and one must know something about this attitude before one can discuss present-day poetry intelligently. The January number gives a collection of new poems by contemporary poets—H. H. Abbott, D. E. Norman Smith, Godfrey Elton, Mary Webb, A. Kingo-Armstrong. H. K. Cassels, Claude Colleer and Anna Wickham. The December number contains four songs with music, by Walter de la Mare, G. Townsend Warner, and a note on the song by Edward J. Dent.

*

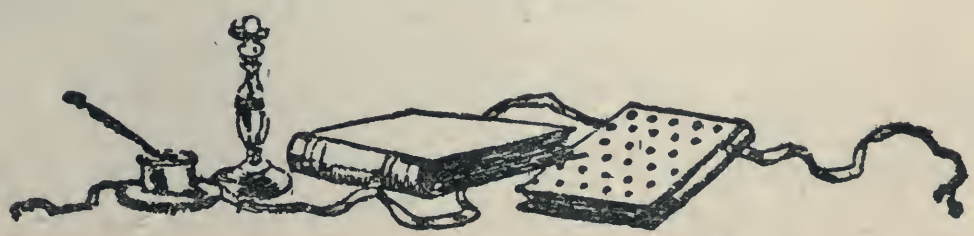
BOOKS RECEIVED

—"Through St. Dunstan's to the Light," the story of Pte. James H. Rawlinson's loss of sight, his training and experiences at St. Dunstan's, and the viewpoint of the sightless. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

—"Everlasting Arms," a novel by Joseph Hocking. Toronto: Hodden and Stoughton.

—"Starved Rock," by Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Letters of Anton Chikhov," translated by Constance Garnett: Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE ORGAN

The heyday of the Organ

BEFORE the advent of the piano the "organ" as an instrument of music was esteemed for its cheapness, its durability and the fine religious flavour of its tone. In some places, even outside churches, it has survived, and on a Sunday afternoon, especially in a quiet village, its soft intonations still may be heard intermingled with the softer twittering of swallows or the blatant winding of an automobile horn.

There were no automobiles in the heyday of the organ. The horse was still revered for his ancient virtues, and to move from one place to another at the great speed of ten miles an hour was a fine thing to brag about—a high tribute to the condition of the roads and the mettle of one's steed.

Next to the fiddle, the organ, in all our country places, was the musical instrument of most importance, and although it played second fiddle to the fiddle at all gay celebrations it gave way to no instrument as an evidence of luxury and refinement, as an ornamental piece of furniture, or for the proper spiritual rendition of Moody and Sankey hymns and the long metre paraphrases intoned by the followers of John Knox. Its case was of walnut, a wood which abounded in Western Ontario, and which after long years of waiting is at last cherished for its quality as well as its scarcity. Sometimes the case was plain, sometimes set off with gewgaws and appendages decorated in black and gold, and surmounted with imitation pipes. The glass vases that reposed in upper niches shone with quicksilver brilliance and displayed semblances of flowers in primary colours painted by hand.

In all things ethical the organ was the very antithesis of the fiddle. If you were a Methodist, the fiddle was the instrument of the devil, while the organ was admitted into the church and cherished in the home. If you played the fiddle you might not enter the Golden Gates. I remember well the earnest efforts of the schoolmaster to obtain salvation. Revival meetings were being held and many persons, among

The Instrument of the Devil

The Soul of The Artist

them several who played the organ, were received at the penitent's bench. The schoolmaster, moved perhaps by the appeals of the evangelist, or at least suffused with the spiritual effulgance of the moment, confessed that he was seeking salvation and asked that the brethren pray for him. But his experience was not the common experience. He felt no transporting sensations. No load of sin was lifted from his back. The cause was clear—clear to everybody but himself. He could appreciate the merit of salvation but it was hard for him to believe that he could not obtain it so long as he clung to the violin. Perhaps he had the soul of the artist; at least, he risked his own soul rather than hang his beloved instrument on the peg forever. And by so doing he at once put himself in the same class as the two Dunlops, who fiddled at dances, and Yorkshire John, who scraped away of a summer evening, when the door could stand open for the benefit of the neighbours. For it was a certainty that the fiddle gave lodgment to the devil, and one woman, visiting a nearby town, and looking into a window that gave a display of violins, said to her little boy, who stood awed, beside her:

"There, Johnny, are a lot of devils."

"And what is that one?" asked Johnny, pointing to a 'cello.

"That's the daddy devil."

Then for a brief space Johnny regarded in silence a big bass viol.

"And what's that great big whopper?" he at length asked.

"That," said the woman with much asperity, "is the grandaddy of them all."

With the organ went as a matter of course the old-fashioned music master, who was the organizer of the singing circle and newsmonger of the neighbourhood. He had long thin legs, used hair oil, waxed his moustache and affected some of the eccentricities of the dandy. For he carried a golden-headed walking-stick, wore prunella shoes, and in fashion was fit company for the hoop skirt or the bustle. He could play "The Battle of Waterloo" without the score, dance the schottische, the polka and the Oxford minuet and sing with a tremolo which he declared was an attribute of all great tenors.

Celeste and Vox Humana

But it was the organ, not the organist, that first attracted our attention. You could hear its low, slow droning any Sunday afternoon, just at the hour when everybody was rousing from the customary snooze. It would start with only the dulcet and piano stops open, playing restful airs such as "There's a Land that is fairer than Day", "In the Sweet By and Bye" and "Rock of Ages". Then, with more assur-

Over the Orchard

ance, the celeste and vox humana stops would be opened, and over the orchard and through the poplars you could hear "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing". Convinced by now that everybody would be up and about, the organ, strengthened first by the treble coupler, and then by the bass coupler, would pour forth the stirring notes of "Shall we Gather at the River?" or the martial measures of "Onward, Christian Soldiers".

The first person to appear would be Joe, the teamster. He always smoked the very best five-cent cigar and put a dime on the plate every Sunday. A clever fellow was Joe. Although he made no profession of religion, he was rated as high as some that did. In these days of prohibition I may be permitted, as a matter of history, to record that he drank to excess on fair day and holidays and used strong language whenever his load from the quarry stuck in the mud. He was noted for strength of body as well, but was so slow in action that whenever he got into a fight he was knocked out almost before he was aware the thing had started. In liquor meant for him in fighting mood too, and he always had it in mind to whip the waggon-maker—if he could only get him into his clutches.

The waggon-maker usually appeared about the time the organ began to play "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues". He would sit on the verandah of his shop's false front, with a clay pipe unlit in his mouth, wondering what in blazes things were coming to anyway. He hadn't much use for religion, and it didn't even move him, except in contempt, to see Deacon Smith going to church and carrying on a tray under a napkin the communion bread and wine. He sometimes wondered about the possibility of the devil lodging in the fiddle, and he used to tell the blacksmith, whose shop was on the other side of the road, that as to sacred music and fast music, he didn't believe in leaving to Old Nick all the best tunes.

The blacksmith was inclined to sympathize with that view, because his son played the fiddle and his daughter vamped on the organ. Indeed, his daughter was regarded as the best vamper in those parts, and she could sing, as Joe used to express it, like a starling, if sufficiently urged, "The Walkerton Murder" or, preferably, "The Yellow Rose of Texas". But the blacksmith after all had an open mind, induced no doubt by his practice of parting his hair all the way down at the back. He had been something of a gay dog, he was known to confess in confidence, in the old days back 'ome, but he sat in communion just as a matter o' course. He knew, as everybody knew, that the footnote forbade cards and dancing, but he

Dancing and Vamping

knew also that young folk must have their fling. Dancing was a pastime that people took to like a hot tire to the rim, and the fiddle made the best dance music, especially with good organ accompaniment—good vamping.

Deacon Smith and his Music

Many an argument he had with Deacon Smith. The deacon ran the grist mill. The mill grinding was *his* music. And to his mind, the church was the proper place for the organ, fire for the fiddle. But there were other evils beside fiddling and dancing. He knew well enough that the waggon-maker used to steal his cordwood, but he never could catch him in the act. It was done, he knew on black nights, in a thunder storm, or during other periods when honest people are indoors.

Honesty used to be one of the chief virtues. Every community had its honest John, and everybody was supposed to be honest, even if everybody locked his doors at night and contrived to turn his back to you whenever he opened his wallet. And one might suppose that the organ was permitted in the churches, except in some of the Presbyterian churches, because it produced honest music blown honestly through reeds, which is one of nature's ways of making pleasing sounds. The reed, indeed, is the poet's ideal instrument of music, and we know that the greatest of all our poets has used it to denote genuineness and to expose dishonesty. For Hamlet, when he is parleying with Guildenstern, who has confessed his inability to play upon the pipe, remarks,

> "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet you cannot make it speak".

I well remember that some young upstarts, the offscourings of a perverse generation, raised the cry that an organ should be placed in the Presbyterian church. In that sacred edifice no profane music had ever been tolerated, and therefore the proposed innovation was regarded as a device of the devil. The fathers, those dour creatures who revelled in the sober things of life, who had been used to the tuning fork and the human voice, foresaw a calamitous upheaval, the supplanting of the paraphrase by the evangelistic song, the suppression of the long metre Doxology and the expression of "Pull for the Shore". It was a crisis. The minister, held back by the strong ties of tradition and urged forward by the spirit of the time, was like the key log in a jam. At heart he was with the fogies, but he had seen enough of the world to make him sympathetic with the upstarts. Donald Macpherson, one of

The Key Log in a Jam

Strong for the Fork

the last of the hand-loom weavers in this country, stood out strong for the fork, and it was he who denounced the organ as "an abominable kist o' whustles". He himself had been precentor ever since the congregation had first met in Sandy McLaughlin's log-house, and it was hard therefore for him to pull away from simple things, from unaffected worship. Let the Methodists praise with the organ if so they wished: the Lord knew the contrite heart. Let them attract the young to their services: the righteous should not perish.

It so happened on one occasion that an overcrowded meeting of the Farmers' Institute, at which there was to be light entertainment, including music, caused some misguided person to suggest that they move in a body to the church and carry the organ with them. And they moved. But Donald Macpherson moved also. He entered the church just as the entertainment was about to begin. He walked up into the pulpit, thumping his walking-stick heavily on the floor with every step, and forgetting to remove his bonnet, an offence which only the extreme gravity of the occasion could condone. He ordered them all, together with their ungodly paraphernalia, out from the synagogue into the market-place. And they went.

Donald was a good weaver, a good citizen, but a poor politician: he could not divine the spirit of the time. But when at length an organ was placed in the church and the tuning fork put upon the shelf, long after Donald's loom had fallen a victim of the factory and the mill, Donald himself, chastened perhaps by the frost of years, and at least resigned to the inevitable, would sit in his corner in the new brick edifice, a seraphic look upon his face, listening to his own granddaughter playing, first, music suited to the psalms and, then, one "o' they new-fangled tunes". He even liked the practice of chanting softly as the congregation took their places in the pews, with only the dulcet and celeste stops free, and then again, as they went out, with both treble and bass couplers on and the gloriana stop wide open.

The Gloriana Stop Wide Open

THE ENCHANTED POOL

Painting by
Claire Fauteux

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, JUNE, 1920 No. 2

GERMANY AFTER THE WAR

BY J. W. EATON

AFTER the failure of her gigantic offensive in 1918 the German nation almost succumbed; very little more and she would never have held together as an Empire. That she has done so is due in large measure to the forbearance of the Allies in granting the armistice at a time when all that lay between her and the swiftly-moving, smoothly-working war machine of the Allies was a thin screen of heroic machine-gunners, whose bravery and self-sacrifice saved their whole army from a tremendous débâcle, beside which the surrender at Sedan would have seemed a small affair. A few short weeks and all their northern wing, its lines of communication threatened already by the thrust to the north-east from Cambrai, would have been compelled to lay down its arms, to which course the quickly-running flame of Bolshevism already inclined them.

Germany's fight was over and lost, the fight for which she had been training through so many years of patient endeavour; endeavour, of whose ultimate aim the great mass of the nation was never fully conscious. Now Germany stands before the world, weak indeed, but with the fever of war gone from her eyes. For many years she must travel the hard road of atonement before she again enters the family of nations. The brand of Cain is on her brow. Her heaviest punishment is in what the name "German" means to all honest men; a punishment more bitter than any indemnities, however huge, more galling to her spirit than any army of occupation.

To those of us who knew Germany and its people before the war, the outbreak of the war was, possibly, not a matter for surprise. But that a people, whom we found so hospitable and kind, should, when in arms, have committed so many foul crimes, that certainly was a matter of astonishment. And when, at long last, we were moving forward into Germany, we asked ourselves whether we should find this people, whom we had known in previous days, changed? I have tried to set down as carefully as I can a few

impressions gathered in the British occupied territory, where I was attached to the Military Governor's staff during December, 1918, and January, 1919.

From what we saw of that part of France, which has been occupied by the Germans during the war and from our experiences in Cologne there emerge two clear and definite impressions. First, that the German in arms is a very different creature from the German in civilian life. The German General Staff had drawn up a very definite programme by which to impose themselves upon the world. In that programme the terrorizing of the civilian populations of many countries and of invaded territories held an important place. Most of the acts of frightfulness were performed under higher orders, with a definite aim in view, and in the German soldier, they had an obedient and well disciplined tool. Had the German staff estimated more justly the effect of their frightfulness on men of independent temper and strong purpose, had they judged more accurately the psychologies of the peoples arrayed against them, the programme of frightfulness would never have been carried out, for it would have been recognized as being useless.

Secondly, in excuse for the war, which educated Germans now acknowledge to have been a war of aggression, the Germans only offer the very childish excuse: "We were deceived". Deceived, they mean, by the high civilian and military authorities. That they were led into the war under the delusion that their own existence was threatened, and that the path to illimitable glory and prestige was also the only path to self-preservation. And in very artless and naïve fashion, they assume that since they, the German people, were deceived as much as we, the Allies, therefore we ought to forgive and forget; a view, which casts reflection on either their sanity or their honesty.

Our stay after the armistice in the part of France which, during the war, had been behind the German lines, was too short and our moves too frequent for us to get to know the French civilian population intimately, and, consequently, we missed hearing a good many interesting things concerning the German occupation. Just before the Armistice, during the advance, we halted for a few days at a place called Attiches, south of Lille. The parish priest, a tall, fine-looking man and splendid company, a typical *méridionale*, dined with us one night and among other things told us the following interesting piece of information. It appears that during the battle of Loos in 1915, the headquarters of the German Army holding the Vimy-Loos-La Bassée front was at Attiches, and so apprehensive were the Germans during the first days of the battle of Loos, that the Headquarters was packed up, automobiles and lorries waiting in the street, all ready to move back at ten minute's notice, should the British effect a break-through. After the first day or so, however, this state of "Stand-to" was dropped. They realized that we had missed our chance. This confirms what was thought in 1915 by some of our experts, that Loos might very easily have been a tremendous success for the Allies, had they thrown in more divisions with greater speed.

The country into which we advanced November, 1918, had been entirely denuded by the Germans of all live stock. In all the broad fields not a single living thing was to be seen. For months before the Armistice the Germans had been driving cattle back into Germany, for the most part by road. Even during the war German cattle-dealers used to arrive in the occupied territory, mark down a certain number of cattle on each farm, and have them sent to Germany. Even the poultry were taken. The French people told us that during the war the Germans had

insisted on their delivering up each week a number of eggs, fixed according to the number of their poultry, at the Kommandatur. If the right number was not forthcoming, a stiff fine had to be paid. At certain seasons the inhabitants had to collect a certain weight of nettle-stalks and bring them in. The Germans had a habit of coming unexpectedly into a kitchen just before meal-time, inspecting what was being cooked on the range, and if the fare was good, commandeering it for their own use and fining the people for living too well. The search after concealed arms was, of course, extremely thorough. An old Frenchman, a splendid old veteran of the war of 1870-71, told me a good deal about the petty bullying by the Germans in his village, by the Prussians in particular. There was a Prussian N.C.O. of a particularly obnoxious type in the small village where he lived. And, as the old man consistently refused to greet any of the Germans, when he saw them, the Prussian N.C.O. used every opportunity of making the old man's life a misery. On one occasion he headed a house-to-house search for concealed arms. The old man's rifle—he was too much of a soldier to want to give it up to his old enemies—was hidden in a small cellar beneath the kitchen floor. The N.C.O. came into the cottage and began searching. He came on the trap-door above the cellar and descended the steps, the old man following him with an axe in his hand. Had the Prussian found the rifle death would have come to him very quickly. But he did not find the place where it was concealed, and probably never knew how near he was to death. The old man told the story in most dramatic fashion.

Although, for the most part, the French population maintained a cool and dignified attitude towards the Germans, no country can be occupied for four long years without cases of fraternization and treachery occurring. The courts now sitting in France will, no doubt, find some cases, where French people did actually help the Germans and informed on their own people. Some French women did marry Germans and went back to Germany with them when the German forces retreated, for their own people would have nothing to do with them. But many of these women, it is only fair to state, were women whose private life was not above reproach. The suspicions of the French against some of their own people were often ill-founded and based on rumour and prejudice. Monsieur M—— of Les Brébis, on the British side of the line, near Lens, one of the wealthiest colliery proprietors in France, very courageously—and, no doubt, for the sake of example to the people, who were keeping the mines going—stayed in his chateau, within four miles of the Front line from August, 1914, right up to the end of the war. The chateau, the White Chateau, as it was called, a brigade headquarters, was very little shelled by the Germans during the first three years of the war. Whenever a shell did fall in the chateau grounds, Monsieur M——'s gardeners quickly filled in the shell-hole and removed the débris, and the grounds looked as peaceful and beautiful, as if they had been on the coast of Normandy, instead of within a couple of miles of ruined Vermelles. But the villagers of Les Brébis, who had no love for the hard old capitalist, as they called Monsieur M——, said that there was a lot of German capital in M——'s mines, and that M—— himself was in league with the "Boche" and that was why the chateau escaped destruction. If those villagers had still been in Les Brébis, as Monsieur M—— was, after the Germans broke through our "ancient and honourable Allies", the Portuguese, in April, 1918, and had they been able to see what was left of the chateau a month later, they would have had reason to "doubt furiously" either the

accuracy of the German gunners' aim or the closeness of Monsieur M——'s connection with the enemy.

After the Armistice I was quartered for a time at Cysoing, in a quiet old-world monastery, where the preaching lay-brothers lived contentedly together. They were an extremely interesting lot of men and many a chat I had with them in the old monastery kitchen or in the garden with its great stone walls, on which the peaches and plums grew every year in profusion. Brother Anselm, the devoted genius of the monastery garden, a man whose appearance reminded me of one of the monks in that fine picture "A good Joke", asked me one day whether we could let him have a cart-load of straw from the stables for his garden. If we could, he said, they still had a few bottles of a "bon petit vin" hidden in the garden, which the Boche had not laid his hands on, and they would be pleased to let us have some. So Brother Anselm got his straw and we drank the health of the brothers in the "bon petit vin". It was by no means an uncommon experience after the Armistice to see the inhabitants of a village digging in their gardens for things, which they had buried there four long years before. I remember seeing an old woman digging in a church-yard for the sacred vessels, which had been hidden there. It was very touching to see the tender and reverent way in which she took up those vessels, hidden away so long from the brutal eyes, which could see in them nothing more than so much metal to be melted down.

The curtain, which fell between Germany and the Allies on the outbreak of the war, hid the German nation very effectively from our sight. The German newspapers, which came through neutral countries, revealed but little either of the temper and mind of the civilian population in Germany or of the widespread Bolshevism in the German army, which, beginning in 1917 after Vimy, ultimately forced Hindenburg and Ludendorff to throw in their hand. The continual declarations in English newspapers, such as *The Daily Mail*, that Germany was at her last gasp, were merely propaganda, based on very slender and insufficient indications in letters from German soldiers in the field to their friends at home. There were similar articles in the German newspapers of 1917 as to the awful condition of things in England as the result of German submarine activity. Consequently, those of us, to whose lot it fell to enter Germany in December, 1918, were entering on a "terra nova et incognita". The journey by car through France and Belgium to Spa, near the German frontier, was particularly interesting. We were following up the trail of a great retreating army and the enormous amount of material, guns, ammunition, ambulance cars, automobiles, that lay scattered along the main roads, bore evidence to the hastiness of their flight. In all the villages and towns there were plenty of flags of the Allied nations. It was extraordinary to see how numerous they were. We were told that many of these flags had been bought in the months preceding the Armistice and hidden until the Germans had gone. From the telegraph wires along the roads were dangling effigies, dressed in Germans uniforms, with remarks attached more conspicuous for their point than their elegance. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants was tremendous. They seemed to do nothing all day but watch for a British car to go through and they would cheer like mad when one did pass. On the way to Spa we stayed for one night in a French chateau, which had been the Headquarters of a wing of the German Flying Corps. It was a beautiful building, and had evidently been before the war the home of people of money and taste. The grand salon was an exquisitely proportioned room, but had been left by the Ger-

mans in an indescribable and unmentionable state of filth and destruction. The tapestries, curtains, pictures and carpets were slashed and torn and the grand piano, a beautiful instrument, had evidently been broken up by a hand-grenade exploded inside it. These were the least of their excesses. This wanton and malicious spirit of destruction, a spirit of blind, drunken, stupid hatred — for such acts affected nothing of military importance—one found all along the trail of the retreating Germans. The roads through to Spa were at that time in a terrible condition, soft and very badly cut-up by the passage of the enemy's heavy tractor guns and howitzers. The road up the Meuse valley was just a river of mud, and I doubt whether, even at Passchendaele, where our Despatch Riders did such wonderful service, they ever had a more difficult job than keeping up communication between General Headquarters at Montreuil and Advanced G.H.G. at Spa. We were stopped at one time by engine-trouble, and a Canadian Despatch Rider, who came along from the direction of Spa, stopped and helped us. He told us that he had taken a run that morning over the German frontier. He had on his machine a signboard from a German barber's shop, which he had insisted on taking as a trophy. We advised him to keep quiet about it, at any rate for a few days, for we were not to enter Germany until December 13th. In all the villages and towns behind the German lines, at every turn, you were continually met by notices saying "Unterstand 10 Mann", (Shelter for ten men), evidence of the effect of our long-distance bombing raids in the last eighteen months of the war. The line of the valley of the Meuse seemed a series of enormously strong natural positions and only the small initial opposition could have enabled the Germans to get across it so quickly. One could not help thinking that if, at the beginning, instead of trying to rush infantry up to meet the enemy, a few field companies of engineers had been employed on destructive work on railways, roads and bridges, such work as the Germans so ably carried out in 1918, the enemy would never have got through so far on their rush towards Paris and the coast. The delay would have been too great, their lines of communication too precarious.

Spa we found to be a particularly pretty place, lying in a hollow, surrounded by beautifully wooded hills. It has many fine hotels and pensions and during the greater part of the war was used by the Germans as a convalescent station for their wounded, particularly, I understand, for "gassed" cases, as the air there is very good for the lungs. In the period before the Armistice it had been used as General Headquarters. When we arrived in Spa there were still hundreds of Germans there, officers and men, who were working on the Armistice Commission. It seemed very strange indeed to be moving about the same streets as our late enemies. No salutes were exchanged when we met, except when the Germans took the initiative. In the pension, where I was quartered, the Germans were certainly not popular, and my landlady's outpourings concerning her recent and unwelcome lodgers were long and bitter. They must have been a great change after the wealthy and innocent people she used to take in—in more senses than one—before the war.

The instructions regarding our work in the occupied territory were vague. We were given to understand that the forces of the Allies were to make a demonstration of force on the Rhine and bring home to the German mind the fact that their armies had been completely beaten. But the hopeful aspirations of some of the younger soldiers of being able to playfully shake the "iron heel" over a cowed and submissive civilian population were roughly nipped in the bud

by Sir Charles Ferguson (who was to represent British General Headquarters as Military Governor of Cologne) when he said that, in spite of German behaviour in France and Belgium, we were not to imitate them in any way, but were to behave with restraint and forbearance.

To me one of the most interesting aspects of our short stay in Spa was the opportunity of meeting so many of the Intelligence Corps from all parts of the British Front. Some of them we knew, others we had heard of. Certainly it was a very cosmopolitan crowd, made up of men of very varied upbringings and experiences.

We started from Spa for Cologne on the morning of December 13th, the day on which the occupation was to begin, by a special train placed at our disposal by the German Government. The first incident of any interest happened in the station of Düren, half an hour's run distant from Cologne. Some of our people were to stay in Düren. They themselves got out of the train all right, but before their luggage could be taken off the train the stationmaster gave the signal for the train to start. She did so pursued by a mob of angry and distressed soldiers. A colonel of the postal corps in our compartment put his head and most of his body out of the window, for he was really angry, and forgetting that he was now in a foreign land, ordered the station master in English to put the —— train back. To which the latter replied by a weak smile and a bow but took no steps to stop the train, possibly thinking that the colonel was very pleased with the speed with which he had got the train started. As the colonel was in possession of the window we could not help matters. Some bright person then pulled the emergency cord and put on the brakes—to the immense horror of the German officials, who had never seen one of these cords used before—and then we got the train run back, by which time the Postal Corps Colonel was in a state bordering on apoplexy. The stationmaster told us that we had done five hundred marks' worth of damage by pulling the emergency cord, to which we replied that, when he found time, he ought to run and have a peep at some of the French railway stations, where his friends had been playing about for the last four years!

It was raining hard when we landed in Cologne and we went at once to the hotels, where we were to be billeted. The manager of our hotel evidently wished to do things on a peace basis and was assigning rooms of his own choosing to us, but it ended by our roaming very freely over the whole hotel and taking the rooms we preferred, a novel and pleasing experience in a hotel for most of us. After a very indifferent meal—all of our rations had not arrived and the German food in the hotel was poor—we took a stroll across the Domplatz, the square in front of the great Cathedral and down the main street of Cologne, the Hohestrasse. It was very crowded—it was what the Germans call the "Bummelstund", between five and seven o'clock in the evening, the hour for taking a stroll in the town—and our progress was very slow owing to the curiosity of the people of Cologne at seeing British uniforms for the first time. Their attitude was not unfriendly but we had almost to push our way through the crowd. In fact, but for the help of a German policeman, we would have had much more difficulty in getting through. But in this as in other matters, the Schutzmann did his best to help. The first sight of the city of Cologne was amazing to us. We had expected to find a city not, it is true, like the broken towns of France, but showing, at any rate, some of the effects of the war. At first sight everything seemed as in pre-war days; the shops brilliantly lighted, great displays in the windows, a well-dressed

and numerous crowd. But if you looked into the window you saw everywhere the sign "Ersatz" (substitute) and the articles displayed looked very shoddy. The crowd was different too. No longer did you find the old Teutonic aggressive stare. At the beginning of the occupation they were uneasy and doubtful as to the attitude of our military forces. Many of them—particularly the demobilized men—knew of the dull brutality and childish bullying that characterized German rule in France and Belgium. Their demeanour was now characterized by excessive obsequiousness and also an eagerness to oblige. That first evening one of our party, seeing some cameras in a store window, wanted to buy one. We all trooped in, to the evident consternation of the man behind the counter. He attempted to greet us in fairly bad English, which was not helped by his nervousness. We selected a camera, which by the way had a very good lens and would have sold at twice or three times the price in London, and we could see from the man's air of surprise when he took the money that he never expected that he would be paid for it, least of all in cash. But it was not very long before the shopkeepers of Cologne saw that the occupation meant a very good thing for them and not long before the prices began to take that familiar, buoyant lift. The sellers of souvenirs, especially of Eau de Cologne, did a tremendous business with our forces.

I do not think that, in the unhappy event of Germany having won the war and occupying British countries, that our civilian population would have observed the same obsequious demeanour towards their conquerors, and I feel certain that there would have been a great deal more trouble between civilians and military during such an occupation. But the Germans are a well-drilled race and there is no doubt that the German General Staff had left very explicit instructions concerning the behaviour of the civilian population towards our forces. During my stay in Cologne I saw a good deal of a certain Monsieur T—, who, in times of peace had been a teacher of modern languages in Cologne and Düsseldorf. He was a Belgian and inspired by a very bitter hatred of everything German. We were talking one day about the obsequious demeanour of the Germans, when he made a remark, which was to me a very illuminating one, and possibly a very just one: "You know the Germans are not a proud race. They have no real pride. They merely have vanity. So long as they can play the big man before the eyes of the world, so long as things go well with them, they have every appearance of being a proud people. But once prick the bubble and only a hurt vanity is left and their attitude towards those stronger than themselves is characterized by a servility, which people of other nations would find unmanly and undignified." In the Officers' Club in Cologne the waiters and band were German, and this band, some of them, no doubt, demobilized men, actually used to play such tunes as "God Save the King" and "Britannia Rules the Waves" to our officers.

Although German Headquarters still existed and functioned during the period before the signing of the treaty, having its location in Cassel, and although it was necessary for our General Headquarters to keep a watch on its activities, its authority among the rank and file was, to a very large extent, gone. And nowhere was this more strikingly shown than in the matter of demobilization. We have all heard of the wonderful German system of mobilization; how, on the outbreak of war, each German soldier quietly takes the train to his depot, walks to his own particular cupboard and pulls out a fighting kit complete to the identification disc. Their system of demobilization had been just as wonderful, but in November, 1918, the system had crumpled up; Bolshe-

vism had eaten away the foundations of the old military machine, and as the soldiers came pouring back across the Rhine, instead of following the old routine of demobilization, they simply dropped out as they came near their homes, deserted in fact. It was not difficult to pick out from the crowd those men who had been in the army recently. In the country districts you very often saw men in uniform, but as they were not wearing a military cap, they were not, technically speaking, in uniform. It was with these demobilized men, as a rule, that any trouble occurred, when it did occur. On one occasion I was walking with K—, a South African, up the Hohestrasse in Cologne. It was a bright Sunday morning and the street was thronged with German civilians. Occasionally one of our staff cars (one of the Vauxhall cars, which did such splendid service in France) would come bursting along the street and then the dense crowd would cleave to either side like water before a motor-boat, and then close up again. Suddenly K— stopped and turned round, looking evidently at a man, who had just passed close to us. K— seemed very angry, and when I asked him what was the matter, said that the man just gone by had bumped into him intentionally. However, we went on up the street and parted at the Gurzenichstrasse. I met him a couple of hours later and he told me that a few minutes after we had left each other, a great big fellow, in civilian clothes, but evidently an ex-soldier by the cut of him, as he passed K— crooked his elbow and jostled him. K— is the last man in the world to pick out for jostling. He was brought up in the rude school of the South African mining country and is a very powerfully built fellow. Furthermore he was still on edge and brooding on his last little jostle. K— leaped like a tiger upon the man, caught his elbow with the crook of his stick, swung him right round, and after a few of the most powerful German adjectives that he knew, asked him what he meant. The German said that he did not mean anything. K— signed to one of our military police, who was patrolling the streets, and told him to take the German in charge and conduct him to the Headquarters of the Provost Marshal at the Dom Hotel. By this time a tremendous crowd had gathered. The German's truculence had gone and he was begging K—'s pardon. He was so nervous going up the Hohestrasse, followed by hundreds of people, that he kept his hat in his hand right up to the hotel. K— followed and charged him with insolence to a British officer. He was tried by a military summary court and met with a pretty stiff punishment. From what K— told me I imagine that this particular German did expect to be shot, for his fright was no ordinary one. He was almost crying in the Dom Hotel. Evidently he knew how his own people would have treated a Frenchman or a Belgian who had acted in similar fashion towards a German officer.

Several of the waiters in the cafés and restaurants we soon spotted as ex-army men. There was one of them, with whom we used to talk about the Lens front. He had been there with the 18th German Division. He told us a lot of interesting things with regard to their posts and the subterranean passages in Lens, which explained many things that had long been mysteries to us. I was in a barber's shop in Cologne one day, a quiet little shop, where very few soldiers went. There was a German civilian there, a tall, well-set-up, military, domineering sort of man. The barber treated him with a good deal of deference and as he went out said: "Good-day, General." It appeared that he was General von B—, who had been Governor of the town of Namur for upwards of two years. The famous Archbishop von Hartmann, of Cologne, I met on one occasion with reference to permission for the use of

his house telephone. I felt a mad desire, while talking to him, to ask him what he meant by asking for a truce on the very day that the Germans shelled Paris and killed so many people in a church there? But I did not ask him, and have regretted it since. I do not suppose that there will ever be another chance of asking an Archbishop such a question.

It was thought at one time during the war that Germany was "squealing" at the stringency of our blockade and was playing the "starvation of women and children" in order to obtain more favourable conditions. That may have been so to some extent. But the starved, hollow faces of the little children of Cologne gave a very complete answer to those who doubted the efficiency of our blockade. It was a terrible stranglehold we held on the very throat of a nation of seventy millions. You can feel very little of the glory of war when you see the poor, pale face of a little child. One of our doctors told me that it would be many years before the German race could recover from the effects of our blockade, possibly not for a generation or more. Sugar and fats, elements of food very necessary to all, and particularly so to young children, were lacking through those long years of the blockade, and many of the German children will suffer from those years of scarcity till their dying day. It is not a pleasant aspect of the war. But we could not, justifiably, have neglected the most powerful weapon in our armoury.

My chief, Captain P—, had studied in Bonn University before the war, and we called on one of his old professors one day, a man who looked more than seventy. We were talking of the food conditions in Germany during the war, and Professor P— showed us a photograph of himself in 1914. It was that of a stout, well-preserved man of about sixty. When we saw him he was thin to emaciation and he told us that he had lost between fifty and sixty pounds. P— told me that he had a tremendous shock when he saw him. It was the middle classes who suffered most. The rich were able to hoard up food and the working classes got a special ration, if they were on Government work, as most of them were. In Bonn the inequalities between the rich and the middle classes were especially striking and the spread of Bolshevism and of the spirit of revolution was due in no small measure to the unlimited hoarding that was allowed to be practised by the more wealthy.

The day before we left Spa Colonel A—, of the First Army, had gone on ahead to Cologne and had commandeered many of the finest hotels for headquarters offices, among them the Dom Hotel and the Hotel Monopol. The advanced General Headquarters offices were in the Hotel Monopol, quite close to the Domplatz or Cathedral Square, and the people of Cologne enjoyed the very unusual spectacle of our soldiers taking their meals behind the plate-glass windows of the front room of their finest hotel. The position was not well chosen for Headquarters, for the street cars ran quite close to the hotel doors, and this interfered to some extent with the effect produced by the really smart guard posted at the entrance to the hotel. The sentries were taken from the Brigade of Guards, who were billeted in Cologne, and their smartness and fine soldierly bearing were objects of very obvious interest to the people of Cologne. All day and every day there was a crowd watching them salute the officers, who went in and out of the hotel. I remember on one occasion that just as an officer was coming out from the hotel a street-car was nearing the hotel door, where two tall Coldstreamers were on guard. With that wonderful far-away look in his eye the guardsman nearest the street-car, without batting an eyelash, went through the usual motions of saluting a Field Officer, and brought his bay-

onet neatly through the front window of the street-car, to the great horror of the driver and passengers and the delight of the small boys in the neighbourhood. On Sunday mornings at the changing of the guard there was always an enormous crowd of people in front of the Monopol, and German policemen, mounted on horses, had to clear a way for the traffic. There is no doubt that the smartness of our sentries made a very strong impression on the Kölner, for most of them had been under the fond delusion that Germany alone had really smart and well-turned-out soldiers. The sentries at Second Army Headquarters, at the Kronprinz Hotel on the Domplatz, were taken from the 21st Division, and their general smartness was very little behind that of the Guards. I was told that our sentries at Canadian Corps Headquarters were picked out weeks beore we entered Germany and put through all the parade instruction with splendid results.

Every morning one of the battalions at the Brigade of Guards would go on a route march through the streets of Cologne, and it was a sight well calculated to impress the Germans, this passage of a Guards battalion with its colours flying. Behind the battalion walked a special squad in charge of a sergeant-major. Any civilians who failed to salute the colours by taking off their hats were at once pounced upon by the sergeant-major and his myrmidons and made to walk behind the battalion to the end of the march, when they were tried by a summary court and fined. On the first morning there were nearly as many civilians marching as men in the battalion, but the numbers were quickly diminished.

It may, perhaps, seem rather trivial to dwell on such things as these, but had our Higher Command staged several others things, with the same eye to effect, our occupation would have been more successful from a military point of view. There was, at the beginning of our occupation, a lack of grip and decision, due to a complete ignorance of the German character. No army of occupation in the world's history ever had a more malleable and docile people to deal with. But the unhappy German was lost without any orders to follow and looked in vain for real restrictions, which would be enforced. It reminded one very forcibly of a man, knowing nothing of horses, insisting on treating a cabless cab-horse as a dangerous "outlaw," when all he really wants is a cab to pull and shafts to lean up against, just wants to know "where 'e's at!"

Although we had been assigned rooms for our offices in the Dom Hotel there was no office furniture and equipment, and this we had to procure for ourselves by the very simple method of commandeering. You went into a store, selected the things you wanted and gave a receipt for them. This receipt was sent in by the store to the municipality and the value of the goods commandeered was added to the amount of taxes to be raised from the town. There was considerable confusion in this matter of commandeering at the beginning, and the system was, no doubt, abused by some. I heard of one or two messes commandeering grand pianos from stores. After a week or so a central commandeering office was established and the system worked smoothly enough.

During the first days of the occupation orders were issued that all male civilians were to salute officers in British uniform by taking off their hats to them when they met them on the street. Such an order, difficult to enforce in Bonn, was an absurdity in a large city like Cologne. In Bonn, I believe, it was enforced for two or three days, but was dropped owing to exhaustion on the part of some of our officers through having to return salutes. It was never enforced in Cologne. A further order was issued that no civilian was to go out on the streets after nine o'clock in the evening unless provided with a pass from

the British military authorities. On the first night on which this order was to come into effect, crowds were gaily circulating in all the main thoroughfares, and, on asking the military police why they did not take action, they said that they could speak no word of German except "Pasz" (which is pronounced, more or less, as in English) and that when asked for the pass they showed them any old kind of a document. We dropped on one or two gatherings in the street, choosing the largest and the gayest. Several of them had the cheek to show a tram-ticket as a pass. In a very short time we had twenty or thirty names and addresses and we told them to come before the Military Court next morning. The next day the Provost Marshal called for volunteers from the Intelligence Corps and each of us got a district assigned together with a few military police to help us. It was not long before the people of Cologne recognized that the military authorities were in earnest about the matter and our services were no longer required in this direction, particularly as we had coached some of the police in one or two necessary words of German. On the second night of this work, as we were going down a dark street in a low part of the city, I heard one of the police behind me evidently having a row with someone. I went back and found that a fellow-countryman of my own from the West of Canada had come into collision with the sergeant of police, who wanted to arrest him. Mac—, who was a real old-timer and a one-time cow-puncher in Alberta, had evidently been gazing on the juice of a red. red grape that knew not Saskatchewan and its numerous drug-stores. The passionate love he bore the military police when sober had turned in his drunkenness to a bitter hatred, and he was dancing round threatening to clean the —— policeman up. I made the peace between them, but thought it better, in view of Mac—'s alert condition, to take him along with us until we could drop him in a safe place. Mac— nearly made trouble on one or two occasions. He took a very strong and rapid dislike to one or two of the "squareheads" (as he called them) whom we stopped; he was tremendously interested in hearing me question them in German and cocked his old head on one side as if he understood it all. If they answered more than a couple of words, Mac— would think they were getting fresh and I would feel a tug at my elbow and hear Mac's vinous whisper: "Shall I clean him up, Sir?"

It is not generally known, but there can be no harm in stating now, that British troops were in Cologne a couple of days before the official commencement of the occupation. British advanced General Headquarters, then at Spa, received an urgent message from the Mayor of Cologne two days before the commencement of the occupation, stating that rioting had broken out in the town, that property was being destroyed, and begging that troops be sent to maintain order. A brigade of British infantry was despatched and order was restored. The rioting that went on in many other towns in Germany was in very marked contrast to the quietness and order in the occupied territory, and the people of the unoccupied parts openly envied the good fortune of their brothers on the Rhine. This was more particularly true of the moneyed class, the "Grossindustriellen", and yet this class, more than any other, had been responsible for the beginning and carrying on of the war. A somewhat peculiar situation, Allied forces on the Rhine protecting the class which was very largely responsible for the war. The house where I was billeted, or rather, billeted myself, had been broken into a few days before we arrived in Cologne and five hundred bottles of wine had been stolen. These particular Bolshevists evidently knew good wine when they saw it, for all

they left was a few bottles of "vin ordinaire", while all the sealed wine had been taken. The owner of a small jeweller's store in the Brückenstrasse told us that three days before our arrival there had been a big scrap in front of his store between rioters and the police and four dead and two wounded had been lying out in the street until they were removed the next day. There is no doubt that the arrival of our troops saved the city from a pretty bad time. "What a wonderful city to sack" might well have been said of Cologne. But there was very little looting done by our troops. I do not suppose that there was ever a more peaceful occupation of a hostile country.

The ordinary life of Cologne seemed to go on during the occupation with very little change. Cologne is really one of the finest cities in Europe, with a broad boulevard called the Ring, lined with trees, running for about six miles round the city. The rule that all civilians, unless provided with a pass, were to be off the streets by 9 o'clock, did, of course, do away with public night-life. But up to that hour the cafés, restaurants and theatres were in full swing and were well patronized by civilians and our troops. One or two affairs between civilians and our men did occur, and, for a time, the plan was tried of not allowing our troops to use a café between particular hours. But this, I believe, was discarded later. There was a well-known *café-chantant* on the Hohestrasse, which always attracted a lot of Allied military and a great many of the wealthier German civilians. It was a café long before the war. During the first two or three days of the occupation one of the songs contained sly hits against the Allies, veiled in Kölner slang, and evidently much enjoyed by the German part of the audience. The director of the concert was not a little surprised when he was ordered to cut that song out of the programme and to put that particular artist off for the rest of the week. There were no more allusions to the Allies, veiled or unveiled. They must have thought that the British were too stupid to understand any German slang.

The danger in so large an industrial centre as Cologne was that the Bolshevik element would try to sow dissension and dissatisfaction among the forces of the Allies. There was a certain amount of propaganda among our troops, but a very thorough contra-espionage system stopped that. The experience in similar work in France during the war was useful. Fraternization, particularly between German girls and our men—if one can call it fraternization—was more difficult to prevent, and is explained to a large extent by the fact that our men had just finished a very hard year's fighting and were glad to be in feminine society. The attitude of the German women and girls, whose husbands, brothers or lovers had, a short month or more before, been facing the Allies in the field as bitter enemies, is more difficult to understand. Certainly, had the position been reversed, one could not conceive of our womenfolk behaving in so complaisant a manner towards German conquerors.

The opera in Cologne was particularly well patronized by the forces of occupation. I saw but very few of our people in other theatres, where many excellent plays were produced by very good companies. One of these latter theatres always insisted on our occupying a box free of charge whenever we went there. It was always a trying ordeal there, however, for two or three of us had to bear the brunt of the concentrated gaze of hundreds of German civilians. And for real hard, unblushing staring, the German can hold his own in any company. The opera house in Cologne is an extremely fine theatre, very much resembling the Frankfort opera house. The very best operas were given there and the artists were all first-class.

PUBLIC

Several hundreds of seats were regularly reserved for members of the Allied forces. Unfortunately one's enjoyment of the music was rather spoilt by the boorish behaviour of our own officers and men, behaviour which was in very striking contrast to that of the German civilians, who certainly do enjoy good music and know how to listen to it quietly. It was no uncommon thing during the overture or first act of an opera to be disturbed by some officer coming in late, generally attached to a huge and noisy pair of spurs. He would, very probably, keep time to the music with these same spurs, or with his boot in the small of your back, or with his riding-crop and spurs he could contrive a very pretty little tattoo to while away the time. When tired of this diversion he would ask his neighbour if he had seen "Joy Bells" in town—"topping show"—and then meander on about liking music better if it had a tune to it, but at any rate his people at home would be awfully pleased that he had gone to see "Lohengrin". Yes, with a huge grin, he was glad they had come after all and where were they going to feed afterwards, old thing! On one occasion a beery old major came in half-way through the opera, and, having got his feet comfortably distributed among several of his neighbours, proceeded to light a cigar. We persuaded him to put it out, having convinced him that even at the opera in England smoking was not allowed. He did not stay very long with us; just waited till the middle of a solo, and stepped out as obtrusively and noisily as he could. I used to go to the opera very often with a certain Lieutenant O—, a Scotsman, who had spent fifteen years studying pianoforte in Germany, part of the time on the staff of Kiel Conservatory of Music. O— is really a very fine artist himself, a pre-war friend of Backhaus, in Stuttgart, and a tremendous lover of good music. It was agony to him to have the music spoilt by these people. On one occasion a chatty and be-spurred cavalry officer was cavorting round behind us with his friends, when O— turned around in a most savage manner and waded into the cavalry officer in his best Scots; told him he had no d—d right to come to the opera if he couldn't — well behave himself. "You've no d—d soul for music, you poor thing, that's what is wrong with you," concluded O—. They were quiet after that and we could listen to the music; but when the lights went up we found that the cavalry hero with no soul for music was a colonel. The remainder of O—'s military career looked very sketchy to me, very sketchy indeed, and I felt like shaking hands and saying good-bye to O—, who was only a simple lieutenant. However, the colonel said nothing and O— walked off with the honours of war. On one occasion we arrived late for the overture and were content to wait until the door was opened. Not so a young and fussy brigadier-general, who arrived later and asked the door-keeper what the devil he meant by keeping *him* out just because the blank music was going on, and ordering the latter to open the door. A quiet old major-general, who was standing by, however, soon made the B.G. see that he was really making rather a fool of himself, to the joy of us humbler members, who had never seen a brigadier-general roughly handled before.

During the first two months of the occupation a very pretty little business was inaugurated by some Germans in Cologne and Düsseldorf. It was no less than the selling of British automobile tires to people in the unoccupied territory. Rubber was, of course, almost impossible to get in Germany, so these particular Germans thought that the simplest way would be to take the British military tires from the stores when the British were not looking and transport them across the perimeter of the Cologne bridgehead. I believe that they got quite a

few away before the traffic was finally stopped.

Although there was no love lost between the Germans and the British, there was not the same bitter feeling between them as between the Germans and the French. In the territory occupied by the French there was no fraternization. It simply did not exist and no restrictions in this respect were either issued or needed. The French carried in their hearts too keen a memory of their own broken towns and waste country to be able to look with tolerance on such a foe as the Germans, however completely conquered. A British staff officer, whose duties entailed a good deal of liaison with the French Grand Quartier Général on the Rhine, said to me on one occasion that when the British got the German down they were satisfied to touch his shoulders to the mat and keep them there, but the French wanted to nail his ears to the ground as well. And to understand this savage bitterness of feeling you must have seen the great waste places in France where the battles of the Great War were fought.

The French attitude towards the Germans was cold, calm, unrelenting, but just. And as one generally hates a person whom one has wronged, so the Germans hated the French with a fierce, contemptuous hatred. You had only to see German civilians looking at a French officer to understand this. And this feeling was made much more bitter by the unrelenting severity with which the French punished any wrong done during the war by the Germans. The French have a very long and accurate memory where the Germans are concerned. It goes back to the year 1870. One instance in particular came under my notice. It proved to me that all the things that the Germans did in 1914 and 1915 were put down in black and white by the French, and added up and settled in 1918. Nothing and nobody escaped. The net was made very fine. One of the most irksome restrictions imposed by the Allies was that there should be no traffic between the occupied territory and the unoccupied portions of Germany, except in very special cases, when an extraordinary pass would be granted. Big employers were hard hit by this restriction.

The entry of our troops into Cologne and the passage across the Rhine were, in spite of the atrocious weather, very impressive sights. The splendid and well-kept equipment of our men, the sleek well-fed horses, the shining buckles and harness, and the great guns and powerful armoured cars put up a very brave show, one that very deeply impressed a population which had just seen its own forces pass backward over the Rhine bridges, little more than a rabble by the time they reached Cologne. All male civilians who approached within a certain distance of the saluting point had to take off their hats, and if they omitted to do so, were frankly and vigorously reminded of the fact. The Canadian Corps had a squad specially detailed to enforce this order, and many a smart piece of masculine headgear met its Waterloo on the Bonn boulevards. The Canadian forces in Bonn were just as comfortable as, if not more so, the Imperial troops in Cologne. Bonn is one of the most exclusive towns in Germany, the home of the students' corps and clubs. It was there that several of the ex-Kaiser's sons were educated. Many of the Canadian messes were billeted in these splendid corps houses, and the drinking cups and fine plate formerly used by the students were used by the Canadians. The orders issued by the Canadian Corps were more strictly enforced than were those of the Imperial people in Cologne. One or two clashes between the military and civilians did actually occur in Bonn, but there was no disturbance of any great consequence. On one occasion two Canadian officers were travelling on the very fine electric railway from Bonn

to Cologne. The car was full. Two German ladies got in, and as there was no room, had to stand. No one stirred. The two Canadian officers then got up and offered the ladies their seats, which they accepted. This, to the tremendous surprise of the Germans, who had never yet seen an officer standing when there were civilians sitting. This situation, however, did not last very long. One of the Canadians, convinced that he and his friend would be darned fools to stand while two Germans were sitting near them, signed to one of them to get up, which sign the German disregarded. The Canadian then tweaked the German's ear severely and held it until he got up and gave up his place. The second Canadian followed suit with the other German. After this had been repeated on a few street cars there was quite a rush by the men to give up their seat to any lady who got in. We had our own little revolutions in the occupied territory.

It has been said that there was a certain amount of unpleasantness during our occupation between Canadians and the Imperial authorities in Cologne. The truth of the matter is that Canadian troops found in their own Provost Marshal in Bonn a strong man to deal with, and it was quite a popular thing to take the electric from Bonn and raise merry Hades in Cologne. Hence the beginning of the trouble, and the reason why for some time, Cologne was put out of bounds to Canadian troops.

My work in Cologne had chiefly to do with controlling the use of telephone and telegraph lines. Of the hundred or so trunk lines, which connected Cologne with other big centres in Germany, only twenty were allowed to remain in use. The rest were cut at the perimeter of the Bridgehead with the exception of a few spare lines. On the lines allowed no private conversation was permitted, except in very special cases, and in no case was the conversation to exceed three minutes in duration. These regulations were enforced very strictly and faithfully by the German operators, acting under our orders. On each of the trunk lines and occasionally on a local line we had our German-speaking, listening-in personnel working. They reported on anything suspicious intercepted. We had very few cases of transgression of orders and the German officials at the Central Telephone and Telegraph Exchange were most eager to help in every way. There was one instrument in the Central Telephone Exhange, an "amplifier" I think we called it, through which connections between Reval on the Imperial front and German General Headquarters at Spa in Belgium, had regularly taken place during the war, a distance of many hundreds of miles.

The German population had a very wholesome respect for our air-service. In spite of the wonderful air-craft system at Cologne and the intense conical barrages, our air-men got through several times and bombed the town. Some Germans told me that incendiary bombs had been dropped in Cologne and many casualties caused. In the Dom Hotel I got a souvenir in the shape of a card printed in German: "In case of air attacks, lights to be immediately extinguished."

One amusing incident happened in connection with our control of the exchanges. Lieutenant X——, a signal officer, was attached to me as technical adviser. He advised me one morning to take a run down to Bonn with him. I followed his advice and we had a very good time visiting our Canadian friends there. We had driven down by automobile but came back by electric. Before we got into the electric X—— had already begun to exchange very bright-eyed glances with a pretty German girl, who was also going in the direction of Cologne. This little game, at which both were expert, continued until the lady left the car on the outskirts of the city. X—— was charmed,

talked of her aristocratic look, said that she must be one of the leaders of Cologne society and that all these German girls found the appearance of the Allies very natty and smart, and so on until I told him to dry up. A few days later L was ordered to make a raid on the railway telegraph exchange. I took X—— with me. When we got into the operating room of the exchange, where there were about 100 people working, I spotted X's fair lady of the street car sitting at one of the machines, (possibly sending a wire to a few of her subordinates in Cologne society). When she saw us she started chattering away to the girls around her, as hard as she could. X— had not seen her at all. I got the tapes I wanted and then asked X— to go to the machine where this girl was sitting and take down the Morse that was coming through just then. The tape stopped coming through and then X— turned idly to look at the operator. He carried it off very well but his North Polar Hindenburg-like expression was rather spoilt by a sudden ruddy colour over his face. We did not hear so much about leaders of Cologne society after that incident.

It was very remarkable to see how many of the Germans in Cologne had command of the English language. It is no exaggeration to say that, in nearly every store, at least one of the employees could speak English and they lost no time in airing their knowledge. It was no rare occurrence to see little German children in the street cars studying their English grammar and one prominent book-seller told me that they were completely sold out of German-English dictionaries and English grammars, and that the majority of them had been bought by Germans. I rather doubt whether we would have adopted this attitude towards the language of our conquerors. And yet it is a sensible attitude. Had we paid more attention to the German language before the war, the Germans would have had fewer surprises for us. They would never have come so near to victory as they did at times in 1914 and 1918—far more nearly than most people expect. It is difficult to understand the attitude of those people who say that the German language should be "taboo" that its teaching should be abolished. Why? Because we have beaten them! Surely not. Surely, now more than at any other time, it is important for us to know the German language in order to watch her more effectively than we did before the war, in order to compete with her in the markets of the world, in order to get the results of her scientific investigation, to profit ourselves by the progress she is making in research in science and in the organization of industry. Surely we are not going to cut off our nose to spite our face; we are not going to allow Germany, through her knowledge of our language, to enjoy with us the results of our industry, while we ourselves get no benefits from the result Germany has achieved. Let us do what Germany did before the war with such great advantage to herself—take ideas from her and use them for ourselves. The language of over a hundred million living people cannot be made a dead language, nor, if there is any truth or meaning in the League of Nations, would we wish it.

CEMETERY ON THE ASTOR ESTATE, AT TAPLOW, BUCKS, ENG.

Where the remains of a number of Canadian Soldiers are buried.

THE EQUATION

BY BILLEE GLYNN

THE history of Robert Hatter was much the same as that of many others. He had been born in the country; ambition carried him to the city; he had gone into business and had become engrossed in it. At the age of ten he sold Sunday papers on the streets of his native town. The mothers of lazy boys pointed him out as an example. And such pointing was all the more potent in that the father of this exemplar was in fairly prosperous circumstances, having a small business that kept his family nicely.

When but fifteen Robert Hatter could boast of a bank account. At that age, indeed, he was too shrewd to waste a peanut on an elephant. He had learned the value of money, and his parents were satisfied with him. They admitted to themselves that neither of them had possessed the hoarding instinct sufficiently. They had not even taught it to their son, though they approved it in him and the energy which went with it. Undoubtedly it had been inspired by another person. While he was but a little fellow, a plutocrat and politician, noted in the community for his success, had patted the boy cordially on the head and thus advised him: "Always get something for everything you do. You have only one life to live, and don't forget that success is money."

Robert Hatter never did forget. When at twenty-four he set out to conquer the city it was with that idea in mind, and repeating that axiom: "I have only one life to live, and I have no time to be a fool."

The gold-gathering lures of the metropolis consequently enticed him little. In three years, after serving a necessary clerkship, he started in a produce commission business for himself. This was the beginning of the great engrossment. He worked from gray morning until midnight. But toward the end of his twenty-eighth year he took the time and the trouble to get married.

She had two thousand dollars, this young lady, of intensely respectable people, and she had a plain, wistful face that constantly did its best to smile. This faded out with the years somewhat, but it appealed to Robert Hatter then. He remembered always the first day he saw her when she came smiling toward him through a field of dead autumn grass. Later she had thrilled him by admitting how much she admired his type of man.

Fifteen years after he married her she died. Robert Hatter was worth a quarter of a million dollars by this time. She had proved a very good wife. It was a great loss, but the interest in new investments helped him over it. Though the look on the face of the dead, the ashen futility which death drew out from this attempt at gratitude and self-compensation, haunted him. Their only child, a boy of thirteen, he sent away to boarding school. He chose a select place where he knew that only the proper code would be taught. This boy was in general physical appearance like his mother. He had his father's chin, however, which was long and square-

set. And he had something, too, of his father's vitality.

Every six months the father visited him at the school. And he never failed to impress upon him as they walked in the fields where the wild birds sang and the flowers gave up their perfume that money was the great power and the great success in the world, and that one must have a great deal of it.

He was in the habit of thinking of this son as a multimillionaire, a power in the world of finance, and the vision pleased him mightly. The ambition belonged to himself as well, however, else how could he have worked so hard. Around that phrase: "I have only one life to live," he had built his gray matter. He had now several businesses on his hands which took up almost his entire time. A maiden sister had been installed as his housekeeper, and she gave him that sort of animal loyalty and constant country sympathy which pertained to such kinship and the provincial admiration for money power.

With increasing years he found her invaluable as a companion. In one instance he prevented her possible marriage, and she submitted easily to his wishes when he explained that the man was not quite satisfactory, and that there would be many better chances. He advised her to find more friends of her own sex and age. Sometimes of a night he took her to the theatre. He preferred comic opera and broad humour, and laughed good-naturedly. Certainly people might have taken him for a philanthropist. His sister always had the feeling of protecting him from other designing women. She disliked the idea of his marrying again. Since he did not seem to care about women, he gave her little reason for uneasiness in the matter. If she manufactured it—that was for her own entertainment.

Things kept on apace for fourteen more breathless years, with Robert Hatter still hastening through his pleasures and his meals. Even in what he called relaxation haste had become a habit with him. He had now accumulated half a million dollars. His son graduated from the university, and he put him in business up North in which he had invested seventy-five thousand dollars. All his life he had seen really little of the boy, scarcely knew him, indeed. The advice he gave him entering business life was firm, forcible and to the point, and he seemed to take it to heart. He sent a trusted clerk with him to help him conduct the business, but was rather proud when in six months his son wrote that he no longer needed this man, but felt entirely capable of running things himself. At his end, Robert Hatter was as busy as ever. He had come to look upon every hour as an entity representing so much material advantage to him. His health, however, was no longer what it had once been.

A year and a half of initiation in business, and Robert Hatter, Jr., married. Oddly enough, the woman had quietly divorced him before his father had a chance to see her. Shortly after the business in the North went unexpectedly bankrupt, and Robert Hatter, Jr., came home. He blamed it on the woman, bad advice, and inevitable conditions, and the father believed him. For pleading his own case thus, he reflected, and somehow poignantly, the saddened aspect of his mother, though sadness had little part in his general character. Besides, the matter was somewhat swept away when Robert Hatter suffered a slight apoplectic stroke. One arm and one shoulder were disabled. He kept the boy at home, teaching him the handling of his different interests. In a few months' time he, himself, had resumed as far as was possible all of his former activities. Then it became necessary for him to go to the far East to establish an export trade in a certain commodity and look over some mining prospects in China. The trip might restore his health, he thought.

He stayed away a year, spending the last six months of it in the interior. Coming back to Shanghai he

found his mail waiting him, and it foreshadowed trouble at home. Accidentally, he encountered Jensen, the trusted clerk, whom he had sent North with his son, and whom the latter had let go. Unpleasant misgivings impelled him to ply this man with questions. The account which Jensen gave made it certain that it was fast living, gambling, dissolute companions and downright refusal to take advice on the part of the young manager which had caused the bankruptcy.

Robert Hatter reached home with a saddened heart and an angry mind. He was met by his chief lieutenant, who told him another story. Robert Hatter, Jr., had been impossible to control or advise. He had drawn large sums out of the business and thrown it to the winds. Five months past he had married a girl after an hour's acquaintance in a café, and in six weeks she ran away with another man, taking with her several thousand dollars' worth of jewels which young Hatter had bought for her. He was given a divorce, but there was no chance to prosecute. Then an actress with whom the young man had evidently been associated a long time, and who probably regretted the loss of the jewels, brought a breach of promise suit against him for thirty thousand dollars, and won it handily by virtue of a honeyed correspondence she had had the wisdom to preserve.

These unimaginable proceedings, so utterly at variance with the tenets of his own life and all that he expected in his offspring, Robert Hatter heard with feelings hard to describe. His very blood went sick, his lungs seemed to forget to breathe. The flood of his years came upon him in an instant.

In a terrible rage, he sent for his son. "You have cost me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said. "You are thirty-two years old. What do you mean by this wasteful, libertine life?"

For the first time they stood unmasked and facing each other in their elementals. The long, square-set chin of the boy had drawn out and down with the stubbornness of his elder. And he proved that he had inherited something else besides. Unconscious that he was using the other's phrase, he replied with a fierce flame in the words:

"I am your only heir, and I have only one life to live. I represent the repression of both my mother and yourself."

This reply, so hard, so familiar, and turned to such a meaning seemed to stun Robert Hatter. He sank back into his chair, his mouth twisted awry, regarding his son. At this moment another stroke came upon him, and without the power of speech his face retained that strange expression for the few months which elapsed before his death.

LAKE ONTARIO

A SIXTY-YEAR RETROSPECT OF ITS NAVIGATION

BY WILLIAM A. WILSON

UNTIL 1860 water carriage had been the chief factor in the commerce of Canada. The opening and closing of navigation every year were very important events and frequently formed the time definitions in contracts.

Navigation on Lake Ontario has undergone many changes since its early records. The canoe, the batteau, and to a great extent the sailing vessel have disappeared, each in its turn having served its purpose. The coming of the steamers in the early days of the nineteenth century marked the commencement of the greatest development of old Upper Canada, and the demand for increased transportation facilities had not been great up to that time. The traffic and the facilities for moving it appear to have increased in a like ratio. The first steamer appeared on Lake Ontario in 1817. It was the *Frontenac,* built at Finkle's Point, near Kingston. The next was the *Ontario,* built at Sackett's Harbour, New York, about the same time. From these grew the fine fleets that dotted the lake in later years and so well supplied the carrying needs of the fringe of settlements along its shores. The period during which these steamboats thrived was an important one in the history of Upper Canada.

What a complete and comfortable change from the sailing vessel was the steamboat, with its staterooms and cabins, its well-served and plentiful meals, its regularity of journey and the opportunities afforded for social intercourse and formation of friendships that lasted through life.

Many incidents occurred during the journeys made in these moving hostelries the recital of which enlivened the winter reunions of the travellers—of a storm off Presqu' Isle or Long Point, with the smashing of crockery and other inseparable features or the breaking-up of a nocturnal party by the familiar shout of the deck hands "out below", as barrowful after barrowful of cordwood was dumped into the firehold at some wharf in the early hours. The trip through the Canadian channel below Kingston, the quick turn at "Fiddler's Elbow" and the unrivalled scenery throughout lingered long in the traveller's memory. What a gathering there was of residents at each port of call to see some friends depart or greet others who were passing through!

There were many regiments of Imperial troops in Canada sixty years ago whose transfer was effected by boat during the navigable season, when being moved from station to station. The scarlet-coated soldiers crowding the decks at a port made a sight to be remembered. The regimental band afforded those ashore a rare treat with a class of music to which they were not accustomed.

These were the days of competition between rival steamboats. It was not an unusual occurrence for a boat to cut a five-dollar rate to one dollar, meals included, to drive a rival off its route. Probably the reduction did not last long.

It would appear that the steamboat service had been in operation for some years before a corporate organization was formed. The first appears to have been the Upper Canada Line, afterwards changed to the Canadian Steam Navigation Company and finally merged into the Richelieu Company, but always known as the Royal Mail Line.

Sixty years ago the "Mail Line" was one of the great institutions of Canada. The boats were well built, well managed safe and comfortable. The masters of them were very important personages and deservedly popular. Passengers would wait for days for a favourite boat or captain. The names *Magnet, Passport, Kingston, Champion, New Era, Banshee* and *City of Toronto* (No. 2) and of Captains Dick, Richardson, Kelly, Swales, Howard, Bowen, Harbottle, Fairgrieves and others were household words. A very popular steamer was the *Bowmanville,* under Capt. Charles Perry, which traded between Toronto and Montreal, with passengers and freight.

These were the chief carriers of men and goods in those bygone days, the alternative to the cramped bone-shaking stage-coach. One can readily appreciate the place these boats and their masters held in the social and commercial lives of those who knew them. The traditions attached to them outlived them and begat a sentiment that still exists.

In the middle fifties the Great Western Railway projected a water connection between Hamilton and eastern points. It built two very large and magnificently equipped passenger steamers which were said to have been very fast. They were called the *Canada* and *America.* Proving unprofitable they were soon laid up and were sold to the U. S. Government at the outbreak of the civil war. That railway also had two freight steamers, which were soon retired. Probably the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto eastward was the determining factor in the abandonment by the Great Western of its lake service.

It would be hard to name all the steam vessels—side-wheelers, propellers, and "pollywogs"—that operated as cargo carriers on the lake in '59. The *Huron, Whitby, Oshawa, Brantford, Indian, Colonist, Ranger* and *George Moffat* were familiar names. They loaded their cargoes not only at Hamilton and Toronto but at Flamboro', Port Nelson, Oakville, Port Credit and other small ports which were then on the map. Nearly all these boats had good passenger accommodation.

There was also a very large trade carried on by sailing vessels (chiefly grain) to Kingston. The cargoes were there transferred to barges for Montreal. There was as well an extensive trade in round and square timber by both raft and vessel to Montreal and Quebec.

The development of the Western States in the late fifties furnished a large traffic for lake carriers, a large portion of which moved to Oswego, Ogdensburg and Montreal. While the chief part of this passed through the Welland Canal, a large portion was handled by the Welland Railway. This road ran from Port Colborne to Port Dalhousie and was well equipped with grain elevators at each terminus. It had an agency in Milwaukee and probably one in Chicago, through which cargoes were secured. These were handled by vessel to Port Colborne, thence by rail to Port Dalhousie. Prior to 1864 these shipments were moved from the last named port by chartered vessels. In that year the railway put into commission the *Perseverance* and *Enterprise,* two fine steamers built for the service. While the rates of freight were high enough to afford a margin of profit, a good business was done. But conditions changed, the trade dwindled, and finally ceased to exist. The road is now a section of the Grand Trunk System.

Perhaps one might look with advantage to the places on the Canadian shore of the lake some sixty years ago. Hamilton then was a fast growing city and very ambitious. Its lake trade was comparatively large. Like all other ports its local traffic was largely increased by that of the country to the back of it. The outward shipments consisted of forest and farm products in their raw state and of pot and pearl ashes. The inward shipments were almost entirely of merchandise, imported from Great Britain or the United States.

Toronto was the chief city on the lake, with a very busy waterfront. The traffic of the country tributary to the Northern Railway added to a large local trade kept the many wharves from the Don to Bathurst Street busy. Although the Grand Trunk Railway had been completed between Toronto and Montreal it had not yet become a serious factor in the competition with water.

The trade of the Great Western, then several years in operation, may be guaged by a statement of traffic received on a day in October, 1859: 300 barrels flour, thirty tons lard, twenty head of cattle, 133 head of sheep, twenty bags of potatoes, and about thirteen tons of merchandise. Less than a hundred tons all told.

Whitby, Oshawa, Darlington (Bowmanville), Bond Head were ports of call then, each with a good trade. Port Hope and Cobourg were quite important factors in the lake traffic. Trenton, Belleville, Picton and other Bay of Quinte ports were quite active and had a boat of their own (the *St. Helen*) in the Montreal service.

Kingston then was very active and important. It had a large trade of its own, not only to the west but to the north along the Rideau Canal, which was at that time an important artery of commerce. More vessel property was owned and controlled in Kingston than in any other place west of Montreal.

Prescott was really the foot of lake navigation and a place of considerable importance when the Bytown and Prescott Railway was in its initial stage. The large boats from the west transferred their passengers there or at Ogdensburg to the lighter draft boats for the run to Montreal. Prescott shared in the prosperity of Ogdensburg.

Probably travel by water was greater in the late '50s than at any other period. Then there was a great movement of wealthy Southerners northward during the warm weather. These tourists filled the hotels at Niagara Falls on both sides of the river, and the Stephenson and Welland at St. Catharines. Tiring of these, they went east by lake and river, bestowing their patronage liberally.

As Canada has not a monopoly of Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence, it is necessary to consider the change on the American shore.

Sixty years ago the marine interests of the United States were as great as those of Canada on these waters.

Then the American Express Line operated two large and fast passenger steamers called the *New York* and the *Northerner*. They were magnificently fitted and furnished and were styled "floating palaces". One left Ogdensburg each morning near noon, arriving in Toronto early the next morning, and leaving shortly afterwards for Lewiston. She returned to Toronto in time to leave again at 5 p. m. for Cape Vincent and Ogdensburg. The *Welland* and another Canadian boat ran in connection with them between Ogdensburg and Montreal.

The Ontario & St. Lawrence Steamboat Company operated four freight and passenger boats. They were well equipped and larger than any Canadian boats other than the *Canada* and *America*.

They gave a daily service, calling at all south shore ports and Toronto. They were named the *Cataract, Bay State, Niagara,* and *Ontario*. Both of these lines ceased to exist shortly af-

ter the outbreak of the civil war and most of the boats were taken by the Government for transport purposes.

There was another important line that linked Ogdensburg with Chicago and other Lake Michigan ports. It was the Northern Transportation Line. It consisted of a fleet of propellers of Welland Canal size, good carriers and comfortable passenger boats. They afforded an almost daily service, calling at intermediate ports. These boats were very profitable for many years, but their business finally shrank and the line ceased to exist in the early seventies.

As the Reciprocity Treaty was in effect in 1859, a large trans-lake trade was handled from Toronto and other Canadian points to the south shore ports, chiefly Oswego and Ogdensburg, for furtherance to points beyond. This trade continued until the abrogation of the treaty in 1866. After that it gradually lessened and finally became a mere echo of what it once was.

From the foregoing it would appear that the American traffic on Lake Ontario reached its maximum about 1859 or '60. It is quite reasonable to suppose that the chief cause of the decline may be found in the increased trade of Buffalo, in grain and its products, to eastern points.

The shrinkage on the Canadian side was materially less than on the American side. This was partly due to the fostering care of the Dominion Government, which aids the lake carrier to compete with the railways by furnishing free canalage, harbourage and lighthouse service. And yet what a change has occurred. Compare the north shore ports of sixty years ago with what they are to-day and one cannot but notice the dwindled importance of some and the practical disappearance of others.

Port Hope, Belleville, Picton, and Kingston are but little changed, each having a diminished water trade. Cobourg, with its car ferry, is perhaps an exception. Whitby, Oshawa, and Bowmanville have grown but not towards the lake front, and no one hears of Port Darlington or Bond Head.

The coasting trade of the past shifted to the rails, and the coasting vessel vanished. The trade of the interior that once swelled that of the lake ports now moves direct to its destination by the regular land route in vastly increased volume.

Although Toronto has outgrown any other city on Lake Ontario, its growth has been away from the water front. As a rule a large plant must make provision for its future extension, and also consider the housing of its workers, within easy distance of their work. And so they move inland.

Toronto is twelve times greater now than it was in 1859, and yet aside from its ferry service to Niagara, Port Dalhousie and Hamilton its water-borne traffic is now less than it was then. Nor has that ferry service increased in anything of a like ratio to the growth of the city. Although the lake, harbour and weather conditions are unchanged, the season of service has been shortened, creating the impression that it is now more of a boon for pleasure-seekers than a necessity to the commercial interests of the districts affected.

Mr. Barlow Cumberland in his work "A Century of Sail and Steam on the Niagara River", says:

> "In 1851 the Chief Justice Robinson is recorded as having run on the Niagara River route during eleven months of the year, the remaining portion (while she was refitting) was filled by the second City of Toronto.
>
> "In 1854 the Peerless made two trips daily for ten months, the Chief Justice Robinson taking the balance of the service. . . .
>
> "The winter service to the Niagara River for 1855 was commenced by the Chief Justice Robinson on the 1st January, the steamer crossing the lake on twenty-two days in that month. February was interrupted by ice but the full service between the shores was performed on twenty-three days in March."

The Royal Mail Line and the fleet of freight steamers running to east-

ern ports during that period, started early and stopped late each season. The *Kingston* started the service for the Mail Line on the 25th of April, 1859, and the same boat closed it on the 16th November. The *Bowmanville* arrived in Toronto on the 9th of December that year, and winter set in a few days later.

The scenes on the river at Prescott sixty years ago showed every evidence of vigorous life. Frequently during the day some steamer would stop or pass on. Perhaps the *William 4th,* the *America, Traveller, Gildersleeve* or *Highlander* with tow of barges, from Kingston to Dickenson's Landing, or maybe the *Hercules* with a timber raft for Windmill Point to be broken into cribs for passage on the river below.

In the evening the scene was enlivened with the vari-coloured lights of the different steamers sailing from the *'Burg* filled with freight and passengers; and of Canadian craft and ferry boats. It was a very fine and busy sight.

Recently the writer was looking from the same viewpoint and what a change! The daily boat from Toronto had come and returned, its connection for the east had gone, and naught was left but a solitary ferry boat to raise a ripple on the surface of the river. However Prescott and Ogdensburg are still very much alive and are very pretty places. The people of Ogdensburg (and Oswego) don't appear to worry about the opening or closing of navigation. What they have lost in one way they have gained in another. They seem to appreciate the changed conditions and are evidently not anxious to waste their money and energy in trying to pump water up hill.

The great industrial development of Ontario (the Upper Canada of sixty years ago) has been co-incident with the railway extension to interior territory. Brantford, Galt, Guelph and Stratford without water connection have outgrown any places on Lake Ontario, except Hamilton and Toronto. Peterboro and Lindsay were once tributary to Port Hope and Cobourg; they are not now.

Conditions have gradually changed, not merely in cost of transportation or time movement, but in the nature of the traffic carried. The raw products are no longer the chief portion, although they are now moved in increasing quantities to mills and factories by rail for fabrication, a water movement being impracticable.

The great increase in the Ontario traffic now carried by the railways is the result of industrial development. The traffic now consists largely of agricultural implements, machinery, vehicles, etc. Packing house products, canned goods, dairy products and other concentrated foods, the output of our woollen, cotton and knitting mills and other like commodities too numerous to mention. Mining is fast becoming a very important industry and the transportation of its supplies and products is purely a rail matter.

The growth of the trade in these articles has been in connection with movement by rail. The trade will continue to grow and the shipments will continue to move by rail. The factories and plants producing them are chiefly located on railway sidings laid on their own premises where their shipments are loaded or unloaded by their own men in the manner best suited to the needs of the goods. A large portion of these articles require protection from heat or cold, rendering necessary the use of refrigerator or frost-proof cars.

Again it is necessary, whether the shipments be from the factory, farm or forest, that they be afforded a service that will be operative for fifty-two weeks every year regardless of atmospheric conditions.

A careful consideration of these facts will show that it is not practicable to transfer any material portion of the traffic of Old Ontario from rail to water. Therefore if the traffic of Lake Ontario is to be revived the sup-

ply must come from some other source.

An idea is held by some that the enlargement of the Welland Canal will increase the traffic on Lake Ontario. This idea is based more on the hope or expectation of the diversion of an existing traffic than the creation of a new one. They also rely on the certainty of the large vessels which monopolize the carrying trade between the head of Lake Superior and the ports on Lake Erie, using this new canal. There is excellent authority for the statement that they will not. It is claimed that the length and great weight of these vessels would make the passage through narrow channels too dangerous. Another objection is that the lengthened trip would cause serious delay. And again there would be the difficulty of securing return cargo. However, let it be granted that the boats will use the canal. Then the question is, Can the existing traffic be diverted? Perhaps it would be interesting to consider the situation at Buffalo.

In 1859 Buffalo received ex. lake 2,500,000 bushels of grain; in 1869, 4,500,000; in 1879, 79,000,000; in 1915, 258,500,000. Since 1915 war conditions have lessened the lake traffic and made the records uninteresting, except that they showed the Erie canal to have carried less in 1917 than in any year since 1836. The grain went east by rail.

From this it will be seen that the additional growth of Buffalo's trade not only included that which had once gone via Oswego and Ogdensburg, but, to a large extent, the increased output of the Great West that was movable by water.

The great advantage that Buffalo has, as a point of distribution, is not the Erie canal, which carries comparatively a small proportion of the eastbound traffic, but its railroad system, which spreads out like a fan, reaching practially all points in the Eastern and Middle States, by direct routes without break of bulk.

A large quantity of iron ore is handled at Buffalo for furnaces located there and at points beyond that are tributary to it. This traffic is not divertable.

Really the only article of Buffalo's trade that might be divertable is its grain, which may be divided into two classes, viz. domestic and export.

While it is possible that that portion of the United States domestic trade destined to Northern New England might be handled at Ogdensburg, it is an undoubted fact that the greater bulk of it can be handled to better advantage at Buffalo than at any other distributing point reachable by water.

The volume of export grain varies each season according to the crop surplus i.e. the quantity in excess of domestic requirements. The inland carriers earn very little on its movement. The ocean carriers in the trans-Atlantic trade need it for ballast and under normal conditions get rather meagre fare for it. Yet it has to be moved.

This last item is that on which the hope of the diversion is based. The proposition is to substitute Montreal or Quebec for an Atlantic port. It must be borne in mind that many large cargoes of grain moving out of western ports are made up of small lots for convenience of distribution at the port of discharge. Some may be for export via Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. Perhaps some may be for domestic use in Pennsylvania, New York or New England. Such a distribution can be made at Buffalo but not at a St. Lawrence port. Therefore, such a cargo is not divertable. It might be also that the owner or owners of the cargoes would wish to hold the grain in transit owing to adverse market conditions. No other port affords the advantages that Buffalo does to enable the shipper to take prompt advantage of improved conditions through any of the Atlantic ports named. Therefore, grain in store

in Buffalo is more desirable than perhaps in any other place, esepcially if it be American.

Grain shipments from Western Canadian points by water from Thunder Bay ports may or may not increase. It is hardly practicable to move a greater quantity than at present of each year's crop, before the close of navigation. It might be that a glut would be caused at eastern holding points if the quantity were increased which might have an ill effect on prices. Again it is not unlikely that government ownership of two lines north of Lake Superior may cause a very large movement of grain during the winter months, leaving but little for the boats to carry in the spring. However, be the quantity for water shipment what it may, it is not unlikely that the shipments will move via the Georgian Bay and the rail portage to the St. Lawrence so as best to serve the interest the public has in the welfare of that rail route.

Therefore, is it not reasonable to predict that no matter how much may be spent on a canal from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, the result will be the same? The inevitable cannot be averted. The water of Lake Ontario will not be churned by the wheel of the upper lake leviathan but will flow on to the St. Lawrence to be harnessed there for the development of electric energy thus doing more good to Canada in a week than it has done in any season for many years past.

PREJUDICE

By CLAUDE E. LEWIS

A young man stood before a door and knocked,
And from the hollow silence of the place
A dusty voice that told a pallid face
Returned, "Who knows not that this door is locked
To such entreaty, else the crowd had flocked
To desecrate our altars and disgrace
Our name? But only those can we embrace
Who bide our call, else would our world be shocked".

The young man answered with a calm conceit:
"Your world is fair, but foreign, bide ye there
Among the relics of a treasured past.
My blood is red, and I shall build my seat
Before the starlight and the bracing air;
The world shall come and seek me there at last".

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE ROW ON LOMBARD STREET

ABOUT thirty-five years ago we had the cases connected with a row on Lombard Street tried before me. I had the sworn evidence given in the several charges, so that I am able to give a detailed account of the whole affair. At that time there were two brothers living on Lombard Street about a hundred yards apart, named Jerry and Jack Sheehan, typical Irishmen of the lower class. Jerry and his wife had no family. Jack Sheehan had married a widow named Cronin, who had a son Billy Cronin, who at this time was about twenty-two years of age. Jack Sheehan had a daughter about ten years of age by his wife, who was Billy Cronin's mother, and the four lived together.

One day at the races Jerry Sheehan and Billy Cronin had some words, and there was a little temporary bad feeling between them. Two or three days after, Billy Cronin having a little stimulant on board, thought it would be his duty to call on Jerry just to talk it over, and about 9.30 p.m. went into Jerry's house, and as soon as Mrs. Sheehan, who was alone, saw him, she said:

"Now Billy what brought you here? Now like a good boy go home. If Jerry comes in there will be trouble."

"I will not," said Billy. "I am going to ask Jerry what he meant by what he said at the races."

Mrs. Sheehan anxious to get rid of him said,

"Now Billy if you will be a good boy and go home, I'll treat you."

"Oh well," said Billy quite mollified, "you know Mrs. Sheehan you and me have always been good frinds, and I do not know anyone that I am more willing to take a drink with than yoursilf Mrs. Sheehan."

So she got out the whiskey, and gave him a drink and he went off. Shortly after Jerry Sheehan came in, went through the front room into the kitchen behind, and sat down by the stove to have a smoke before going to bed. In a few minutes Billy Cronin came back. I did not discover the reason, but it was either to get another drink, or because he had been taunted outside by some of his chums, that he was afraid of Jerry. As soon as Jerry saw him he jumped up and said,

"Get out of my house Billy Cronin!"

"I won't," said Billy. "What made you spake to me the way you did at the races?"

"If ye don't git out at once I'll put ye out."

Billy answered, "If ye think you can pit me out this is a good time to try."

Then the fight began. They struggled for some time, the furniture was tumbled about, and with much difficulty Jerry forced Billy into the

front room, and over to the door. The noise of the struggle was heard on the street, and a crowd gathered in front of the house. A constable saw the crowd and walked up to see what was the matter. He arrived there just as Jerry had overmastered Billy, and had opened the door, intending to throw him out.

Billy noticed the constable and said,

"Jerry, there's a cop; I don't want to be arrested."

Jerry stopped, looked out, saw the constable and said,

"I'll not be the manes of putting any man in the hands of the police, and he pulled Billy in and shut the door.

The position then was peculiar. They were both out of breath, the furniture was all tumbled about, and Billy was still in Jerry's house. They stood looking at each other for some minutes and then Jerry said,

"Now Billy you will go out the back door."

"No I won't."

"If you do not go out the back door I'll put you out."

Billy said, "If you think you can do it, put me out, just try."

Then the struggle began again, and with great efforts Jerry got him back through the front room and kitchen to the back door. He got the back door open and flung Billy out, sending him sprawling on the ground in the back yard. Then Jerry called out to him.

"Billy, if you jump over the fince, and go round by the lane you will miss him." He then bolted the door, and began to rearrange the furniture.

While all this was going on, the rumour spread down the street, and Billy Cronin's mother heard that Jerry Sheehan was murdering her son Billy. She ran down and burst into Jerry's front door, crying out "Who's murthering my son Billy?" Jerry had just returned to the front room as she came in. "Get out of this," he shouted, and shoved the door against her, which threw her to the pavement, where she straightened herself out, and was temporarily "kilt intirely". She was picked up by the neighbours and carried to her house, and put on her bed, and they ran for the whiskey bottle, and gave her a potion which cured her with marvellous rapidity.

At this time Jack Sheehan, her husband, was over at Dan Dwan's spending the evening talking politics, with a few of the elite of the street. His little girl had seen her mother carried into her house, and she ran over to Dan Dwan's, and rushed in and up to her father who was quietly smoking, calling out,

"Oh, Da, Da! Ma's killed."

Jack says, "Your Ma's killed, who was it killed her?"

"It was Uncle Jerry killed her."

"Humph, I must see about that," said Jack, and shaking the ashes out of his pipe, he put it into his pocket, and went over to his wife to find her recovered, under the peculiar system of first aid to the wounded that prevailed in Lombard Street.

The story of Jerry Sheehan having "kilt" Mrs. Jack spread from end to end of the short street, and a considerable crowd gathered in front of Jerry's, thinking that something should be done to express the sentiments of the Lombard Street people, and their strong disapproval of Jerry's conduct. Lombard Street in those days was macadamized, and very soon the crowd began throwing stones through the windows. Jerry being inside would have been in a bad way, but for one fact, and that was that his wife had a taste for flowers, and she had two little shelves along her two front windows, and on each shelf a row of little flower pots about four inches high with little plants sticking up in each. As the stones flew in Jerry kept up a fusilade with the flower pots as long as they lasted, and by the time they gave out, a posse of police hurried up, dispersed the crowd and arrested a number of

them. Every window in the front of the house was broken.

The next morning I had about a dozen of these prisoners to try for various offences. Disorderly conduct, assault, throwing missiles on the street, etc. It took me nearly a week to try them, but I did not grudge the time for I went into it with great formality, inquiring into every minute detail in order to get a complete story of the most typical Irish row I ever had to deal with.

*

Miscellaneous Incidents

One of our detectives gives me the following two incidents:

Some years ago a shop was burglarized in the city. Two detectives were sent down to investigate and on the way back met a coloured man who kept a little shop. He told them that a couple of tough looking customers had been in his place, just a short time before, trying to sell some things which he felt sure they had stolen. He did not buy from them but arranged for them to call back in two or three hours. "Now," said he, "if you will just keep away from around my place I will see that you have them safe in the cage before noon."

He told the officers that these men were in the habit of shooting crap in a certain lane with a number of others, and asked them to arrange to have two men at each end of it at a certain time, the two nearest to where the game was going on were to walk out where they could be seen. There would be a scramble for the other end. Two of the men would have white marks on the backs of their coats. "Grab the fellows with the marks on, and the job that was done last night will be cleared up."

Shortly afterwards the two men came, as they thought, to dispose of their booty. The darkey had been watching and saw them coming. He rubbed some chalk on the palms of his hands and was ready for action. His offer was so ridiculously low, that they turned in disgust to go away and just as they did a big black hand came down on each of their shoulders, with the remark, "Well, boys, it's the best I can do for you." The suggestions were carried out to the letter. The two men were caught with the goods on them. When taken to police headquarters their coats were carefully brushed while the search was in progress.

I do not think that they ever understood how they happened to be caught out of a gang of twenty, when they were the only two that had stolen property in their possession. They thought perhaps, that luck was just against them.

*

In September, 1913, a shrewd looking gentleman who called himself Robert Vincent and gave his address as the Prince George Hotel, got in touch with a lumber dealer of Toronto named Daniel Madden and placed before him a very tempting proposition to make some easy money by purchasing a block of stock in the Wheloc Reinforced Cork Boat Company, which he had been fortunate enough to get hold of through a sick farmer he had met, who had no idea of its value. Said stock could be purchased for about $5.00 a share, and he knew a broker in Philadelphia who was buying all he could get hold of for $8.50 a share.

Madden got somewhat suspicious and consulted the Police Department, with the result that two men were instructed to follow up the matter and keep in touch with developments. The result was that Vincent and the sick farmer were caught in the act of trying to sell Madden $20,000 worth of stock in a concern that never existed. Both men were locked up on charges of vagrancy, and subsequently a charge of attempting to obtain money by false pretences was laid. At the time of their arrest they had more than $4,000 in their possession, which they would

have cheerfully parted from in exchange for their freedom if the police had been purchasable. Investigation proved them to be confidence men of international reputation. Vincent's correct name was Charles Gondorf. The sick farmer who gave his name as John Fair, turned out to be Samuel Gerne for whom the police of the United States had been searching for more than two years, on a charge of getting $40,000 by a game similar to that which they were trying to carry out here. Gondorf had been arrested in New York City on this same charge, and was out on $25,000 bond when arrested here.

These men during their criminal career had got hundreds of thousands of dollars, had been arrested several times, but through influence of crooked politicians, bribery, etc., they never had been convicted or spent more than a few hours in jail while the machine was put in motion. The methods which had kept them out of jail in the United States helped to keep them in jail in Canada; for although represented by a Toronto lawyer from Welland, who was also a Member of Parliament, a lawyer from New York City, and also one from Chicago, not to speak of a New York politician, and a gentleman from a prominent bonding company, who were prepared to put up twenty thousand dollars bail for their appearance, they spent six weeks over the "Don" on remand or awaiting trial. At last they were brought before a High Court Judge, and were allowed out on five thousand dollars bail. Gerne was rearrested and taken back to New York for trial. Gondorf got out of the country as soon as he could get a train to take him. Neither of them turned up for trial and the bond was handed over to the Government. Through their unceremonious treatment in the Toronto Police Court, they must have lost their prestige in their own country, for shortly after their return to New York Gondorf was sent to Sing Sing for five to ten years, and Gerne from one to three years.

In carrying out their bogus stock swindling transactions they had one of their gang conducting a bogus brokerage office in the "Driscoll" Building in Philadelphia, while another member of the outfit was supervising a "phoney" boat factory at Linden, N.J., where the unsinkable cork boat was supposed to be made. With the exception of the New Jersey mosquito Swamps, the nearest water was twenty miles away. In selling the stock the intended victim was always requested to call up by 'phone the Philadelphia broker, and find out what he was paying for it, or the manager of the Linden factory for information regarding the number of boats they were turning out. The information was always satisfactory.

*

One day I was trying a prisoner for stealing a watch from a man's pocket. The evidence was very clear; the watch was traced to the thief and recovered. The counsel for the defence cross-questioned the complainant with great vehemence, and asked him if he had not mislaid or lost his watch. The witness denied this, and said it had been picked from his pocket. The counsel vehemently argued that this was impossible without it being noticed. The Crown Attorney, Mr. Corley, was sitting close alongside of the counsel, who was intently engaged in the cross-examination, and he very deftly slipped the counsel's watch out of his pocket without his knowledge, and took it around to the Chief Inspector in charge of the Court and asked him to hand it up to me on the Bench. I laid it on my calendar till the counsel had concluded his tirade upon the witness, and looking at the clock on the wall of the Court I took out my watch and asked if the clock was right. The counsel looked for his watch and said,

"Someone has taken my watch. I had it a few minutes ago."

I said, "perhaps this is your watch, it was handed to me by the Inspector just now, when you were insisting that no one could take a watch from a man without his noticing it. See if this is your watch.

He knew then that Mr. Corley had picked his pocket. He took the joke very good naturedly, although he was sometimes chaffed about it.

*

The following report appeared in *The Toronto News* March 3rd, 1913:

Sent a Lawyer to say he was dead!

Magistrate Denison called upon to arbitrate the McGrath difficulties.

The comedy in the Police Court this morning was supplied by the well-known headliners Mr. and Mrs. Mike McGrath. Mrs. McGrath said that Mike had refused to pay her the $3.00 per week that the Court had ordered.

"I gave her $5.00 a couple of days ago," said Mike.

"Go on, you villain, you never did," said his wife.

"She stole $300 off me, your Honour," accused Mike.

"Oh! you low, low thing! I never did. How did you make your money anyway? By selling 'booze'?" continued his better half.

"I didn't sell booze. It was you that wanted to sell it, and I stopped you," defended Mike.

"Gaze on him, your Honour," continued Mrs. Mike, striking a dramatic pose. "The grandfather of twenty-five. Isn't he a nice-looking bum? He sent a lawyer here to report that he was dead."

"Well, he isn't is he?" commented Magistrate Denison.

Mike Pays Up

"No, I'm not, your Honour," verified Mike, "and I never sent a lawyer to say I was."

"Well, will you pay her the $3.00?" asked the Magistrate.

"Yes, I will. It's worth it to get rid of her. I've been keeping her whole family for years," said Mike, as he handed over the cash.

The case was then adjourned until called on.

*

An elderly Scotch woman was arrested one day for stealing some articles in a department shop, and came up in court the next morning for trial. The Police Court Matron, the late Mrs. Whiddon, was looking after her, and the woman was in great distress, asking her what she ought to do. Mrs. Whiddon said she might get a lawyer if she could pay for one. The woman told her that her husband had $200.00 in the bank which they had saved up, and she asked her to see her husband about getting a lawyer. Mrs. Whiddon found the husband waiting for the court to open, and she advised him to secure a lawyer for his wife.

"I canna dae that," he replied, "I canna afford it."

"Your wife told me you had over $200 in the bank."

"Ou aye, I ken that, but that was saved up for an emairgency."

*

A man was up before me once for stealing a sovereign from a neighbour. There was a strong case of suspicion but the man insisted the sovereign which was found in his possession was a keepsake which had been given to his wife at their wedding. The wife was called to corroborate this, and she swore that the sovereign had been in their possession since her marriage. I asked in what year they were married, and when she told me, I said, "Then this cannot be the same one for it was not coined for several years after".

I convicted the thief and gave the sovereign back to the owner.

*

I have often received peculiar letters. The following is from a poor woman whose son was up for some small theft:

Toronto, Oct. 12th,

Colinel Denison

Ser .

Mrs. Goaldstone is appealing to you for leanisy for my son that as erred and strayed like a lost sheep, wich he is truly sorry. He is a kind good boy to me, never toches drink I am a widdow and geting old it is a sad blow to me I am a respectable woman and worked nearly 20 years for the late Mrs. . . . and assist in the pantry meny times when you was at her diner partyes. I lost a kind good friend to me, as you are a parent be lenient to your humble servant.

A man stole a good suit of clothes from another man's house, and left his own old suit in place of it. He escaped and was not arrested for some months, and was then brought before me for the theft. After hearing the evidence, which was strong against him, I asked him if he had anything to say. He claimed that the complainant had stolen his suit first. I asked him if he had another suit of clothes. He said, "No."

I said, "Then you must have been naked when you stole the complainant's," and I promptly sentenced him.

*

A little old-fashioned woman unaccustomed to the ways of Court was in the witness-box giving evidence evidently for the first time.

As she was telling her story to the Crown Attorney, I suddenly asked her a question. She was a little affrighted by this unexpected attention, and making an old style curtesy she replied with some awe, "Yes, Oh, Lord".

I have been called "Your Worship," "Your Honour," "Your Reverence" and "Your Majesty", but seldom has anyone shown such respect for the Court as this old body did.

*

A Horse Theft Case

On one occasion some years ago I had a most peculiar case, in connection with the straying of a young horse belonging to a widow which escaped from its pasture, and found its way to a farm some miles away, where it joined the farmer's horses. The farmer thought he recognized it, as the property of a neighbour who lived not many miles away. He allowed it to pasture with his own horses, until the neighbour would come for it, or until he met him to tell him about it. Through carelessness the matter lapsed for some weeks and when he told his friend that his horse was with his horses, the friend denied knowing anything about it, and said his horse was at home. The horses were very much alike.

The farmer after further delay and further efforts to discover the owner, sold the horse to a man, for fifteen dollars, who not long after sold it to a pedlar for forty-five dollars. The pedlar used it in his business for a considerable time. One day the railway man at a railway crossing on Bloor Street, saw the pedlar driving the horse, and was satisfied that it was the widow's horse that had been stolen or had strayed away months before. He told the widow of it, and she asked him to tell the pedlar if he saw him again, to call and see her as she had some things she wanted to sell.

When the pedlar came to her place she recognized the horse at once as the one she thought had been stolen from her field. The pedlar was charged before me with stealing the horse. He said in defence that he had bought the horse from a man he knew (some time before) and that he could procure him. When this man was brought before me, he admitted that he had sold the horse but said he had bought it from a farmer named Moffatt for fifteen dollars. Moffatt was summoned to appear in Court, and told of the horse having strayed into his place, and that not being able to find the owner, he had sold it for fifteen dollars.

After hearing all the evidence I said, "This horse belongs to the widow and always has," and I told Moffatt to pay back the fifteen dollars to the man to whom he had sold the horse. I told the purchaser to pay back the forty-five dollars to the pedlar from whom he had received it, and said: "The horse will go to the owner." This was settled in a few minutes, and I think on equitable principles and without costs.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
F. H. Loveroff.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

A COMMON GARDEN IDYLL

BY ADAM HAROLD BROWN

ON a certain Spring afternoon, Mr. Bowermeek—a small man with an aesthetic temperament without the taste — strode through the side passageway of his semi-detached residence, and before crossing his own hearthstone, peeked over the fence. This observer was a man of parts; in other words, believing himself closely associated with the "tenth" Muse, he was fairly effervescent with what he called lyrical rhyme. In fact, poetical aphorisms flowed from his mouth like road-oil on a dusty pavement. Had you met him on the street and mentioned Lord Byron, Messrs. Longfellow and Browning, or any of those chaps, he would have beamed his approval. Further, if you had a mild eye, he would spout a few original lines and complain that nowadays the sordid barons of the press couldn't appreciate the real stuff. Yes, in the making of verse he was simply versatile.

The Bowermeeks' immediate neighbours were a family of the historic name of Smith. Though having moved in only a week before, the heads of the respective houses had but a passing acquaintance. At present this Smith person, hands on hip, was stolidly surveying his earth-plots. After digging them up in a decidedly business-like way and cutting trenches without the slighest imagination, he had sown seeds in a perfectly conventional manner.

When Mr. Bowermeek looked over the fence his eye became exceedingly critical.

"Hi, Smith!" he called with scornful dignity, "what's that you're making?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Smith, turning with a start. "Oh, it's you is it? Well, according to the Standard Dictionary, it's a garden."

Mr. Bowermeek hardly restrained his mirth. "'It is a garden,'" he upspoke. "A garden? Heavens, what a joke!" was his impromptu effort. "But what," he wanted to know, "what are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing much," was the cool reply; "only helping to feed the world. That's all. I tell you, Bowermeek, we're not going to be starved by those durned Bolshevikies"

The other stared. "Goodness, gracious! You surely don't think there's any chance of starving?"

"Perhaps not; but look at the way food prices ha' gone up—still goin' up—and ain't coming down. Remember how it was a few years ago?"

"But, my dear sir, that was in wartime. Now all is changed. Why, *The Planet* says—"

"You're too optimistic, Bowermeek. I'm no political guy, but I know that for a long time after peace we'll need all the food we can raise. That's why I'm growing vegetables."

"But why vegetables only?" the critic argued. "Why not flowers too? Nature's beautiful florescence blooms—"

"I'm a practical man," Smith returned, "not a poetry nut like you. This is built to grow things, not make rhymes."

"Then, Smith," Mr. Bowermeek called over his shoulder as he entered

his own back door, "put in your application for the Gardeners' Union. Pretty good that," he chuckled to himself, eyeing the silent range. "It takes me to make these witty retorts."

"Is that you?" called the wife of his bosom from the dining-room.

"Yes, my dear," replied the mild voice in question. "It's me! The general news is pretty good to-night. I got a copy of *The Evening Planet*—"

Mrs. Bowermeek, entering the kitchen, glanced out of the window.

"Mr. Smith's been working there since five o'clock," she hinted.

Her husband peered over her shoulder, scorning the Smith domain.

"That fellow says he's going to feed the world, Amazonia. And he calls that mixture a garden! That!"

"Well, it looks like a garden to me."

"Bah! No science there! No theory! No—. Now if I was to start a garden—"

"Yes, that's what I've often thought," cut in his wife. "Why don't you?"

"Eh, what?" cried Mr. Bowermeek, turning quickly. "Me, Oh, er, why, you see—"

"I see a man who loafs around from half-past five to eight."

"Hang it all, Amazonia, I will start a garden and show you all what I can do!"

"Do you really mean it?" she asked doubtfully.

"Such is my manifest intention," with dignity.

"Then we won't need to buy any vegetables this summer," replied Mrs. Bowermeek.

"Don't be mercenary, my love. I mean to grow flowers as well. Nature's—"

"You can't eat flowers," was the retort. "They may be beautiful, but they soon fade."

"'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,'" quoted the poety with relish.

"Well, all right; so long as you don't grow any free verse."

But Mr. Bowermeek was slightly nettled. "Now hear me, Amazonia," he cried, striking a favourite street car attitude, highly favoured by the late Mark Antony, "by the sweet-tongued Keats, by the flute-throated Tennyson, I shall make such a garden and raise such flowers and vegetables fit to, ahem, to set before a king."

And with this mild plagiarism from Mother Goose, he beat a safe and speedy retreat upstairs to peruse the thrilling columns of *The Planet*.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Bowermeek as she lit the gas stove. "I'm sure he'll get tangled up in something." Then, requesting her daughter Carolina to set the table, she proceeded to fry the evening potatoes.

But soon after six another question arose. "I don't know what's keeping your father, Carrie," that damsel was informed. "Supper's all ready, and I've rattled a plate at the stairs, but he doesn't hear. 'Tisn't like him."

"I'll go up and tell him," said Carolina, laying aside the romantic novel she was reading. She reappeared in a few minutes, followed by her captured parent.

"I never heard you, my dear," he advised his wife. "I became so engrossed in *The Planet's* news—"

"Think our baseball team 'ull win the pennant this year, Pop?" inquired Master Alfred Bowermeek, aged ten, whom the tactless neighbours referred to as a "limb".

"I guess so, Alfred," abstractedly. "But," he addressed his better half, "I discovered that *The Planet* is devoting a page to 'Amateur Gardening,' like they do other years. This time it's conducted by a remarkably intelligent man; he has the nom-de-plume of 'Uncle Bill Farmer'. Newspapers, I believe, sometimes use fictitious names."

"Is that so?" murmured Mrs. Bowermeek, who was always suspicious of the public press.

"Yes; but this 'Uncle Bill' has a high intelligence. He says that gardening, digging and hoeing is a very healthy exercise for boys between eight and sixteen."

"Aw gee!" wailed Master Alfred, who had visions of a ruined summer.

"What's he know about it anyway? Making us work all day! He must be crazy!"

"Don't be disrespectful, sir!" chided his father.

"Aw, this crazy farmer fellow's got no more sense 'n a cat!"

"Silence, sir," Mr. Bowermeek, justly incensed, caught his son a fillip on the ear. It was only slight, and for a moment Master Bowermeek was undecided whether to yell or to be surprised. But his mother decided for him.

"How dare you, Mr. Bowermeek?" she cried, patting her angel's ear. "What a thing—to fly into a temper and strike your innocent child! I'm ashamed of you, Mr. B.!"

"I never meant to hurt him," protested the defendant. "Let me explain, Amazonia."

It took the rest of the meal to soothe the ruffled lady of the house.

The next afternoon, Mr. Bowermeek made a careful reconnaissance at the back door.

"So you're back, eh?" was his wife's greetng.

"Yes, my dear," he replied quickly; "hope you're feeling well. Are—"

"What's that you've got there?" she interrupted, pointing to a parcel he carried tucked under one arm; "more books, I suppose."

"Why, oh, er, yes, my love, these are a couple of books," he admitted. "But," he hastened to add, "I picked them up cheap."

"Anything you want is always cheap," Mrs. Bowermeek spoke with cold emphasis. "I don't suppose you know where they are giving away a few dresses or bonnets, do you?"

"Now, my dear," begged the little man. "Just wait a moment. Think what these books mean to us! Think what we're going to save! Think—"

"I'm tired," was the weary retort, "of always doing your thinking. What are those books?"

"They're on amateur gardening," he replied with inward relief. "Thought I might as well have a little advice on the subject. This one is called 'Helpful Hints for Home Gardening,' by the celebrated Professor Grubbe. It certainly looks good. Hum-mm. This other one by the learned Dr. Josephus Bush is entitled 'The Gardener's Friend, or How to Plant a Ten Acre Lot.' Fine! Then this paper is *The Evening Planet*. Pleasure as well as profit. Eh! What's this? Why, bless my soul!" This affectionate appellation was called forth by the startling appearance of Master Alfred Bowermeek, who shot in the back door, his hands and face streaked with congealed clay, while portions clung to his youthful anatomy.

"What d'you mean coming in like—?" began his father.

"Me an' Percy White's been havin' a fine time," answered the ingenuous youth, "digging a trench in the back yard. The earth's soft an' mushy, an' we got down about two feet." Breaking off, he stared at his parents.

"What's this!" The little man was hotly aroused. "Digging in the back yard? Listen to me, Alfred. I am going to make a garden in—"

"Go and scrape that mud off, young man," commanded Mrs. Bowermeek sternly. "Don't you dare come tracking up my clean kitchen."

"But attend to me, Alfred. I intend to plant flowers and vegetables in the yard, so in future you are not to dig there."

"But, Pop, it's the only place I have to play in."

"Not another word, Alfred, not another word," reproved the elder Bowermeek, "play somewhere else. Dig in Willie Smith's yard. I intend to use ours."

"Huh!" remarked Master Alfred. He slid toward the dining-room door, but under the menace of his mother's finger slouched stoopwards to remove the alluvial deposits.

"Dear me," thought Mr. Bowermeek, standing helplessly in the middle of the floor; "It's very annoying. Fancy if he had dug it up after

I had planted the seeds! That reminds me: I'll need some seeds. I suppose I'd better dig it up a bit. Loosen the earth, eh? Don't seem to care about doing it, but I'd best get it over. I'll go over the books after dinner."

With the air of a martyr, he searched for and found the family spade, and like a well-fed alderman planting a memorial tree, he began to dig. He could hear Smith pottering around in his garden.

"Poor creature," reflected Mr. Bowermeek, imagining a luxurious vegetation; "how envious he will be of me!"

After the dinner things were cleared away, and Master Alfred had unwillingly begun to study his lessons, Mr. Bowermeek picked up "The Gardener's Friend". He read the first three pages with a tranquil smile; at page five his face assumed a worried look; at the ninth page a frown darkened his Shakespearian brow, and at the tenth he closed the book.

"Ahem, my dear Amazonia," he said in answer to her facial query, "this is rather heavy reading. I think I am quite competent to go ahead myself. I'll see what *The Planet* has to say." Then for some time the only sounds were the weary sighs from the young student.

"Ah, this is the stuff," Mr. Bowermeek chuckled. "Here's a clever 'Amateur Gardening' page. This 'Uncle Bill Farmer' knows what he's talking about. Just listen to this—does my reading interrupt you, Alfred?"

"Sure not, Pop," replied the amiable student, delighted at any interruption. "Are you going to read the jokes?"

"Ahem!" began Mr. Bowermeek, too ocupied to notice his son's remark. " 'There are stated to be many ways to successfully raise a crop of sweet corn,' " he read, " 'but the one given below is found extremely satisfactory. First, after plowing and watering the field, carefully rake the ground. Then dig circular abrasions in the earth 8 inches apart and 4 deep, in which secrete the seeds.' That's well put!" approved the would-be gardener. "He says, 'if a cyclone, a cloutburst, or a drought does not assail the newly planted field, there is every reason to expect a bountiful crop.' There's a lot more about other vegetables as well as flowers. I'll make a list of the seeds I want, and I'll buy *The Planet* every night."

"But you don't want to raise corn," said Mrs. Bowermeek dryly. "Do you?"

"Of course not," he gave such a foolish question the scorn it deserved. "This only illustrates the ingrained cleverness of the man."

After which retort courteous, Mr. Bowermeek found a last year's seed catalogue and soon was lost in a maze of cosmos, fuchsias, gloxinias, azalia indica, refer to page so-and-so, etc. He did not gain much satisfaction from it. When the conventional good-nights had been bandied back and forth, falling asleep (as was usual), he dreamed of flowers, vegetables, gardens, back yards, and cornstalks tall as the tallest bank building; he dreamed of himself fondly embracing the talented farm-editor of *The Planet*, or being crowned with laurel, he couldn't remember exactly which it was.

Next day he bought the seeds. Before dinner he planted sweet peas, cauliflowers, nasturtiums, begonias and artichokes. Barely waiting until dessert was decently finished, he rushed out again, the red light of action gleaming in his eye, and succeeded in "secreting" a bed of radishes, a row of string beans, some scarlet dahlias, and six tomato plants. Then, straightening himself, he beamed on his handiwork.

At that moment his neighbour stuck his head over the fence.

"I bet the profiteers would be mad," he said rather facetiously, "if they knew what you're at. You've certainly got a great conglomeration, Bowermeek. I stick to carrots, beets and beans. Is that a tulip bulb you're going to put in?"

Mr. Bowermeek snorted. "Don't try to be funny, Smith. What's wrong with this tulip?"

"Oh, nothin'. Only it otta be planted in the Fall. But you're doing the patriotic thing, Bowermeek, even if—." The insufferable creature disappeared.

How dare he patronize a higher intellect? How dare he criticize? Though it might be best to keep the tulip till the autumn. But such excruciating taste! Carrots, beets and beans! Ugh!

It was growing dark, and Mr. Bowermeek felt very stiff—he had been working for nearly half an hour. So he retired to receive his wife's antarctic stare and the advice of "Uncle Bill Farmer".

The week following he watched anxiously for floral signs, and their non-arrival puckered his brow with worry. Do not think this versatile gentleman had never attempted a garden before. He had; in fact several times. But other years a few weeks after the seeds had been planted, he wandered on another tack, and if the flowers did appear, his mind soared above them.

One hot evening in June, wandering to the front door to have a look at the weather, he found Carolina entertaining a young man.

"Ahem!" insinuated Mr. Bowermeek.

"Is that you, father?" asked his daughter languidly. "This is Mr. Fustle. He's a reporter on one of the big papers."

"Delighted to meet you, my dear young friend," chortled the genial host. "You're a reporter, eh? It must be very interesting work. On what paper are your talents engaged, if I may inquire?"

Mr. Fustle looked bored, but played up nobly. He was a medium-sized youth, with a complexion slightly relieved by freckles, and curly hair. He considered himself a natty dresser, which was amply proved by his gorgeous red tie and glittering tan boots, topped by the cutest hose. All these things counted, and he was admiringly dubbed by his confrères "a hot sport".

"I'm on the staff of *The Evening Planet*," the youth replied, hoping the old chap would soon go in.

"'*The Planet!*'-" gasped Mr. Bowermeek. "Why I read it every night. It's a very fine paper."

"Yep," replied Mr. Fustle, "it's pretty good."

"What branch—er—position do you occupy on the staff?"

"Oh," was the modest reply, "I generally go over the editorials before they're printed; put in the pep, you know. Course I write a good many things myself, but I mostly fix up the other fellows' stuff." He thought of dubbing himself managing editor, but decided he'd gone the limit.

Mr. Bowermeek's mouth falling ajar, he stared at his informant with wide eyes.

"There is one column in your paper in which I am much interested," he began earnestly. "It is the page on—er—gardening, conducted by a person called —er—'Uncle Bill Farmer.' Do you know——?"

"It's pretty good stuff," cut in Mr. Fustle. "You like it?"

"It's excellent. Er—ah, is he a farmer?"

"Well not exactly a farmer," answered Mr. Fustle, with a silent grin, "but there are lots of chaps that know more about farming than the farmers themselves."

"Quite true," agreed his delighted hearer.

"Isn't the moon lovely, rising above those flaky clouds, Charlie?" remarked the ignored Carolina, shooting a pained glance at her tactless parent, which was lost in the dark.

"Eh? Oh sure!" responded the mainstay of *The Planet*, then perceiving more was expected, he added with unction, "It certainly is!" Wish the old boy would fade away and have a snooze, he thought. Just then an idea flashed through his fertile mind. "Have a cigarette," and he gallantly offered his box.

"Eh, what?" cried Mr. Bowermeek, with a pleased smile. "Why, er, Charlie, don't care if I do." He extracted one, and after a covert study lighted it with an "eight day" match. "I don't know how long it is since I smoked one of these things," he remarked, giving a backward glance through the open door. "Ahem, it's very nice, but if you young people will excuse me, I'll take a look at my garden."

In the privacy of his own back yard, he minutely inspected the white circular object. "It is funny," he ruminated, "that men prefer to smoke pipes." And then this particular cigarette, in the heyday of its youth and glory, was ignominiously thrust into the ash can.

At breakfast the next morning Miss Bowermeek inquired what her father thought of Mr. Fustle.

"Why,—er—my dear," was the reply, "I thought him a very estimable young man. Yes, indeed. His tan boots reminded me of your mother's tomato catsup."

"He does dress stylish," agreed Carolina. "Those socks must have cost quite a bit. But, father, I want to tell you——"

"Young people are awful extravagant nowadays," put in Mrs. Bowermeek. "Now when I was a girl——" This gem of youthful reminiscence was lost, for Master Alfred, swallowing a piece of toast the wrong way, had to be thumped on the back.

For three successive nights Mr. Bowermeek kept away from the front stoop. But on the fourth he could resist no longer. He passed through the house and stood framed in the un-Gothic doorway, prefacing himself by a gentle cough.

The reportorial one was informing Carolina that he feared the entire *Planet* would fail, bust, and utterly smash up if its saving genius, one Mr. Charles K. Fustle, again went away. At the slight "ahem" he looked up, and the conversation dropped. Carolina remarked it was a beautiful night, the polite youth responded "sure," and Mr. Bowermeek cleared his throat.

"Speaking of newspapers," he began with splendid irrelevance, "I suppose in your work you find it necessary to read a good deal of the old masters, eh?"

"The what?" Mr. Fustle ejaculated. "D'you mean the fellows that write the sport page or prohibition news?"

"I refer to the old writers and poets, such as Keats, Byron, and Longfellow."

"Oh them!" answered the authority as if he and the aforementioned persons lived in the same flat. "Sure, I know their stuff. Byron does some good work, but that crazy loon Keats makes me sick."

"Wh-w-what!" gasped Mr. Bowermeek, nearly losing his temper, and falling back against the door. "Keats! Don't be disrespectful to those great men who have gone! Oh dear, I must go to my garden!"

He staggered through the house in a dazed way. "He doesn't like Keats! The upstart!" muttered Mr. Bowermeek, "worming himself into my favour only to bite the hand that would willingly talk with him. Oh wretched boy, I have been misled! Oh ungrateful young man! taking up my porch and stealing my innocent child's heart! What!" he cried, beset by a terrible thought, "can the villain mean to——I can hardly believe it! But I noticed he grew red when I spoke to him, and Carolina seemed embarrassed. Why was that? Supposing he has induced her to fly! Oh dear! What should I do? It is my duty as a parent to protect my child. I will go and unmask the soft-spoken deceiver who doesn't like Keats!"

Through the darkened house he peered. Then changing his mind, he cautiously went around the side way. He peeked round the brick corner. Horrors! The porch was empty!

Stepping out he caught sight of Carolina and Mr. Fustle disappear-

ing up the street. Mr. Bowermeek staggered back against the door jam.

"Too late!" he gasped. "They're gone! Oh, I am thankful Amazonia is not here; it would break her heart."

It was growing dark and Mr. Bowermeek was glad, for it hid his grief. A red automobile cavorted past, scattering a perfume of attar-de-gasoline; to the distracted gentleman it seemed as if the tail-light winked unkindly. He had a wild idea of ringing in a fire alarm, but he got a grip on himself in time. The leering man in the moon had witnessed the entire scene, yet he offered no satisfaction.

"I will follow at once," he thought. "I must overtake them."

Poetry and romance would have the irate parent pursue the eloping couple in a post chaise or on a sorrel cob; Mr. Bowermeek thought of this hazily as he tried to assume a dignified tread when passing the obnoxious Smith house.

At the corner he paused irresolute. "I think they turned up this way," he murmured. He was now on a semi-business street, where the glaring store windows sneered at his misery and the careless promenaders gave no heed to the hatless little man.

"What shall I do when I catch him?" he pondered. "Will I choke him? Or would it be better to treat him with contempt? No; I think I will simply shoot him and get it over."

A lighted window threw an irregular yellow splash on the pavement. The coloured jar on each side, and the row of patent-medicine bottles bespoke the drug-store even before you heard the buzz of the soda-water fountain. Mr. Bowermeek looked in. Then he straightened himself with an electric jerk. For, seated calmly at the counter, oblivious of the furore they had created, were Carolina and young Mr. Fustle. They were both imbibing very pink coloured ice cream soda. He was doing the talking — a great deal of it — and she punctuated her rapt attention with sodafied giggles.

Mr. Bowermeek looked, saw, and turned away. His revulsion of feeling was terrible; that is to say, he slunk home like a man who had been buncoed out of fifty dollars.

Summer, as the poet would remark, was fleeting like a passing dream. Mr. Bowermeek thought of this dimly, standing disconsolate in the middle of his dejected garden.

The sweet peas had risen to a height of four feet, eight inches, and then drooped; some of the other flowers did appear, but they were not what they should have been. However the nasturtiums flourished right merrily, thereby gladdening his heart.

But the vegetables,—ah, there's the rub! Denizens of the garden stratum showed a particular liking for the carrots; the radishes were surreptitiously devoured by Master Alfred and his confederates, who in turn blamed it on the family cat; while the least said about the cauliflowers and artichokes, the better. And the tomato plants, pride of Mr. Bowermeek's heart, hung out four unhappy-coloured pieces of fruit, which in the course of a single night, withered and shrunk to nothing more than woe-begone pulps.

One morning at breakfast Mrs. Bowermeek fixing her vis-à-vis with an icy eye, remarked that she thought a man who didn't know how to run a garden shouldn't try. To which her husband replied that he knew very well how to run one.

"It doesn't look like it," the lady retorted. "Now there's Mr. Smith's—"

"You know, Amazonia," he tried to ignore the hateful name, "you know I have been grossly misled; this—er—'Uncle Bill Farmer' is a fraud and an impostor!"

"Father," said Carolina, "you have no right to speak of him in that way."

"Of who?" demanded the head of the house of Bowermeek.

"Why, don't you know? Charlie Fustle writes *The Planet's* gardening page. I wanted to tell you, but you always looked so worried and—— queer. That night you talked about Keats he was telling me about his adventures over in France. Of course he wasn't in any big battle—but he's a hero just the same. Don't you think so, father?" Carolina blushed quite prettily. But for a moment the silence was intense. Then:

"I always knew," Mr. Bowermeek rose nobly to the occasion, "I was always convinced he was an extremely fine young man."

But viewing his disconsolate earth plots that evening, can you wonder his mind was rather confused? The garden was a failure, that was certain. The expert advice had merely been camouflage after all. His airy dreams of the moment had tumbled like a house of cards. Moreover, Mrs. Bowermeek remained autocrat of his baronial keep, and the little man was no philosopher.

But he was an optimist, which suffices for a great deal.

* * *

THE TIARA

BY MAY WYNNE

HE business," said Mr. Rawlden, "is confidential."

There was an ensuing pause during which the two men took each other's measure.

John Gesdell nodded. "Of course," he replied cautiously, "we have a great deal of confidential business to do for our clients."

Rawlden raised his brows as he glanced round this inner sanctum belonging to the famous jewellers. He had heard, it is true, of society ladies pawning or selling family heirlooms and having their counterparts made in paste wherewith to deceive their husbands. Yes, he had heard and remarked as much to the keen-eyed business man who had every appearance of a gentleman.

Young Gesdell smiled. "One does not talk of such things," he remarked, "in fact, one does not talk of business at all."

His client's face brightened. "Good," he said in quite naïve satisfaction, "that is what I like to hear. Again I repeat my business is confidential, may I rely on your discretion?"

"Certainly."

Rawlden slipped his hand into his breast pocket, took out a small leather case, deliberately opened it and brought out a folded paper which he passed across to the jeweller. The latter spread it out upon the table and studied the pencilled sketch critically.

"Diamonds?" he queried, looking at the paper from several angles.

"And emeralds," said Rawlden, drawing a deep breath, "that is the sketch of a tiara which has been in my step-mother's family for generations. She is the last living representative, she had hoped to leave it to my step-sister, who if she married was to take my mother's maiden name. My sister, however, eloped when she was seventeen and went abroad, where she died. The tiara has for many years been in my possession. In March it was stolen from me; I did everything in my power to discover the thief, but the detectives have been at fault. Still, I hope, I am convinced, it will eventually be discovered. In the meantime a niece has unexpectedly put in an appearance. She is my late step-sister's only child, orphaned. My mother has received her. It will soon, I know, be a question of producing the tiara to give to Cynthia. If it had not been for her arrival I feel sure my mother would never have asked to see the jewels again, for her resentment against my sister was acute. The girl changes everything, and I dread the consequences should my mother ask for the tiara and I fail to produce it. My mother has a disease of the heart, and the shock, the anger occasioned by such a loss, might be fatal. You will now understand why I want this work done at once, so that if the original jewels should not have been traced before my step-mother asks for them I can satisfy her with the paste representation until the jewels are safe once more in my keeping."

John Gesdell was pondering over the sketch as his client spoke. It was certainly an elaborate explanation to give a mere jeweller, but Gesdell was used to all sorts of eccentricities in his clients' manner of giving orders.

"The work shall be put in hand at once, sir," he said, "though I can give no date for its completion. There is a great deal of fine handling needed here which I shall have to do myself. But you can rely upon my getting it done as soon as possible.

Rawlden nodded and rose.

"If you could give an approximate date," he said carelessly, "I would call for it."

Gesdell hesitated.

"I am afraid that is impossible," he replied, "it is most uncertain. Kindly leave me your address and I will drop you a line when the tiara is finished."

He had an intuitive knowledge that the other hesitated, and again a vague suspicion, born first half an hour before, flashed across his mind. He looked keenly at this client, and the latter, flushing duskily, drew out a card and laid it on the table. Gesdell glanced at it—the address Bartram Bawlden had given was that of a business firm.

When Rawlden had gone after urgent repetitions about wanting the tiara at once, Gesdell sat down and drew the pencilled sketch close again. It was well done with neat markings where emeralds and diamonds were to be placed, yet Gesdell did not seem satisfied. He frowned as he studied, comparing the sketch with some other illustrations.

"Queer," he murmured, "that setting is and yet is not conventional. I dare swear that design, irregular as it is, was not the formation of a tiara which has been handed down from one generation to another. There's something wrong—somewhere."

In his way Gesdell was a connoisseur in jewels and their setting. Jeweller by trade he was gentleman by birth and a rich man into the bargain, yet, being on the right side of thirty and a bachelor, he preferred sticking to trade where many men in his position would have gone into society which ever opens its doors to the golden key.

He laid down the drawing at last, and took up the business card. As he did so he started, half closing his eyes as a man who suddenly recollects what has escaped his memory.

"Rawlden and Quandy," he murmured. "Of course! And this stepmother of his must be the old Mrs. Naughton I have heard Bessie mention, she lives at Chitley's Court, not a mile from Bessie's house. H'm. I wonder now if Bessie could have me down for a week-end."

He took up the telephone receiver with the promptness of one who acts on quick resolve, and two hours later was seated on the train on his way to Harleton in Herts., scarcely aware himself why he was going.

Mrs. Emsden was delighted to see the brother who had been her closest chum since childhood.

"You dear," she said, hugging him, "but why have you come after yarning so much about the press of business? Are you going in for nervous breakdown?"

Gesdell laughed.

"I look like it, don't I?" he retorted, "but the fact is I am interested in someone in your neighbourhood. Will you for once let me ask questions whilst you refrain like the heroic soul you are from asking me any in return?"

Bessie Emsden grimaced.

"You are a privileged person," she said, "I promise—though I don't like doing so a bit."

So Gesdell asked his questions, and after half an hour's brisk conversation was in possession of certain facts.

Old Mrs. Naughton lived at the Court; she was something of an invalid and had a step-son whom Bessie disliked much, and described to her brother's complete satisfaction. Last week—no! this week as ever was, a grand-daughter had arrived; very pretty, very colonial, very unconventional, very young.

"Of course, the old cats of the neighbourhood are talking," added Bessie, "they must gossip or they'd bust, and they are horrified at this Cynthia Crysington going to town in the milk cart, riding the donkey bare-backed through the village, etc. I like the girl. She came to apologize because her dog 'rooted' the garden."

"Good," said Gesdell, "let it rootle again and invite her in every time. Chum with her, old girl, if you want to please me, perhaps you could even ask her in to tea to-morrow?"

Bessie said she could—and she did. What is more, the fair Cynthia came, saw—and I was going to say conquered, only I'm not so sure that she was not conquered herself!

She was a very pretty girl, in the vivid, blue-eyed type, with masses of untidy brown hair and a gorgeous complexion.

She and Gesdell were hand and glove at once, fraternizing over a pet dog which had caught its foot in a trap. Gesdell helped to bind up a bleeding paw and incidentally noted the courage of this girl, her simplicity, her tender heart, and her friendly bearing. He longed to ask questions about her uncle, but refrained. The case was so curious, his suspicions so unfounded, but when he left on Tuesday morning he had a request to make his sister.

"Chum with old Mrs. Naughton's grand-daughter," he urged. "I have a —er—business reason for the request which I can't explain at present."

Bessie Emsden laughed as she patted her brother on the shoulder. "I've never heard it called business before," was her absurd reply, "but of course I'll chum with Cynthia, who is a dear— and she helps on a certain theory of mine about love at first sight."

John Gesdell returned to town and business. He set to work the same day on the tiara. It was fine work as he had said to Rawlden, and he found it most interesting because the pattern was perfectly irregular. He knew exactly, being a connoisseur in antiques, how those jewels ought to have been set, and he became more and more convinced that the original pointing of that tiara was not in the least like the design.

"I would give a good deal to see that original," the young man mused. "Great Scott! it must have been worth a fortune;—curious that the stealing of such an important piece of jewellery did not get advertised in the papers."

But altogether the business was a "blind alley", though all the time Gesdell was asking himself the obvious question—had Rawlden still got the original tiara, and meant to palm off the counterfeit on his niece? Yet if so, how did the design come to be bungled? For Gesdell was sure the Naughton heirloom had never been pointed like the paste representation.

He went down to Harleton more than once — after learning from Bessie that Bartram Rawlden was away from home—whilst Bessie, being feminine and therefore match-making, saw to it that Cynthia was always invited to meet him.

She was charming, that girl, Gesdell would have told you that a man could not have been ordinary flesh and blood who failed to fall in love with her. He was "head over ears" an hour after his first introduction, and suffered the usual agonizing pangs of doubt and fear owing to Cynthia's unresponsiveness. She treated him with a gay and quite unconventional camaraderie where he wanted blushes, shy glances, and timid overtures to meet his own. Cynthia's laugh was as joyous as a lark, her glances frank. Her handshake the grip of a boy. She was in fact as different from the ordinary young woman, who eyes every eligible young man as a possible mate, as could be.

"I'm bubbling with excitement," she told Gesdell one Sunday. "Grannie is going to give me a wonderful present on my birthday, and I am to wear it at the Rampton Hunt Ball.

Guess what it is. I'll not give you more than two guesses."

"An emerald and diamond tiara," said Gesdell promptly, watching the pretty face opposite in keen scrutiny. Cynthia opened her eyes very wide.

"How did you know?" she cried, "I haven't even told Bessie yet."

Gesdell's smile was enigmatical.

"So I am right," he replied.

"You knew—it couldn't have been a guess. Yes, it is an emerald and diamond tiara. The 'Naughton' tiara, Grannie calls it, she told me all about it last night,"—and the young girl's face grew wistful. "Do you know?" she added, in a burst of confidence, "about my mother — and Grannie thinking that there never would be anyone to wear the Naughton Tiara again?"

"Yes," said Gesdell, "I know. But tell me, how does it come to be the 'Naughton' tiara?"

"Grannie told me that too," nodded Cynthia. "She married an Alan Rawlden, but he took her maiden name. That is always the way. When I," she blushed furiously, "if I," she supplemented, then broke off in that hopeless embarrassment which takes bashful eighteen unawares at times when alluding to a subject we may suppose to be very near her heart!

Mrs. Emsden happened to come in at the moment, and Cynthia greeted her with effusion. "Mr. Gesdell and I have been talking secrets," she said, giving Gesdell his cue, "and I have news for you too. I am going to the Rampton Hunt Ball on the 30th. I do hope you are going to be there. Uncle Bartram is taking me—and if you go you will see my secret, for I shall be wearing it!"

Mrs. Emsden was delighted, though entirely on the wrong tack. She supposed the "secret" would confess itself in a bran new engagement ring, and so looked mighty wise and smiling, so that Cynthia flushed up again and prepared to beat a hasty retreat.

"Of course, dear, I shall go to the ball," cried Bessie, following her little friend, "to take care of John, as naturally he will be going, and I shall certainly have a new dress for the occasion."

She was well snubbed by John himself afterwards for daring to take him so publicly for granted; but Bessie had the best of the argument when he had to admit it was his intention to be present at the ball.

It did not surprise Gesdell to receive a call early next week from Bartram Rawlden. He had been expecting this visit and in fact working toward this end. So far he had succeeded in keeping from his client the fact that he had been down to Harleton, and he trusted to a proverbial luck that Rawlden — having been away from home since his young niece's coming — would not have heard his name mentioned, or in any way connect him with Cynthia's friends. And he was right.

Cynthia had talked to her grandmother freely about Bessie Emsden, but had only most casually mentioned her new friend's brother, and the latter's name had not come to Rawlden's ears at all.

So far so good, and Gesdell knew at once that he was safe when Rawlden asked if the tiara were finished.

"My niece is to receive it next week," he said, "though after all there need not have been all this trouble about the matter. The private detective who has charge of the case tells me he hopes to place the tiara in my hands in a month's time. So all is well that ends well. I do not mind expense as my mother's heart is so weak. The shock of hearing her treasured jewels had been stolen would certainly have killed her."

"What is the reading of the riddle?" thought Gesdell after Rawlden had gone, taking the paste tiara with him; but puzzle as he might the conundrum remained inexplicable. Of one thing, however, he was certain—that paste tiara, triumph of jeweller's art as it was, was no faithful reproduction of the original. And John Gesdell did not trust Bartram Rawlden.

The night of the Rampton Hunt Ball arrived in due time, bringing Gesdell once more to his sister's house. He found her not only in raptures over her own new gown of amber-coloured charmeuse, but with her own conviction that her cherished "match" was actually to be announced that very night.

Brothers so seldom marry the girls their sisters plan for them that when such arrangements do come off there is an added kudos about them.

Gesdell did not quite fill the role of anxious lover, though the anxiety was there all right, and found outlet in the grumpiest of humours which did not improve by Bessie telling him she knew "exactly how he felt".

Exactly how he felt indeed! Why! he did not know himself. The Hunt Ball was a brilliant function brilliantly represented. There was an unusual sprinkling of men in pink, and the ladies had been careful in the shading of their dresses to tone with their partners' bright attire.

Bessie Emsden was soon dancing away as gaily as a girl of eighteen, but Gesdell hung back, standing apart from the butterfly group of girls and youths. He was watching for his "belle of the evening," picturing her just such a vision as Tennyson's Maud with a "little head sunning over with curls," and all the joyous youth of her personality. He loved her. Yes, he knew that well enough as he stood there, where, in spite of his trade-rank, he had a right to stand with the gentry of the country, as an equal.

"Not come!" exclaimed Bessie, coming up to him presently, her pretty face incredulous. "What can have happened? Cynthia is the first débutante I ever heard of being so late for her coming out ball, and she was so keen."

"Well, she's not come anyhow," snapped Gesdell sourly. "And I very much doubt if she means to do so. I suppose she thinks it a joke to sell a fellow a pup like this,"—and he went off to the smoking lounge because he did not choose to wait for Bessie's sympathy.

But Bessie Emsden had discretion, and knew better than to show pity to a disappointed swain.

Neither Cynthia nor her uncle appeared at the ball, and their defection was much criticized by those who felt interest in the "new" granddaughter who had so mysteriously appeared to gladden the heart of old Mrs. Naughton.

Cynthia had already won friends and admirers for herself in the neighbourhood, as well as critics and disparagers who sneered at her unconventional ways and colonial hoydenishness.

John Gesdell overheard many of the criticisms passed and champed over the unfriendly ones in wrath. Altogether the Rampton Hunt Ball was a hopeless failure as far as he was concerned, and he was thoroughly disagreeable during the drive home.

Of course, Bessie was disappointed too — dreadfully disappointed, she declared, but she had so obviously enjoyed herself in spite of certain blighted hopes that John would make no confidante of her.

"I really expect old Mrs. Naughton is ill," said Mrs. Emsden, more cheerfully, "the doctors say she may go off any minute with that heart of hers, and I suppose Cynthia's appearance on the scene and the very fact of her début into society have been a strain. I must go round to-morrow morning to inquire."

"I shouldn't bother to do anything of the kind," retorted John, "ten to one you will not be wanted. Probably Miss Cynthia never intended to come to the ball at all."

He wanted Bessie to be shocked, to argue, to reproach him for a remark he did not believe in himself, but she did nothing of the kind, merely asking him to pull up the car window as it was chilly.

Gesdell returned to town by the early train next morning, feeling as cheap as a man can do after being up all night not enjoying himself. Prob-

ably he made himself unusually disagreeable at business, and was bored stiff with life by the luncheon hour when, as he was in the act of putting on his hat, a telegram was brought to him.

It was from Bessie and ran as follows:

"Come at once. Cynthia in trouble."

"Just like Bessie," thought the ungrateful brother, "saves sixpense, and gives me the fiend's own journey down to Harleton."

But he lost no time in starting.

Bessie met him in the hall and caught both his hands.

"My dear boy," she cried, "I had to wire because this needs someone to use their brains. Cynthia is in despair. It is all about the wretched tiara."

"Go on," Gesdell, "go on."

There was no object in saying he had half expected this.

"Cynthia came down to me soon after breakfast," said Bessie, "I believe she had come to see you. She was half crazy with grief. Would you like her to tell you it all as she told it to me? She is in the library?"

John did not reply, he just walked off to the library—and there was Cynthia.

She was crying, poor little girl, but she gulped down her tears at sight of Gesdell, who came forward and took her two hands.

There was something wonderfully comforting in the way he took those hands and held them—fast.

"Little girl," he said simply, "I can help you and I'm going to help you. Tell me the whole tale, that is all I ask."

She looked up at him, at first just a beautiful child, in sorrow and distress, then with that deeper expression dawning in her eyes that he was so glad to see.

"I told you," she replied without hesitation, "about the Naughton tiara. Grannie gave it to me on my birthday three weeks ago. Uncle Bartram brought it down. I never was so pleased about anything, it was just lovely. Grannie talked of it being an heirloom, and of more value in the eyes of any Naughton than any money. I could hardly believe it was mine. I—well, if you were a girl like me you would understand—"

"The tiara was put away in a special safe, and Uncle Bartram gave me a key."

"Don't look at it too often," he said jokingly, "remember I am in town and not here to look after you—and it."

"He said it so oddly that I was cross, for I never did like him, and I daresay I was rude, for Grannie was vexed—so vexed that I almost took a dislike to my beautiful tiara which I thought she valued more than me. So I never looked at it—till last night, when I got it out after I was dressed for the ball, and Henjer, my maid, fastened it on. Grannie was up in her boudoir, and I went straight up to her. Uncle Bartram was there pacing up and down, and Grannie lay back in her big chair looking oh! so white.

"Come here, Cynthia," she said in a new sort of voice, and when I knelt at her feet, thinking she would say something nice she put up her glasses and stared at the tiara. I heard her give a queer little gasp, and I got frightened and asked her what was the matter.

"Take off the tiara," she said, and when I did so Uncle Bartram came over and they both looked at it in silence.

Then Uncle Bartram said hoarsely:

"That is not the Naughton tiara. It is not the tiara I gave Cynthia three weeks ago; the pointings are absolutely different. It is nothing but a clumsy, paste make-believe. The story I heard in town must be true."

"I didn't understand, I was looking at Grannie, who looked as if turned to gray stone.

"Grannie," I cried, "what does it mean? Of course this is the same tiara—my beautiful tiara."

But Grannie had dropped the jewels.

"A thief's daughter," she said, in an awful voice, "and a thief. I might have known. The Naughton tiara has been sold, lost—destroyed. I shall never see it again. And I trusted you."

Cynthia covered her face with her hands.

"It was terrible," she moaned, "terrible to hear her speak like that, and then she just swayed forward and I would have caught her, but Uncle Bartram pushed me aside, crying out, 'You have killed her, you wicked girl. Go away at once,'—and I went, I was so frightened. I came here. I—oh, Mr. Gesdell, do tell me what it means?"

Gesdell's face was so grim that no wonder her cry ran piteously, but the next second the look in his eyes reassured her.

"It means," he said, "that your uncle has not proved to be a sufficiently clever criminal. Will you come up to the Court with me and hear the explanation?"

They looked at each other, reading the secret which lay between them yet unspoken.

Then—"Yes," said Cynthia, "I will come with you."

Quite naturally Gesdell drew her to him, and kissed her—he knew he could not have been mistaken just now, and there could have been no words spoken in such a crisis.

Mrs. Naughton was not dead. Terrible as the sudden strain had been, certain as anyone might have supposed that it would kill her—it had not done so! She had rallied, and the hastily-summoned doctor had been astounded on his second visit to find how far she had recovered.

There is no doubt at all that her step-son was even more astounded than the doctor at this phenomenon. What the full extent of his feelings must have been will be understood presently.

As chance—or fate—had it, Gesdell was able to stop the doctor's car in the drive; when he rejoined Cynthia he was smiling.

"It's all right," he said, "Marley is no fool. He will be back directly in case he is needed."

Then they went on together.

It was Cynthia who, with her ready disregard to convention, opened the garden door, and let herself and her companion in to the house.

"This way," she whispered, "we need not go through the hall, but straight up to Grannie's room by the back-stairs."

Stealthily they stole upstairs. On the landing they met Mrs. Naughton's maid, who was all for stopping their entry into her mistress's room.

"Mr. Rawlden is in there, Miss Cynthia," the woman protested. "I—"

"No one need know you met us," retorted Cynthia, who was showing a splendid though white-faced pluck. She opened the door as she spoke.

When Rawlden saw Gesdell he cursed furiously—but he was too late. Cynthia was by the bedside where Mrs. Naughton lay propped up by pillows.

"Grannie, dear," she cried, "I have brought John Gesdell to explain about the tiara. Will you listen?"

The sick woman looked from one to the other. It must have been her step-son's face that convinced her.

"Go on," she whispered.

It was Gesdell who replied by drawing out the sketch of the tiara he had copied in paste. This he laid before Mrs. Naughton and told his tale.

It was all transparently clear now.

Rawlden had never lost the Naughton tiara, but when he heard he would be called on to give it up he had a faulty copy made in paste. On Cynthia's birthday he had given her in his step-mother's presence the original heirloom; but, having a second key to the safe, had the same night taken out the original and substituted the paste tiara, relying on Mrs. Naughton instantly recognizing the defective design. Then, on the night of the ball, he had come down early and told

his step-mother that he had heard tales of his niece's gambling habits, and the influence of some ne'er-do-well colonial with whom she was in love. He had ended with the hint of how he had also heard of a startling rumour about jewels sold for a great sum to save this lover from ruin, and hardly had he finished his tale when Cynthia in the pasta tiara had appeared.

All this story in detail was not of course pieced out during that short dramatic scene in old Mrs. Naughton's room. But Gesdell's statement, the drawing, his receipted account, together with Rawlden's wordless fury were proof enough. The climax, however, was reached outside the invalid's room where Cynthia remained with her grand-mother, whilst Rawlden followed Gesdell only to learn that the police summoned by the doctor were in the house, and a search for the real tiara was in progress.

As Gesdell had said, Rawlden was not sufficiently clever to play the rogue. He had trusted too much to chance, and belief that John Gesdell of Gesdell and Co., would never hear of the private scandal of an old family heirloom.

The long arm of coincidence had been against Bartram Rawlden, or maybe a higher power had intervened to right the wrong. At any rate the culprit made his exodus from home that night in fear of imprisonment, nor was he heard of for many months afterwards. Mrs. Naughton with the marvellous rallying power of many heart cases recovered from the second shock of joyful reaction quite easily, and all that remains is to ring down the curtain on Gesdell's reward. All true lovers know already what that was, but equally so they want to hear what is not intended for their ears.

It was after all the excitement was over, when the famous tiara had been found, Rawlden missing, and Mrs. Naughton asleep, that Gesdell came into the library where Cynthia was awaiting him.

She turned from the hearth as he entered, and smiled upon him.

"Before I thank you, sir," she said, "I want to know why you kissed me just now?"

Gesdell's answer was entirely satisfactory.

THE LEISURE HOUR

From the Painting by Augustin Theodule Ribot

In the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE LORD OF THE GLASS HOUSE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IN the sheltered Caribbean cove the water was warm as milk, green and clear as liquid beryl, and shot through with shimmering sun. Under that stimulating yet mitigated radiance the bottom of the cove was astir with strange life, grotesque in form, but brilliant as jewels or flowers. Long, shining weeds, red, yellow, amber, purple and olive, waved sinuously among the weed-like sea-anemones which outshone them in coloured sheen. Fantastic pink and orange crabs sidled awkwardly but nimbly this way and that. Tiny sea-horses, yet more fantastic, slipped shyly from one weed-covert to another, aware of a possible peril in every gay but menacing bloom. And just above this eccentric life of the shoal sea-floor small fishes of curious form shot hither and thither, live darting gleams of gold and azure and amethyst. Now and again a long black shadow would sail slowly over the scene of freakish life—the shadow of a passing albacore or barracouta. Instantly the shining fish would hide themselves among the shining shells, and every movement, save that of the unconsciously waving weeds, would be stilled. But the sinister shadow would go by, and straight-away the sea-floor would be alive again, busy with its affairs of pursuit and flight.

The floor of the cove was uneven, by reason of the small shell-covered rocks and stones being strewn over it at haphazard. From under the slightly overhanging base of one of these stones sprouted what seemed a cluster of yellowish gray, pink-mottled weed-stems, which sprawled out inertly upon the mottled bottom. Over the edge of the stone came swimming slowly one of the gold-and-azure fish, its jewelled, impassive eyes on the watch for some small prey. Up from the bottom, swift as a whip-lash, darted one of those inert-looking weed-stems, and fastened about the fish.

Fiercely the shining one struggled, lashing with tail and fins till the water swirled to a boil over the shell-covered rock, and the sea-anemones all about shut their gorgeous, greedy flower-cups in a panic. But the struggle was a vain one. Slowly, inexorably, that mottled tentacle curled downward with its prey—and a portion of the under side of the rock became alive! Two ink-black eyes appeared, bulging, oval, implacable; and between them opened a great, hooked beak, like a giant parrot's. There was no separate head behind this gaping beak, but eyes and beak merely marked the blunt end of a mottled, oblong, sac-like body.

As the victim was drawn down to the waiting beak, among the bases of the tentacles, all the tentacles awoke to dreadful life, writhing in aimless excitement although there was no work for them to do. In a

few seconds the fish was torn asunder and engulfed — those inky eyes the while unwinking and unmoved. A darker, livid hue passed fleetingly over the pallid body of the octopus. Then it slipped back under the shelter of the rock. And the writhing tentacles composed themselves once more to stillness upon the bottom, awaiting the next careless passer-by. Again they seemed inert trailers of weed, not worth the notice of fish or crab. And soon the anemones nearby reopened their treacherous blooms.

Whether because there was something in the gold-and-azure fish that disturbed his inward content, or because his place of ambush had somehow grown distasteful to his soft-unarmoured body, the octopus presently bestirred himself and crawled forth into the open, walking awkwardly on the incurled tips of his tentacles. It looked about as comfortable a method of progression as for a baby to creep on the backs of its hands. The traveler himself did not seem to find it altogether satisfactory, for all at once he sprang upward nimbly, clear of the bottom, and gathered his eight tentacles into a compact parallel bunch extending straight out past his eyes. In this attitude he was no longer clumsy, but trim and swift-looking. Beneath the bases of the tentacles, on the under side of the body, a sort of valve opened spasmodically and took in a huge gulp of water which was at once ejected with great force through a tube among the tentacles. Driven by the strange propulsion of this pulsing stream the elongated shape shot swiftly on its way — but travelling backward instead of forward. He made his way straight to another rock weedier and more overhanging than the first. Here he stopped, settled downward, and let his tentacles sprawl wide, preparatory to backing into his new quarters.

This was the moment when he was least ready for attack or defence; and just at this moment a foraging barracouta, big-jawed and hungry, shot down upon him through the lucent green, mistaking him, perhaps, for an overgrown but unretaliating squid. The assailant aimed at the big, succulent-looking body, but missed his aim, and caught instead one of the tentacles which had reared themselves instantly to ward off the attack. Before he realized what was happening, another tentacle had curled about his head, clamping his jaws firmly together so that he could not open them to release his hold while yet others had wrapped themselves about his body.

The barracouta was a small one; and such a situation as this had never come within range of his experience. In utter panic he lashed out with his powerful tail, and darted forward, carrying the octopus with him. But the weight upon his head, the crushing encumbrance about his body, were too much for him, and bore him slowly downward. Suddenly two tentacles, which had been trailing for an anchorage, got grip upon the bottom —and the frantic flight of the big fish came to a stop abruptly. He lashed, plunged, whirled in a circle—but all to no purpose. His struggles grew weaker. He was drawn down, inexorably, till he lay quivering on the sand. Then the great beak of the octopus made an end of the matter; and the prey was dragged back to the lair beneath the rock.

A long time after this a shadow bigger and blacker than that of any albacore—bigger than that of any shark or saw-fish—drifted over the cove. There was a splash, and a heavy piece of chained iron slipped down, spreading the swift stillness of terror for yards about. The shadow ceased drifting, for the boat had come to anchor. Then, in a very few minutes, because the creatures of the sea seem unable to fear what does not move, the life of the sea-floor again bestirred itself, and small, misshapen forms that did not love the sunlight convened in the shadow of the boat.

Presently, from over the side of the boat descended a dark tube, with a bright tip that seemed like a kind of eye. The tube moved very slowly this way and that, as if to let the eye scan every hiding place on the many-coloured bottom. As it swept over the rock that sheltered the octopus it came to a stop. Then it was softly withdrawn.

A few moments later a large and tempting fish appeared at the surface of the water, and began slowly sinking straight downward in a most curious fashion. The still eyes of the octopus took note at once. They had never seen a fish behave that way before; but it plainly was a fish. A quiver of eagerness passed through the sprawling tentacles; for their owner was already hungry again. But the prize was still too far away, and the tentacles did not move. The curious fish, however, seemed determined to come no nearer. And at last the waiting tentacles came stealthily to life. Almost imperceptibly they drew themselves forward, writhing over the bottom almost as casually as weeds adrift in a light current. And behind them those two great inky, impassive eyes—and then the fat, mottled, sac-like—body—emerged furtively from under the rock. The bottom here was covered with a close brown weed; and at once the body of the octopus and the tentacles, began to change to the same hue. When the change was complete, the gliding monster was almost invisible. He was now directly beneath that incomprehensible fish; but the fish had gently risen, so that it was still a little out of reach.

For a few second the octopus crouched, staring upward with motionless orbs, and gathering himself together. Then he sprang straight up, like a leaping spider. He fixed two tentacles upon the tantalizing prey then the other tentacles straightened out, and with a sharp jet of water from his propulsion tube he essayed to dart back.

To his amazement the prey refused to come. In some mysterious way it managed to hold itself—or was held—just where it was. Amazement gave way to rage. The monster wrapped his prize in three more tentacles, and then plunged his beak into it savagely. The next instant he was jerked to the surface of the water. A blaze of sun blinded him; strong meshes enclosed him, binding and entangling his tentacles.

In such an appalling crisis most creatures of sea and land would have been utterly demoralized by terror. Not so the octopus. Maintaining undaunted the clutch of one tentacle upon his prize, he turned the others, along with the effectual menace of his great beak, to the business of battle. The meshes fettered him in a way that drove him frantic with rage, but two of his tentacles managed to find their way through, and writhed madly this way and that in search of some tangible antagonist on which to fasten themselves. While they were yet groping vainly for a grip, he felt himself lifted into the strangling air, and crowded—net, prey, and all—into a dark and narrow receptacle full of water. Though he was suffocating in the unnatural medium, and though his great unshrinking, eyes could see but vaguely outside their native element, he was all fight. One tentacle clutched the rim of the metal vessel; and one fixed its deadly suckers upon the bare black arm of a half-seen adversary who was trying to crowd him down into the dark prison. There was a strident yell. A sharp, authoritative voice exlaimed—"Look out! Don't hurt him! *I'll* make him let go!" But the next instant the frightened darky had whipped out a knife and sliced off a good foot of the clutching tentacle. As the injured stump shrank back upon its fellows like a spade-cut worm, the other tentacle was deftly twisted loose from its hold on the rim, and the captive felt himself forced down into the narrow prison. A cover was clap-

ped on, and he found himself in darkness, with his prey still gripped securely. Upset and raging though he was, there was nothing to be done about it, so he fell to feasting indignantly upon the prize.

Left to himself, the furious prisoner by and by disentangled himself from the meshes of the net, and composed himself as well as he could in his straightened quarters. Then for days and days thereafter there was nothing but tossing and tumbling, blind feeding, and uncomprehended distress, till at last his prison was turned upside down and he was dropped unceremoniously into a great tank of glass and enamel that glowed with soft light. Bewildered though he was he took in his surroundings in an instant and darted to the shelter of an overhanging rock on the tank floor. Having backed his defenceless body under that shield he flattened his tentacles anxiously among the stones and weeds in the tank bottom, and impassively stared about.

It was certainly an improvement on the black hole from which he had just escaped. Light came down through the clear water, but a cold white light, little like the green gold glimmer that illumined the slow tide in his Caribbean home. The floor about him was not wholly unfamiliar. The stones, the sand, the coloured weeds, the shells—they were like, yet unlike, those from which he had been snatched away. But on three sides there were white, opaque walls, so near that he could have touched them by stretching out a tentacle. Only on the fourth side was there space—but a space of gloom and inexplicable, moving confusion, from which he shrank. In this direction the floor of sand and stones and weeds ended with a mysterious abruptness; and the vague openness beyond filled him with uneasiness. Pale-coloured shapes, with eyes, would drift up, sometimes in crowds, and stare in at him fixedly. It daunted him as nothing else had ever done, this drift of peering faces. It was long before he could teach himself to ignore them. When food came to him—small fish and crabs, descending suddenly from the top of the water—at such times the faces would throng tumultuously in that open space, and for a long time the many peering eyes would so disconcert him as almost to spoil his appetite. But at last he grew accustomed even to the faces and the eyes, and disregarded them as if they were so much passing seaweed, borne by the tide. His investigating tentacles had shown him that between him and the space of confusion there was an incomprehensibe barrier fixed, which he could see through but not pass through; and that if he could not get out, neither could the faces get in to trouble him.

Thus well fed and undisturbed, the octopus grew fairly content in his glass house, and never guessed the stormy life of the great city sleepless beyond his walls. For all he knew, his comfortable prison might have been on the shore of one of his own Bahaman Keys. He was undisputed lord of his domain, narrow though it was; and the homage he received from the visitors who came to pay him court was untiring.

His lordship had been long unthreatened, when one day, had he not been too indifferent to notice them, he might have seen that the faces in the outer gloom were unusually numerous, the eyes unusually intent. Suddenly there was the accustomed splash in the water above him. That splash had come to mean to him just food—unresisting victims; and his tentacles were alert to seize whatever should come within reach.

This time the splash was unusually heavy, and he was surprised to see a massive, roundish creature, with a little, pointed tail sticking out behind, a small, snake-like head stretched out in front, and two little flippers outspread on each side. With these four flippers the stranger came swimming

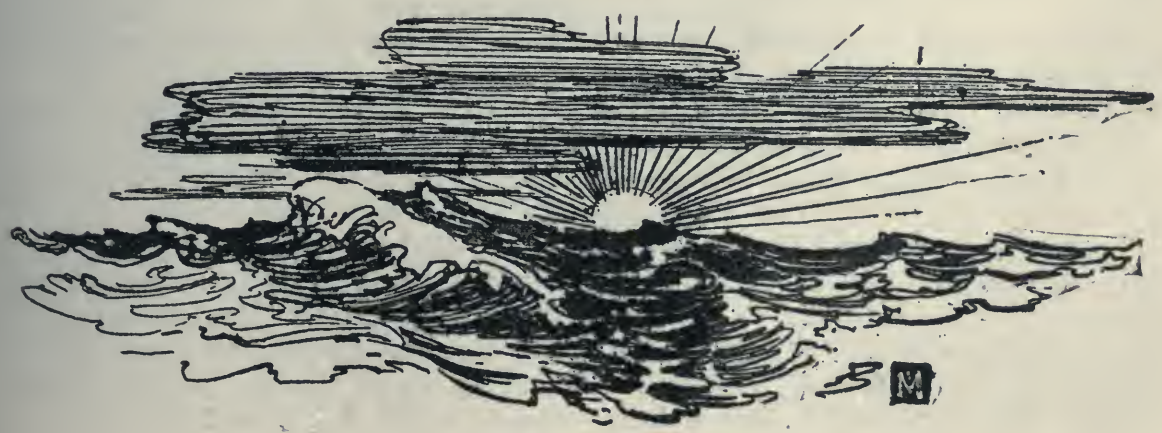
calmly towards him. He had never seen anything at all like this daring stranger; but without the slightest hesitation he whipped up two writhing tentacles and seized him. The faces beyond the glass surged with excitement. When the turtle felt that uncompromising clutch his tail, head and flippers vanished as if they had never been, and his upper and lower shells closed tight together till he seemed nothing more than a lifeless box of horn. Absolutely unresisting he was drawn down to the impassive eyes and gaping beak of his captor. The tentacles writhed all over him, stealthily but eagerly investigating. Then the great parrot-beak laid hold on the shell, expecting to crush it. Making no impression, however, it slid tentatively all over the exasperating prize, seeking a weak point.

This went on for several minutes, while the watching faces outside the glass gazed in tense expectancy. Then at last the patience of the octopus became exhausted. He renewed his efforts and then grapsed the unyielding shell, tumbling it over and over, biting at it madly, wrenching it insanely with all his tentacles. And the faces beyond the glass surged thrillingly.

Shut up within his safe armour, the turtle all at once grew tired of being tumbled about, and his wise discretion forsook him. He did not mind being shut up; but he objected to being knocked about. Some prudence he had, to be sure, but not enough to control his short temper. Out shot his narrow, vicious-looking head, with its dull eyes and punishing jaws, and fastened with the grip of a bull dog upon the nearest tentacle close to its base.

The rage of the octopus swelled to a frenzy; and in his contortions the locked fighters bumped heavily against the glass, making the faces shrink back. The small stones were scattered about and the fine silt rose in a cloud that obscured the battle.

Had the turtle had cunning to match his courage, the lordship of the glass house might have changed holders in that fight. Had he fixed his unbreakable grip in the head of his foe, just above the beak, he would have conquered in the end. But as it was, he had now a vulnerable point; and at last the octopus found it. His beak closed upon the exposed half of the turtle's head, and slowly, inexorably, shore it clean off just behind the eyes. The stump shrank instantly back into the shell; and the shell became again the unresisting plaything of the tentacles, which presently, as if realizing that it had no more power to retaliate, flung it aside. In a few minutes the silt settled. Then the eager watchers saw the lord of the tank crouching motionless before his lair, his ink-like eyes impassive and implacable as ever, while the turtle lay bottom side up against the glass, no more to be taken account of than a stone.



THE JANE IN THE CASE

BY PAUL A. W. WALLACE

BETWEEN the two of them, little Red Halloran and Coaly Barnes, my job was pretty well minced up, that Saturday morning at Shorncliffe Camp. Not that I grumbled. One of the first things a soldier learns is to be cheerful when interrupted in fatigue duties, and, in this matter, Canadians are as quick in the uptake as any.

First of all, little Red Halloran stuck his apple cheeks in the doorway and, anchoring himself to a post, fixed his eyes on my broom while I went through the motions of sweeping.

"C'n I help you clean up?" he asked.

"There's no police round," I said. "You might risk it. But I don't see that it's up to you to get dirty over our job."

Cleaning the garage, of course, is the despatch riders' fatigue, and Red Halloran was not one of us. He was a "push-bike" orderly. In that job, you have clean hands but no glory, for you never travel far outside the camp.

"But you might offer me some advice," I went on. "I'm just figuring whether it wouldn't be better after all to sweep out towards the door. Sweeping in's a lot safer in case of premature inspection, but sweeping out saves a shovel and bucket in the end because you can shoot the stuff right out into the road."

Red, thus appealed to, stepped forward to glance critically about the shed. The place had a homey look, just as it was, for despatch riders. A camouflage of oil and carbide hid the floor. Old engine wreckage, empty petrol tins, tools, oilskins, and a forage cap (the loss of which had embittered Luke Sharpe's speech for three days past) made a bone-yard" behind the stove. A tin of muddy grease, two gunny sacks, some cotton waste, and a pool of coal oil lay under the table, with old dead lamps and soundless horns and leaky pumps in a clutter above.

"Sweep in," decided Red, "and hide the dirt under the gunny sacks." For ten minutes, he had nothing more to say, but he used plenty of "elbow grease," going at the job like a recruit and nearly spoiling it. By getting the work done too soon, he would run us the risk of being drawn into the worse fatigue of scrubbing the barrack-room across the way. It was Coaly Barnes who turned up to remove that risk.

An oath came crackling through the door with Coaly on the heels of it.

"Holy jumped-up Jerusalem!' 'exploded Coaly. "Where's my bus?"

I told him that I had wheeled all the buses out to get a freer swing for the broom.

"Nix!" snorted Coaly. "Mine ain't there." He kicked an empty can flat against the wall. "Someone's pinched it."

Red and I eased up to attend.

"I gotta go to London ten o'clock on that machine," Coaly rushed on. "It aint the despatches, but I got a date on up in the Big Smoke I don't want to fall down on."

"You got a date on?" repeated Red Halloran, letting a handful of sweepings go back to the floor.

"With the Jane," nodded Coaly.

"See her often?" pursued Red.

"Every turn I get at the London run," said Coaly. "Say, I wonder if one of the fellows took the bus out round Brigades. Where's the Corp? I'll chase him up an' see."

Little Red Halloran took to the table and swung his legs.

"So Coaly's got a Jane up in the Smoke," he said, punching the bag of an old horn to make it gasp. "Pretty jake for him, with the London run so often. You fellows take it in turn, eh?"

I nodded and waited, leaning on the broom, for Red to go on.

"I guess I'm a kind of a queer guy myself," he said, unscrewing the stem of a horn and blowing into the reed to test it. "I'm no great cheese in society. Square pushin' aint my line. Still," the horn squawked and he dropped it to screw up the stem again, "at the same time, I aint denyin' I got a girl friend myself."

The confession was cut short by Coaly Barnes spluttering in again.

"Son of a sea cook!" he shouted. "Pinchin' a fellow's bike! I wont half pound him into chain grease when I catch him!"

"Surely no one stole it," I put in.

Coaly kicked a splinter off the door. "It aint likely the old crock sprouted wings an' went off to try 'em out by jumpin' over the cliff," he retorted. "If it aint here—an' it aint, an' if no D. R.'s took it—an' they aint, then some outsider's got it. Well, if a D. R. 'ud took it, I'd a-said he *boned* it, but if an outsider takes a thing he don't bone it, he *pinches* it. Aint that right, Red?"

To save friction, Red mumbled "I guess so."

"But he pinched a white-washed elephant," Coaly went on. "I made her a dud before I put her in, last night."

"How?" I asked.

"Bit of wire in the breaker box to short the . . . mag," replied Coaly. Aint many guys wise to that. I bet the machine's layin' about here somewheres in the bushes where the gink chucked it when he got played out pushin' it with his hands. Give us a hand to look for't, will you, just a few minutes?"

Red and I, under Coaly's orders, scoured the camp, but we found no trace of Coaly's bus. We were called in to learn that the search was off.

"Guess I better quit mournin' an' hit up the Corp for another," said Coaly. "But it does make a fellow sore. They can call this war off, for all I give a damn."

Red and I went back to the shed and took up our positions, he on the table, I leaning on the broom.

"You've fixed that one already," I said as he fingered the mended horn. He unscrewed a fresh one.

"I was goin' to tell you about this here Jane," he said with the reed at his lips. "I aint seen her for months." The reed punctuated with a shriek. "Myrtle's a queer name, aint it? I met her in London." He ran the last two sentences together as though to skate over the thin ice quickly and get to something solid. "At Piccadilly Circus," he went on. "I saved her from bein' run over by a bus by yankin' her off her feet. She was sore at me till she caught on how close she was to cashin' in. After that she was different. She writes every week. What would you do about it?"

"If she's the right sort of girl—" I ventured.

"Oh, she's a classy kid, all right," Red assured me. "None of this 'Hello Canadian' stuff on the Strand. She don't always remind you she's a chicken at all. Likes outdoors an' games an' all. A kind of a chum. You get me?"

"Then I'd answer the letters," I advised.

"I do," he said, and covered his confusion with a fearful blast from the horn.

At the doorway, squealing brakes told of Luke Sharpe's return from "Eighty-thirty Brigades."

"Hello, Coaly!" we heard Luke exclaim. "How the blazes did you get here?"

"I got here by standin' in the same dashed place I've stood for half an hour, fixin' a borrowed bike," said Coaly.

"I thought you was down in Seabrooke," Luke persisted.

"Can't I be somewhere's else?" growled Coaly.

"Yes, but nacherly, when I see your bike standin' down there, I expect you're somewhere near," explained Luke. "How did I know you'd lent it out?"

"My bike!" exclaimed Coaly. "Standin' alone! I didn't lend it. Hey!" he summoned me. "What did I tell you? The gink who pinched it couldn't make it go by kickin', so I guess he got the bright idea to start it by coastin' down Seabrooke Hill. That stunt didn't fizz, so he left the bus at the bottom under the archway an' beat it. Jake-a-loo, boys! I'm off to fetch her home."

"I'm glad he found it," said little Red Halloran from his perch on the table. I was busy with some discoveries behind the stove. There was a tow rope to wind, a hoop of hay wire to hang on its nail, and a quantity of coal to hide in the tool box lest the inspecting officer should inquire how we managed to provision ourselves so greatly in excess of the authorized issue.

All at once Red slid from the table and placed a hand inside the breast of his tunic. I recognized that symptom.

"Did I show you the kid's picture?" he asked, knowing perfectly well that he hadn't.

I examined the postcard photograph (representing an ox-eyed Athene done into Cockney) longer than the photographer's skill merited. The fact is that I was at a loss to fit my tongue with the right words. I have noticed my barrack room friends, trapped this way, wriggle out with the standard comment: "Some Jane!" But that does not satisfy the owner of the print. If you want to get in right, you must notice more than the sex of the girl.

After some figuring, I made a lucky shot. I said: "Some eyes!"

"You bet, eh?" said Red, jumping at the bait. "The biggest I ever see! I been around the world a bit between Winnipeg an' Toronto, but I never see the beat of her anywhere at all. Look at her neck. Aint it a peach? An' her shoulder! Say, believe *me*—By gosh, you know—Just as round—There aint a wrinkle in it or a bone!"

Then the thing that had been on his mind all morning popped out. "But of course it wouldn't do to marry an English girl," he said, and paused, hoping to be contradicted.

I didn't fail him. "I don't see why not," I said, "if she's willing to go back with you."

"Oh, she's willin' enough," he declared, "if she don't change her mind once she's out there. She don't know nothin' at all about the country. She thought the North Pole was in Canada till I told her it wasn't, it was in Russia."

"English people usually like Canada after they've been out a little while," I put in.

"She believes in the King," he countered to conceal his delight at my encouragement, "an' she calls me a 'C'nidyan.' Them things makes all the difference, don't they? Yep, it's some neck," he added inconsequently with a quick glance at the photo as it went into his pocket.

For the third time, Coaly Barnes, who seemed bent on throwing all the contrast he could into my morning with Red Halloran, blustered in at the door.

"Hey, one of you guys, take my boat round an' fill her up, will you?" he commanded. "She's runnin' jake. Oh, I fooled the gink that tried to elope with her, didn't I, eh? She's

got enough oil. Just give her gas. I'll go an' get my despatches."

As I stepped over to his old C-37 and dropped it off the stand to take a running start, my eye caught the flutter of a rag on the brake rod. I looked more carefully and put the machine back on the stand again. From a wounded motorcycle leaning against the wall, I thieved repairs for Coaly's brake.

When Coaly came out of the office with a bagful of despatches balanced against a bigger bagful of "square pushin' duds" on his shoulders, I was ready for him.

"You owe me sixpence for saving your life," I said.

"Profiteerin'," he grinned.

"Look at this," said I, and I showed him bits of the old brake.

Coaly gave a short laugh. "I like to take a chance," he said, "because it's sport. But I like to know when I'm takin' it. Lucky I was ridin' uphill. If I'd been goin' down, that cotton wouldn't of held two seconds. I guess the horse thief that swiped the bus had a spill an' bust the brake an' tried to fix it with his handkerchief. Maybe there's a name on it." He stretched it out, corner by corner. There was a name.

Coaly turned on little Red Halloran. "Were you in on this deal?"

For answer, Red sullenly reached for the hankerchief and pocketed it.

"I like every kind of guy but a sneak," said Coaly.

The blood shot to Red Holloran's face, but he said nothing.

Coaly stood glaring at him. "I've a good notion to send you to hospital," he said, "It might learn you to quit doin' things behind a fellow's back. But you're too much of a kid to hit. Grow up as quick as you can, eh?"

Red flared back: "Chase yourself. What's the holler about? I did bone your rotten bus, if that's what's bitin' you. I aint goin' to stick to no push-bike for duration, no fear I aint. I'll bone your bus again an' keep on bonin' it till I can be a despatch rider. Who's goin' to stop me? Aw, shut up, you Shorncliffe hero, you're not the only——"

Coaly cleared for action.

Red hurled what we thought would be his last defiance till after sick leave. "You needn't think you're the only guy that's got a Jane to ride up to in London," he shouted.

The effect on Coaly surprised us. His arms dropped and his face spread into a grin.

"You with a Jane!" he said. "Why in Christopher didn't you say so before, kid?" He jerked his thumb toward C-37. "The old crock's yours whenever I aint ridin' it. Only use daylight."

Five minutes later, while I was sandpapering the handle of the broom for a better grip, I heard Coaly outside the garage let out two words: "Some Jane!"

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XX

AFTER his Christmas holiday David settled down to work with a stubborn determination which argued well for results. Rosme found it difficult to settle down at all. The difference in their states may be explained by remembering that Rosme lived in expectation while David had ceased to expect anything. Rosme expected that David would call. David knew that he wouldn't.

Clara had returned to town and was boarding with Carrie Brown. She looked thinner and wore at times a strained expression which David attributed to grief for her mother. It made his manner kinder than ever, so kind that often she bit her red lips to keep from slapping him. David's courtesy bored her indescribably. And she was very much worried about Willard.

Willard, she knew, was gambling recklessly. It amused him to tell her of some of his wildest escapades; a confidence which Clara took as a compliment, but which was, in fact, the exact opposite. His failing interest in the girl had revived a little on hearing that her engagement to David had become actual. He considered that she had "brought it off" very neatly, and Clara had been right in thinking that her independence of him pricked his pride. But at the best it was a pin-prick only, and the strained look grew in Clara's eyes as a mocking one grew in his. She had not even the pursuit of David to occupy her now, the slim ring with the flashing diamond (chosen by herself) had written a very satisfactory, if dull *finis* to that.

David had very soon told John Baird of his engagement. He made the announcement without comment one night after a few days of specially brilliant work. John had met it with a silence grimly non-committal. "I told you so," was one of the few unpleasant remarks to which he was not addicted.

"You'll not be thinking of marriage for a long time yet?" he asked sourly.

David said that nothing had been decided.

For an instant the keen, old eyes peered into the young, troubled ones.

"Don't hurry it!" said John Baird, turning away.

During the three months which had intervened since that wonderful night in the snow-delayed train, Rosme had reached the point of refusing to consider David at all. He had not thought fit to continue their acquaintance. Very well! Rosme held her shining head very proudly erect. If she was hurt, no one knew it. No one, that is, save Madam Rameses and what Madam knew was never spoken of. If she longed to ask questions she repressed the longing with noble fortitude.

Rosme decided that she herself would never marry. It was much better to be independent. A success-

ful business woman is a happy person and Rosme intended to be very successful. Things were booming at the office and the Lot Bothers, noticing an indefinable change in her manner, raised her salary in a panic. It is pleasant to have one's salary raised. Rosme assured herself almost every day that she was very happy.

On this particular morning Rosme got down to work early and, as David in his eagerness was early too, they almost ran into each other at the office door. The unexpectedness of the meeting gave her no chance for any feeling of self-consciousness and she was able to say "How do you do?" in the flat and automatic manner, common to people who greet mere acquaintances. So perfectly did she do it, that David was conscious of a shock. Hitherto, whenever they had met, Rosme had been her frank and friendly self, now, that self might never have existed for all the evidence she gave of it.

"I am a little ahead of time this morning," said she, unlocking the door. "I am afraid neither Mr. Lot nor Mr. Joseph Lot are down yet. Which of the firm did you wish to see?"

"I—why, I don't know, I'm sure."

Patting a few wandering tendrils into place, with what she hoped was a businesslike touch, she proceeded to uncover her typewriter, and in doing so became politely aware that David was still standing.

"Oh, do sit down!" she urged hospitably. "One or other of the firm is certain to be in directly."

David felt himself descend into an immense depression. But his nervousness vanished. One can't be nervous with a girl who is hardly aware of one's existence.

"I didn't come to see the firm," he announced briefly.

"No?" Pure surprise this, nothing more.

"I came," blundered David, "to see if I could find Herr Stumpf."

It was Rosme's heart that sank now —he hadn't come to see her, after all! But David noticed nothing in her face save half-amused interest.

"Herr Stumpf is to meet you here?"

"I had better explain," stiffly. "I have a letter for him, rather important, and I find that I have not his address. I remembered that you spoke of him. I thought that perhaps you might know it."

"Why, of course. I'll get it for you in a moment."

With the most obliging, but unflattering haste Rosme crossed the room to a small cabinet and began leafing over a card-index.

"That's strange!" said Rosme's voice musingly. She had gone through all the cards with the ease of long practice. "Herr Stumpf's address doesn't seem to be here at all." She rummaged rapidly through a drawer of loose visiting cards and picked up one. "Here is his card, but there is no address on that either. It looks," she said smiling, "as if our friend had no human habitation whatever. He probably disappears at night. I shouldn't be surprised."

And as she hesitated, Mr. Joseph Lot came in. Mr. Lot, being presented, was pleased to meet Mr. Greig. Was there anything he could do for him? Something in the specialty line? No?

David intimated that his desire was to get a letter to Herr Stumpf.

Mr. Lot was gracious. He would be delighted to serve his friend Stumpf in any way.

With a sigh David produced the letter. His business was concluded. There was no shadow of an excuse for remaining longer. In his bitter disappointment he cast on Rosme a glance which unwittingly told her more than an hour of conversation would have done. It told her so much that her heart, already a traitor anyway, relented.

"If you are coming back this way at noon," she suggested casually, "you

might drop in to make sure that Mr. Stumpf has called."

"Or if you were to telephone to his hotel"—began Mr. Lot.

"Oh—I never telephone!" stammered David. "That is, I am coming right past the door, it will be much simpler to look in. Thank you so very much." He retired in good order, blushing furiously.

As, in the morning, David had met Rosme just going into the office, so at noon he met her just coming out.

"It's all right," she said "Herr Stumpf has your letter. And he didn't like it all."

"Didn't he? What did he say?"

"It was the things he didn't say that mattered. He looked so particularly bland and smiling that I knew he must be swearing frantically inside."

They walked on together—why not, since they both happened to be going in the same direction?

"Only we'll have to have it right here," she said, "for it's half-past twelve already."

"Here," was a cosy little place around a corner and up some stairs, an inn, well and favourably known to people in a hurry. The room they entered was almost full and from a certain atmosphere of chatter and perfume David was very much afraid that most of its occupants were women. He felt very shy.

"Don't you like it here?" she asked. "Don't you think it's more comfy than the bigger lunch-rooms?"

"Yes, very much so. I mean, I think it must be—when one gets the habit. But tell me now, on your honour, is there another man in the room? I'm afraid to look."

Rosme laughed. "Poor thing! But cheer up. There are no less than four of your own sex to support you—able-bodied creatures too. And over there by the archway is a special friend of yours, Murray Willard. He doesn't look at all frightened."

"Willard here? Oh, then, I'm safe enough. In an emergency one could always count on old Willard. But I didn't know that you knew him?"

"I don't know him, exactly. But I have met him and I often see him about with Herr Stumpf."

"I didn't know that Herr Stumpf knew him either."

"Oh, Herr Stumpf knows lots of young men. They are a specialty of his. Is your friend an inventor by any chance?"

"He has a nice fancy in the arrangement of ties."

"Then Herr Stumpf must be interested in neckwear. For he evidently finds Mr. Willard useful."

"But I can see no reason——"

"You wouldn't. Herr Stumpf's reasons are not visible to the naked eye."

David smiled. "You make him out a kind of ogre making meals of youth. Fee, fi, fo, fum! Like that.

"Just like that, exactly."

"Then if he tries to make a mouthful of Willard, I can see him suffering from indigestion. Murray knows his way about."

"Even then he would be no match for an ogre," persisted Rosme. "And that would be too bad, for Mr. Willard is so very good-looking. Don't you think so? His companion is handsome, too. And she is looking at you."

"Is she? It makes me wish I had eyes in the back of my head."

"Be patient! You'll see her presently for they will pass us going out. Or perhaps a description will do—for you know her, I think. She is tall and dark, quite striking. She wears a large black lace hat."

At the mention of the hat David looked up with sudden intentness.

"I saw her speak to you once—at the station," pursued Rosme with a mischievous gurgle. "Now, who is she?—give you three guesses."

"One is enough. The lady you describe must be Miss Sims."

"They're coming now," she murmured.

David half rose expecting that Clara might stop to speak to him. But Willard seemed in a hurry and the two passed out with only a smile and gesture of greeting.

"They make a handsome couple," said Rosme. "Is she engaged to him?" The carelessness with which she added the query was almost too perfect.

There was a slight, a very slight pause and then, "No, she is engaged to me," said David.

"To you? How ripping! And how stupid of me not to guess. But somehow I had the idea that your fiancée's name was Millar?"

This was well done of Rosme. Her gaze was limpid and her voice warmly sincere.

"You know about it then?" asked David heavily.

"Why of course!" It was a gallant fib. Rosme, after a second of sickening shock, had rallied her forces and run up her flag. If she were hit no one would guess it—he least of all.

David, looking at her gloomily, saw nothing save the pleasant excitement of a girl who hears some interesting news about another. Se had known of his engagement all the time and had not cared enough to remember his fiancée's name!

Aren't you going to drink your coffee?" asked Rosme with the admonitory kindness of one who makes all allowances for a man in love.

David raised his cup absently.

"Careful! It may be hot."

"No such luck!" He set down the cup still untasted. "But — you needn't go yet, need you?"

"As a poor slave of industry, I'm afraid I must. It is five minutes to one."

They made their way out of the now crowded lunch-room into the sunny, blowy street where spring kept holiday. But something had changed it while they had been away. They were no longer a part of the happy carnival. They stood outside its magic, looking on.

"Are you wondering if I got the news from Milhampton?" asked Rosme teasingly (brave little hypocrite). "I didn't. I don't think it has reached there yet. Very wise of you! When I marry I don't intend to let my dear home town know anything about it for ages."

"Why?" the question was mechanical.

"You've lived there——you ought to know!"

David walked back as far as the office. Once he ventured to ask if he might buy her some violets. But she shook her head.

"I have some already, you see," she said, allowing her hand to stray caressingly to the flowers in her belt.

She did not add that she had bought them herself.

XXI

Rosme had made no mistake about the effect of David's letter upon Herr Stumpf. It annoyed him exceedingly. He had anticipated no trouble with young Greig and the brief though courteous refusal was correspondingly provoking. Beneath his breath Herr Stumpf indulged in words of great vigour and many letters. He almost forgot his customary smile until he looked and saw Miss Selwyn's eyes upon him.

"He iss a frient of yours, this Mr. David Greig—so?" he asked, beaming upon her in his benevolent and fatherly manner.

"Yes," said Rosme briefly.

"These young men," he said, "they are so voolish! It iss sad to see von make the gread mistake. But whad can von do?"

"Nothing," said Rosme.

Herr Stumpf shrugged with kindly despair and turned away.

"Oh, Herr Stumpf!" called Rosme remembering. "So many people inquire for you here. It might be a convenience if you were to leave your address."

The smile became positively beatific.

"My address? I am charmt, my dear young lady. Id iss unfortunate that at presend I haf—vat you say—no name, no number! Nodins but a hotel. For one so unsettled id iss most gonvenient. At the King Edward vill find me always. You are most kind."

Herr Stumpf's car was waiting at the door. He drove carefully and without undue haste to a handsome house upon a certain avenue. Both house and avenue were well-known in the city and the name of the owner of the house was not German whatever his appearance might be. Herr Stumpf did not enter at the front door but was admitted modestly through a door at the side which led, by a small hall, directly into the private library of the owner of the house. Here he was met by that gentleman himself, a tall, handsome man of middle age and military bearing. At present he sat before a desk carefully bare of papers.

His profile being sharply outlined against the window showed rather too plainly the flatness of the back head and the thickness of the neck which were the only unprepossessing things about him.

The two men, so different in appearance and apparently so different in station, met on occasions like this as friends and equals.

"Well, Stumpf?"

Herr Stumpf selected a cigar and lowered himself to the easiest chair.

"It is not well," he grunted discontentedly.

"You didn't get it?"

Stumpf proffered David's letter without comment.

"What happened?" asked the other briefly.

"I don't know yet."

Herr Stumpf, having no further use for his careful English spoke quickly and in German: "What I want to know is—the real importance of the matter?"

The other tapped the desk impatiently.

"I thought you knew that! It is of the first importance. If the engine does what you say is claimed for it, it is exactly what we want for Wedderdorf's new plane. We've got to have it.

"As the day!" Stumpf's smile was perilously like a sneer. "I think we can take it for granted that what he claims for it is true. Besides young Willard, from whom I got the tip in the first place, has heard the two of them ,old John Baird and this Greig, talking it over and he says Baird has pronounced it good. You know what that means."

"Well—this engine is the matter at the moment. This Willard is a friend of Greig; how about working through him?"

"I intend that, if we decide to take up the matter in earnest. I have Willard pretty well where I want him. I have been most obliging in regard to his unfortunate losses and a considerable amount of his paper is in my pocket at this moment. Being a gambler myself I have much sympathy for his inherent weakness for a stiff game."

The other nodded, yet frowned. "That is very well," he said, "but the hold is not strong enough for any serious matter. A debt of honour?—Ach, it is not enough!"

"It is a great deal to these young men. They have foolish notions. But there is more." He took from his pocket-book a slip of paper and held it for the other man to see.

"Forged?"

Stumpf nodded. "His uncle's name, you see? Very well done, too. I have kept this for some little time. He thinks it cashed and all danger over. His uncle, it appears, is criminally careless about money matters. He is quite in the habit of writing his nephew cheques, and forgetting about them. The young man thinks he is quite secure. But he was very nervous for awhile and has never repeated his—experiment."

"Good! You have something tangible to go on. Ask him to procure for us the Greig engine. Offer him a commission in the usual way. No more may be necessary. Do not let him get the idea at first that we are overly anxious. If that method fails, we can try others."

"You are right. In the meantime there is work to do. I got to get the young man's engine."

He heaved himself out of the chair but before he reached the door the other stopped him for a final word.

"Listen!" he said, "you understand of course that in any case and whatever happens, we, you and I and our associates, must not be implicated. We have much work to do here yet. Endeavour to use this Willard without arousing his suspicions but if before the affair is ended he does suspect—if by the high bribe you have to offer or in any other way he becomes informed of any of our purposes—well, at present I look to you to see that this does not happen! We must be left to work undisturbed."

"I quite understand." Herr Stumpf's smile for once had vanished. He looked very thoughtful. "I shall be careful," he added as he opened the door.

It was noon by this time and Herr Stumpf was hungry. He took his little car out to lunch and spent the afternoon busily about his various occupations. At eight o'clock he dined with a lady friend and later on in the evening, he presented himself, happy and smiling, at a certain house in a quiet street, where one is admitted freely, if one is known!

Here he was pained to find his young friend, Murray Willard, playing poker.

"I thought id vas your indendion to take a vacation from this so delideful game," he said tapping him fraternally upon the shoulder.

"Oh, go to—Oh, it's you Stumpf!"

"Of all the rotten luck!" said Murray throwing down his cards. "Stumpf, I'm cleaned out! Even as it is I don't believe I'll be able to manage all that's coming to you to-night."

"Do not let that disdurb you, my dear Willard. I do not worry mineself. A debt of honour mit you—bah! I say no more!"

"It's quite all right, of course," said Murray, flushing hotly.

The two left the table and proceeded to refresh themselves.

"I haf a ledder from your young frient, Greig, to-day," said Herr Stumpf. "He iss not wise, that young man! He refuses my so eggcellent offer."

"Does he?" Willard's tone was indifferent.

"I am surbrised," declared Herr Stumpf with more emphasis, "surbrised and disabbointed."

"Why?" listlessly. "I thought it was mostly for his sake that you were going to handle the thing at all. You said so."

"That is true, in a measure. Id iss an admirable obbortunity for your frient. But also nod a bad thing for me. I vill be frank. I will hide nodding. The firm I rebresent vill be most glad to obtain your frient's engnie."

"Oh—I see."

"If you can of assisdance be," Herr Stumpf saw that the time for plain speaking had come, "my firm will not object, I am sure, to paying you the usual gomission."

"The usual commission?"

"On a dransaction like this there is a gomission to the go-between, always. Id iss a pisness obbortunity I offer you."

Willard fingered his glass, thoughtfully.

"I know something about the values of these things," he said. "Tell me roughly what it is that you offer Greig."

With business-like clearness Herr Stumpf explained the offer.

"It sounds fair enough," agreed Willard.

"It is fair, my frient. Id iss a little more than fair. Id iss bedder than he could bossibly get elsewhere. He himself will admid it."

"What is the commission?"

Herr Stumpf extracted with some trouble a bulky pocket book from his waistcoat pocket. From it he produced certain bits of paper.

"These," he said quietly.

Willard went a trifle pale. Herr Stumpf had been so very decent of late that Murray had almost forgotten how many of these bits of paper he held.

"I thought," he said, "that your firm paid the commission, not you."

"That iss so. They will pay me. I will return your I.O.U's. We shall both benefid."

"I see."

Murray thought indeed that he did see. Herr Stumpf was working for his own hand after all. He wanted, naturally enough, to have those promises to pay redeemed. He knew that the giver of them had no money. Therefore he thoughtfully put in that person's way an opportunity of earning some. It seemed quite honest and above board.

"I don't blame you for wishing to secure yourself," went on Willard coldly. "I shall be glad to pay you in this way if possible. I will do my best to make Greig see the good points of your proposition."

"That is right! And do not think me endirely selfish, my young frient. I know, too vell, how these debts of honour drouble the sensitive mind! And now that you half your way to freedom so blain before you, vat do you say to another hand? The night is yed young and the luck may change!"

(To be continued.)

PRAIRIE ROSES

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

NAME me your hot house beauty
Fairer than these;
These have harked to the far-travelled wind,
And to journey-men bees.

Songs of the winsome heaven,
Wide and so blue;
They have caught from the music sweetness,
And they tender it you.

When the bird leans on the spray
And sings so clear,
My prairie rose will listen to that,
And will say, "Did you hear?"

When comes a morning of June
In hush and light,
'Mid the poplar green my roses nod,
Each with her dewdrops bright:

Each woven of sunset hues,
Each one so frail—
What is sweeter than prairie roses
By my June prairie trail?

MARINE

From the Painting by
Robert Gagen.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

A Canadian who enjoys a reputation for intelligence declared the other day that nothing could induce him to read a story if the scene was laid in Canada and that when he found mention of Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg in a book he threw it aside. This was not because he had contempt for these cities or for Canada but because he thought there was no romance in Canadian history and no material for fiction in the life of the people. This is not an uncommon attitude among Canadians towards books as well as towards magazines "made in Canada". Moreover although many of us gird at Americans and profess contempt for American habits and ideals we actually like our boots, clothes, newspapers and magazines to be made in an American fashion. The fashion may be good enough, for gibing at the United States is a feeble and inane exercise. There are so many things in the United States which command regard and respect that it is unnecessary to look for the things which inspire contempt.

Nothing is good merely because it is "made in Canada", but we should take care that we do not condemn our own things for no other reason than that they have the genuine flavour and spirit of the country. We can afford to be "affectionately disposed" towards our own publications and our own writers, but no book can live except upon its merits. Nor can writers produce for a market which does not give a reasonable return. "Ralph Connor" finds fiction profitable not because he writes in Canada but because he produces stories which have a world market. Few books which sell in Canada only are worth writing for any return they give to the author. He must write for love of his subject or love of his country. If he is to live by his pen he must go to the United States or Great Britain or produce books which will have a sale in those countries . And practically only fiction written in Canada can have any considerable sale outside its borders.

The blunt truth is that it is difficult if not impossible for anyone to live by his pen alone in Canada unless he draws a regular salary from a newspaper or some other publication or has other certain sources of income. This is why we have less historical and biographical writing than we should have and why so many Canadian writers leave the country or turn from purely Canadian subjects. American authors produce for a market of more than one hundred million people and Canadian writers for nine million people of whom one third are French speaking and do not buy English books and newspapers as freely as those that are printed in their own language. Moreover the population of Canada covers such vast distances that it is difficult for any publication to secure a national circulation. This is why news services have been subsidized and why postal rates are fixed below the cost of carriage. Canadian publications are "protected" just as many manufacturers are "protected", for national reasons. The chief consideration behind this policy is not the interests of publishers but the general national interest and wise, sympathetic, far-looking recognition of the almost overwhelming strength of American competition. Under all the conditions the newspapers, periodicals and magazines of Canada are of high quality, and it is not their fault if the returns for historical

economic and purely literary workmen are not such as to encourage devotion to general literature.

Furthermore, if one may state the fact without any suggestion of grievance, there is less recognition for writers in Canada than in many other countries. In the United States many of the chief ambassadorial positions seem to be reserved for those who have achieved distinction in literature. From Franklin, on to Lowell and down to Thomas Nelson Page the tradition is continuous, honourable and distinguished. In Canada, however, all appointments of distinction go to politicians, active or otherwise, and such recognition as writers obtain is confined to inferior places in the Civil Service or to petty appointments which carry more of humiliation than of honour. As John Wesley once said: "They who love you for your political service love you less than their dinner and they who hate you hate you worse than the devil."

One knows that this may be misunderstood but it is well at times that the truth should be spoken even at the risk of misunderstanding. Political inbreeding is one of the evils of public life in Canada and is more acute than in any other country of which one has knowledge. There is a complete repudiation of the British and American tradition in the attitude towards writers of distinction. Nothing really seems to be recognized except devotion to party, while generally such recognition as writers receive in this connection is not worth having. If, as we are told so often and with such ardour and urgency, we have become a nation, it is desirable that the Canadian people should show a more active sympathy for national publications, and we could even afford to disturb the impression that devotion to partisan politics is the only service for which there can be decent recognition in this country. All of which is said by one who has published his "Reminiscences" and neither seeks nor expects any preference from governments.

II

Wherever there is "daylight saving" throughout Canada it is an inconvenience and a nuisance. It cannot be otherwise, unless like time is adopted by the railways, and is general over the country, and indeed over North America. Those communities which would not conform to the regulation when it was in general effect punished themselves and subjected visitors from elsewhere to confusion and annoyance. Those communities which now insist upon "daylight saving" commit the same offence. There is no doubt that most of the towns and cities would like the additional hour of daylight. But it is true that the system is more adapted to an industrial than to an agricultural country. It was for an industrial country that it was originally devised. No one stopped to consider whether or not it was of general application. The statute books of all countries are littered with laws that never should have been adopted. Of all states democracies are the greatest imitators, and, unfortunately, they are reluctant to repeal laws which never should have been enacted. Thus disrespect for all law develops, and courts and parliaments lose authority. Many of us would like to have "daylight saving" re-established, but possibly if we had thought of the agricultural rather than the industrial population, the system never would have gone into effect in this country.

III

It is possible to water a "merger" until it becomes an agency of public plunder. On the other hand, there are advantages in huge combinations of capital if excessive stock issues are avoided, and the assets represent actual value. Nor are all issues of common stock at less than par necessarily

evil or objectionable. There are many enterprises in which the element of risk is so great that capital can be secured only if success means exceptional returns. Who would have bought common stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway at par when the road was projected? So, other great ventures which have become the bulwarks of nations, had no attraction for capital in the pioneer stages. How many projects first denounced as conspiracies to put millions into the pockets of plundering promoters have done little more than empty the pockets of the original investors. But there are dropsical "melons", and when great projects are afoot, press and parliament can afford to be vigilant.

There is a change in the public attitude towards industrial and financial combinations. It is certain that such a concern as the United States Steel Corporation can give higher wages to labour and yet manufacture more cheaply than small competing industries. This labour begins to discover, and the knowledge may have far-reaching effects in the future. *The Union* of Indianapolis, which describes itself as the oldest Labour newspaper in the United States, said a few weeks ago: "Capital vitalizes us—that is most important. Left to our own resources we would have as bad working conditions to-day as our ancestors had when modern industry was a-borning. Left to itself, capital would have a multiplicity of petty masters, and no capacity to serve labour. Labour to-day commands a great price in that service that has to do with manual skill or brawn; it takes a larger share of its ultimate value than ever before; it works under beneficent conditions generally. It has broadly the goodwill of the employer, who is much concerned about the health and social and economic welfare of the employees, because he has a fine concept of human rights."

The fact that the huge concern can pay higher wages and give lower prices to the public, owing to possession of greater capital, ability to buy raw materials in greater quantities, and therefore at lower figures, and through greater specialization and standardization in production and by virtue of better storage and shipping facilities, affects the position of smaller rivals. They have to meet the wage standards which the very strong company establishes, and they cannot sell at higher prices. Indeed, the example of the great plant forces all wages upward. For all wages tend to rise to the level which obtains in the more powerful industries. We have seen in the United States and Canada that advances in railway wages affected wages in the whole round of industries, in agriculture, in the shops and in all other pursuits. Unquestionably one reason why organized labour so generally favours nationalization of railways is that wages can be forced upward more readily when governments can be attacked and demands re-enforced by political considerations. And the leaders of labour know that advances in a single calling or industry sooner or later affect all wage earners. So, great industrial companies begin to fix wages for labour and conditions for living, and it is conceivable that a close and sympathetic relation between such concerns and organized labour may develop.

Possibly these huge companies often yield very generous returns to shareholders, but there is little evidence that they increase prices to the public and much evidence that they often reduce prices. This is demonstrated by the experience alike of the United States and Great Britain. In Germany the deliberate object of such consolidations was to capture foreign markets and perhaps there was less concern for domestic purchasers. Ordinarily, however, the industry with the capital necessary to establish strong export connections can sell cheaper in home markets than rivals with less adequate resources and no export markets. Whatever opinions may be entertained regarding prices of agricultural implements in Canada it is certain that the industry has profited

greatly by its export connections and just as certain that Canadian manufacturers do not sell at lower prices in foreign countries. But that story persists and probably will persist as long as we have a tariff controversy in Canada. Moreover, without a tariff debate what Canadian could be happy? But however we may divide over tariff, there is a growing opinion in the United States and in Canada that "big business" with reasonable capitalization and under responsible control is "good business", assuring high wages to workers, fair prices to consumers, and a certain return upon capital. Better combination than destruction of industries. Waste of capital is as profligate as waste of labour. For all such waste the public pays eventually and no tribunal, political, judicial or moral, can decree otherwise.

IV

Brigadier-General McLean is in trouble over a reference to the wives of soldiers who were in domestic service before marriage. It is clear that he did not mean to give offence, but the statement was unhappy and unfortunate. There is no conceivable reason why women who were in domestic employ should be singled out in any connection from other women. There is no more honourable avocation, and it is unfortunate that the dignity of such service is not too fully recognized. As between women who work in the home and those who work outside there is surely no ground for invidious distinction. This, no doubt, General McLean would freely admit, but unhappily his reference could easily be misunderstood, and he should not have been thinking of what any soldier's wife did before she was married. For a statement which was not intended to give offence he will be pursued for some time and probably by thousands of people his real character, generous and lovable, will be misinterpreted.

How many public men have suffered from injudicious utterances! Unless a man has great discretion and balance he is likely to blunder into doubtful statements when he is on his feet. The word once said cannot be recalled. It is not always possible to put the blame on the reporters. When I became editor of *The Globe* I had a warning from Hon. Edward Blake that it was possible to do more mischief with a single sentence than could be repaired in a whole Saturday edition. Once a reporter of *The Globe* interviewed a railway president who hesitated as to the wisdom of a particular statement he desired to make. Finally he decided to take the risk, but explained that he would have to hold the reporter responsible if it should seem necessary later to repudiate the statement.

Sir Richard Cartwright had much trouble over a reference to Sir John Macdonald and Sir David Macpherson which was interpreted as an attack upon all Scottish electors. Speaking at Aylmer in 1878 he said: "Sir John Macdonald and Senator Macpherson are both distinguished members of ancient and honourable Highland clans. Doubtless their predatory instincts are hereditary. You know, gentlemen, what Sir Walter Scott said long ago:

> Show me the Highland Chief who holds
> That plundering Lowland flocks or folds,
> Is aught but retribution due:
> Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

Or against Senator Macpherson or Sir John Macdonald. I wish to be just, and I believe that the present is a very curious instance of the truth of the saying that instinct is stronger than reason. The ancestors of these gentlemen, in times gone by, stole many a head of black cattle, and if they got caught they were sometimes hanged for it. Their descendants milk the Northern Rail-

way cow on the sly, and get presented with a testimonial." Cartwright was just as unfortunate in his characterization of the Atlantic Provinces as "the shreds and patches of Confederation". So Liberal statesmen lived to regret the confident prophecy that the revenue from the mountain sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway would never provide axle grease for the locomotives. British Columbia was slow to forgive Hon. Edward Blake's description of that Province as "a sea of mountains". Never has there been a more tumultuous political meeting in Toronto than that at Massey Hall when Hon. S. H. Blake described the members of the Protestant Protective Association as "bastard Protestants". During the fierce attack on the "Ross Bible" a school trustee of Toronto accommodated the Liberal party with the pious statement that he would have "the whole d—— Bible or nothing". Hon. Thomas White was never allowed to forget the admission of *The Gazette,* of Montreal, which was under his editorial control, that it was sometimes necessary to bow to "political exigencies". For years the Liberal press and party exploited *The Toronto Mail's* warning that if protection was inimical to British connection "so much the worse for British connection".

Sir Charles Tupper's alleged confidential confession that he had "no confidence in the breed" was put to service in many political contests, although conclusive evidence that he had made the statement never was produced. The threat to "haul down the flag" as a protest against federation of the British North American Provinces was an enduring handicap in Parliament for Hon. A. G. Jones of Halifax. The Liberal press devoted columns of black type to *The Mail's* description of the delegates to a provincial Liberal Convention at Toronto in 1883 as a "somewhat dull-witted mob of semi-civilized partisans, needing some old clothes, a few spelling books, a ration of cut plug and the promise of a bath". One thinks of the derisive placard carried by United States Republicans many years ago, "Skules and collidges is the great enemie of the Democratic party".

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration that if he had been a halfbreed on the banks of the Saskatchewan he would have taken up his musket against the Government was used against himself and the Liberal party for many years, but he never apologized or repented. Indeed, he was curiously indifferent to personal attacks and rarely committed indiscretions in Parliament or on the platform. This was not an "indiscretion", but a statement made with deliberation and definite purpose. When he first came to speak in Toronto at the old Horticultural Pavilion in 1886 he walked up from the Union Station to the Rossin House, and only smiled when one of a group of men on the street corner called out in a tone of anxious concern that he had neglected to bring his musket. Probably Laurier would have lamented, as did the Duke of Marlborough, if he had ever "condescended to make an explanation". There seems to be no record of any utterance by Sir John Macdonald which hurt his friends or helped his foes. The phrases for which he was most bitterly attacked were those that he was least anxious to modify or recall. His "indiscretions" were a part of his political capital.

Nothing was ever said in a political contest in Canada so fatal to the party in whose interest it was spoken as Rev. Dr. Burchard's characterization of the Democrats of the United States as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion". There seems to be no doubt that the luckless phrase defeated Blaine and made Cleveland President. In Col. Henry Watterson's Reminiscences there is a reference to the New York banquet, which has been called Belshazzar's feast, where Burchard used the fatal sentence. "I did not hear the words, 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion' Mr. Blaine told me, 'else as you must know I would have fittingly disposed of them'. I said, 'Mr. Blaine, you

may as well give it up. The doom of Webster, Clay and Douglas is upon you. If you are nominated again, with an assured election, you will die before the day of election. If you survive the day and are elected you'll die before the 4th of March.' He smiled grimly and replied, 'It really looks that way' ". The tongue, we have high authority for believing, is an unruly member, and after all it is surprising that in the fervour and passion of political controversy so few fatal indiscretions are committed. But this comforting evidence of human wisdom will not help General McLean at the moment.

V

One can easily understand why Mr. Drury hesitates to sanction any increase of sessional indemnity for members of the Legislature. He knows that the Government would be attacked for conniving at a "raid on the Treasury" and fears that all the professed concern of farmers and Labour for "retrenchment and reform" would be treated as insincere and hypocritical. I frankly confess, however, that I am in complete sympathy with the movement in the Legislature and in the House of Commons for higher indemnities. The people have no right to demand unnecessary sacrifices from public servants. Labour members and farmers alike will discover that a seat in Parliament involves serious neglect of private business and a drain upon their pockets far greater than they could have expected. It is useless to argue that they should live cheaply, for there are continuous expenditures which they cannot avoid. If they are to spend months at Ottawa, as even in Toronto, a thousand dollars soon disappears. There are skinflints who can save money on the present indemnities, but they are not numerous and generally they are the least desirable element in legislatures and parliament.

One remembers all that is said of the danger of turning parliament over to "professional politicians" but the fact is that "professionals" will be just as numerous under a lower as under a higher indemnity. It is never the indemnity which brings Parliaments into disrepute but quite other causes and very often the attitude of constituencies towards public life and public service. No one would suggest that low salaries would give dignity and efficiency to a private business and it is a curious notion in a democracy that men who are elected to do the public business should be content with inadequate remuneration. Ministerial salaries at Ottawa reflect nothing but discredit upon the Canadian people. The Prime Minister should receive at least $25,000 and other ministers not less than $20,000. To refuse decent remuneration means that only men of ample private incomes can hold office at Ottawa with comfort and dignity. There must be some decent relation between the salaries of ministers of the Crown and those that are paid to the heads of private business enterprises, if government is to be efficient, and the political leaders of the country are to enjoy public respect and public confidence.

What is true of ministers is just as true of judges now so underpaid that the leaders of the bar hesitate to accept judicial positions. The analogy between judges and ministers of the Crown is not complete, however, for judges hold a life tenure of office, while the minister, by a change of Government, may be thrown upon his own resources to discover that all his professional and business connections have been destroyed and that to make a living for himself and his family is a difficult and often a desperate problem. Democracies are not generous. They demand absolute and undivided devotion to the public interest. They care little or nothing if their servants are broken in the process. And democracy in Canada is as niggardly and ungrateful as in any other country.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV

Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

NTON CHEKHOV is notable, apart from the peculiar quality of his writing, for being the first Russian to gain a reputation for short fiction by using newspapers rather than magazines. His letters reveal the fact that he had a great following, and in some of them he complains about the attentions that are bestowed on him. The history of his life, which is given as an introduction, is exceedingly interesting, showing how the son of a vassal educated himself, even to taking a university course, how he contrived to travel widely, going abroad to China, India and Southern Europe, and earning at the same time an increasing reputation as a writer. He wrote what one might properly regard as important letters to friends and members of his family. We shall quote part of one that is purely personal, written when Chekhov was in the fifth class of the Taganrog High School, to Mihail Chekhov, a cousin:

. . . . . If I send letters to my mother, care of you, please give them to her when you are alone with her. There are things in life which one can confide in one person only, whom one trusts. It is because of this that I write to my mother without the knowledge of the others, for whom my secrets are quite uninteresting, or, rather, unnecessary . . . My second request is of more importance. Please go on comforting my mother, who is both physically and morally broken. She has found in you not merely a nephew but a great deal more and better than a nephew. My mother's character is such that the moral support of others is a great help to her. It is a silly request, isn't it? But you will understand, especially as I have said "moral," i.e., spiritual support. There is no one in this wicked world dearer to us than our mother, and so you will greatly oblige your humble servant by comforting his worn-out and weary mother.

*

STORM IN A TEACUP

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A MODERN industry, the making of paper, forms the background of this entertaining comedy of the middle-class in England—in Devonshire, to be more precise. A young wife picks a quarrel with her husband whom she finds commonplace and engages in a fantastic elopement with her husband's fellow-craftsman, Jordan Kellock. Both men had long long loved this same woman, but Ned Dingle, perhaps because of his youth or his sunny, easy-going disposition, wins her for his bride. Kellock accepts the situation philosophically, remaining a friend to both husband and wife—until he sees that the girl is not happy, and then he feels that it is time for him to interfere. He and the girl consider the situation and conclude that it would be better if she should go and live with him. She goes, but they do not live together as man and wife, because Kellock's conscience would not permit it until they should become properly married. That happy condition, however, is impossible without a divorce, a thing not easily obtained in England. So they

just go on in that way, both men working in the mills and the mills serving as an interesting background and affording opportunities for some excellent drama. The scene where Jordan Kellock loses his "stroke" in one of the delicate processes of paper making is unusually strong. After that the trend of events, especially for the girl, is back to her husband, who is constrained to welcome her because he believes that she has not broken her marriage vows in one important particular. Here is the author's statement:

"And elsewhere Dingle pondered the problem. Curiously enough, only a point, which had seemed unimportant to anyone else, held his mind. Kellock had thought Medora was changed, and such is human inconsistency, that whereas Ned had told himself for six months he was well rid of a bad woman, now the thought that he might receive back into his house a reformed character annoyed him. If he wanted anybody, it was the old Medora—not the plague, who left him for Kellock, but the laughter-loving, illusive help-mate he had married. He did not desire a humble and repentant creature, ready to lick his boots. He was very doubtful if he really wanted anybody. Once the mistress of any man, he would never have thought of her again except to curse her, but she never had been that. She had doubtless shared Jordan's exalted ideals. That was to her credit, and showed she honoured her first bushand and the stock she sprang from.

*

YOUTH RIDING

By Mary Carolyn Davies. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE of the best known of American women poets is the author of this charming volume. The style is highly musical, and in spots one comes into intimate touch with life. We select one of the simpler poems:

THE DANCING DRESS

My little dancing dress is sad,
It is so long since we have been
Very close of kin.

Together once we used to bow;
We are only strangers now.
In very lonesome folds it lies;
I look at it with casual eyes.

Once at my slightest touch it stirred;
It quivered at my body's word:
And it and I were only one.

We were a shadow and its sun;
We were a nest and its weetless bird;
We were wine in its glass.

We were wind and grass;
I was a bud and it the bough.
—these things are all over now.

It is long since we have been
Very close of kin—!

*

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

By George H. Locke. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE chief Librarian of the Public Library, Toronto, here gives not only the history of Canada under French occupation, but as well a picture of the life of the people and a description of the country as it appeared then from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes. The chapter headings are as follows: "Cartier and the St. Lawrence", "Champlain and the Great Lakes", "Joliet, Marquette and the River of a Hundred Thousand Streams", "La Salle and the Greater New France", "Radisson and the Great Northwest", "Montcalm and the Fall of New France", "Pontiac and the Last Hope of Indian Supremacy", "The Gray Gowns and the Black", "The Iroquois and the Hurons", "The Coureur-des-Bois and the Voyageur", "The Seigneur and the Habitant", "Stories Which Illustrate References in this Book", "Poems which Illustrate References in this Book".

*

STARVED ROCK

By Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN this book the very opposite is found to the simplicity and sardonic frankness of "Spoon River Anthology". To all who like freakish poetry we commend it. Most of the pieces are too long for complete re-

production; we select the last two stanzas of the title poem:

STARVED ROCK

This is the land where every generation
Lets down its buckets for the water of Life.
We are the children and the epigone
Of the Illini, the vanished nation.
And this starved scarp of stone
Is now the emblem of our tribulation,
The inverted cup of our insatiable thirst,
The Illini by fate accursed,
This land lost to the Pottawatomies,
They lost the land to us,
Who baffled and idolatrous,
And thirsting, spurred by hope
Kneel upon aching knees,
And with our eager hands draw up the bucketless rope.

* * *

This is the tragic, the symbolic face,
Le Rocher or Starved Rock,
Round which the eternal turtles drink and swim
And serpents green and strange,
As race comes after race,
War after war,
This is the sphinx whose Memnon lips spell dirges
To Empire's wayward star,
And over the race's restless urges,
Whose lips unlock
Life's secret which is vanishment and change.

The author of this book is weak in punctuation, a very important factor in poetry, and he spells Saviour without the u—S-A-V-I-O-R.

*

THE HEART OF CHERRY McBAIN

By Douglas Durkin. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

TAKE a railway construction camp in Western Canada, Keith McBain, the contractor; Cherry, his motherless daughter; King Howden, settler and carrier of His Majesty's mails; Bill McCartney, foreman of the construction camp, and the men of the camp, and you have the setting and personnel of this attractive new Canadian love story. It is a novel written by a Canadian, with the scene laid in Canada, the publishers Canadians, and the printing and binding all done in Canada. It contains many strong situations, especially whenever Bill McCartney, the bully, and King Howden appear together, and several pleasing love scenes almost whenever King and Cherry appear together. Cherry, being motherless, and accepting the responsibility of looking after her father, who through drink has lost his nerve if not his fortune and is rapidly becoming a tool of the scheming McCartney, repeatedly finds herself in a very embarrassing position. But her innate goodness, great strength of character and the timely intervention of King Howden bring the story to a satisfactory conclusion.

*

A LITTLE BOY LOST

By W. H. Hudson. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS delightful fairy tale is here presented in an American edition, with beautiful line drawings by A. D. McCormick. The writer, whose charm of style has long been recognized, especially ni England, confesses in a letter addressed to his American publisher, that a long time ago, in looking through his collection of children's books, he conceived the idea of writing a book that might have suited his peculiar taste in childhood, as he recalled it, "the impossible story to be founded on my own childish impressions and adventures". This book is the result.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE POST-OFFICE*

The Importance of the Post-office

THE place and importance of the post-office, except in large cities, diminishes year by year. Several causes appear. The newspaper undoubtedly was the first, but it never was so great a factor as it has been since the establishing of rural routes. Nor was the telegraph. The telegraph, indeed, never got close to the isolated village or the farm, but now the telephone, the greatest factor of all, has revolutionized the social life of the country districts and robbed the general store and the post-office of their erstwhile importance as centres of gossip and disseminators of news.

The post-office of forty years ago as it is recalled by at least one person had many characteristics that were common to most of the post-offices attached to general stores throughout rural Ontario. It had, for one thing, an imposing false front that extended up above the second story, a type of architecture that still obtains in equally ludicrous proportions in many new towns throughout the West. A verandah stood up as high as the second story, with a platform and railing on top, and on to it my aunt oftentimes used to step from the upper rooms when she saw a little lad toddling across the street to get a bull's eye or stick of taffy.

"What are you after now?" she would say, as she leaned over the railing and smiled down at the youngster with as sweet a smile as anyone could wish to see. And then some wonderfully tall man who happened to be sitting whittling on the platform below, or perhaps it might have been my uncle from the store, would life him up to my aunt, who would

Up on the Verandah

*A recent report of the Postmaster-General informs us that the receipts for the year of the largest post-office in the Dominion (Toronto) were $4,137,678, and of the smallest (McLaggan, New Brunswick) two dollars. Montreal, with receipts of $2,353,045, came next to Toronto, and Glengarry, Nova Scotia, with three dollars, came next to McLaggan. Horseshoe Canyon, Alberta, tied with Glengarry, but it was closed. Closed also was Turenne, P.Q., with receipts of only one dollar.

carry him inside and show him the goldfish and regale him with jelly cake and dandelion wine. Pity all little boys who haven't any aunt living above the post-office, above the store, just across the way!

Jelly Cake and Wine

The old mail-carrier used to drive up the hill about three-thirty in the afternoon of every lawful day. From the verandah it was a great sight to see him coming, his old gray nag tugging patiently against the incline and the dust gray wheels of the buggy following, round after round. But it was a greater sight to look down on him as he stopped in front and waited for someone to lift the mail-bag from the box at the back. For he was so old and so fat and so sottish that it must have been impossible for him to move from his seat except when he rolled out at the end of the journey in some remote part of the universe away back beyond the Boundary. He himself was always referring to the Boundary, for by it he timed and measured and weighed everything, and it was to it, and perhaps even a short distance into the strange realm beyond, that this same little boy hoped some day he might adventure.

Perhaps elsewhere, apart from fiction, there have been young mail-carriers, with young horses and new buggies, but all that I have ever known have been old, and everything about them has been old. They have been wooden-legged or palsied or slightly touched above the ears. All but one. Him I recall because he had a French name, wore long hair, was Père Goriot come to life again, and mostly because he came into the village late one night, oh, very late, so late that all little boys should have been in bed and fast asleep. I coaxed to be led out to see him, for he stood in the middle of the road, a lantern upraised in his hand, a spot of light in all the circumambient darkness. Something had happened, I know not what, but as we drew closer I could see the anxious look on the faces of the few villagers who had waited for the mail. What attracted me most of all was the lantern, for it was much larger and different from the newer kind that my father used when called out on dark nights to attend the sick. It was very different from the electric flashlight in use to-day! The old mail-carrier held it up and opened one of its four windows. Then I got a glimpse within and saw fluttering there what must have been the flame from a stout tallow candle.

"I'll have to go back and look for it," he said, and he pinched the light with long, gnarled fingers.

I never knew what it was he went back to look for, and I never saw him again. Perhaps it was his youth. Perhaps it

Perhaps it was his Youth

Away beyond the Boundary

was the young wife whom my father told me he had brought there to languish and die. He had come from the land of Jacques Cartier, my father told me, and I knew he meant a country that was far away, even away beyond the Boundary.

Old Bill had a wooden leg, and I am not sure, as wood was cheap then, that he had not also a wooden head. He had at least a phenomenal capacity for conversation, and peculiar as it may seem to most persons, he loved to talk about himself. The things that he had seen and done seemed never to weary his otherwise lymphatic mind, and if he had a passenger going out to take the train the time would fly and he wouldn't notice its going. And most of all he loved to tell about what he had been. First of all, he hadn't always been a mail-carrier. Why, bless you, he had been before the mast for fifteen years, going round the Horn, back and forth twenty times, and flaunting it in almost every port between Plymouth and Singapore. He had been a chemist in the Old Country for twenty years, had taught school in Torbay for ten years, had been a grave-digger, when out of luck, for five years, digging the grave that received the last mortal remains of the Duke of Wellington; had been a Methodist parson for twelve years, a jockey for nine years, an actor for eighteen years, playing mostly the roles of heavy villain and low comedian. He had kept a tavern in this country for five and twenty years, and never would have quit had the rheumatism not struck him so hard that he couldn't raise his arms as high as the bar. In all his many vicissitudes he must have served at least 114 years.

"You must be a pretty old man," someone would remark.

"I am," he would reply. "I'm just neat sixty." He had been just neat sixty for five years that we could count.

"But how did you lose your leg, Bill?"

This question always caused an embarrassing silence.

"How did it happen, Bill?"

After much baiting Bill would heave a deep sigh and answer almost inaudibly: "I never knew."

"It was in the Crimeer," he would proceed if permitted to do so, "and we wuz all fightin' like 'ell, when somethin' seemed to bust and blow up, and blow down and both right and left to once. . . . When they picked me up I wuz minus one leg and most o' my faculties. But I come to in about a fortnight. After that I quit the army and became a solicitor. It wan't no good, there bein' too many solicitin' after the war. And that's 'ow I come to come to Canady. Leastways, it wuz one o' the reasons."

Minus most of his Faculties

Nobody ever quite Knew

Nobody ever quite knew the other reasons, mostly because Bill himself couldn't compose them to his own satisfaction. He was most likely to impart secrets when tight with liquor, a condition that was not uncommon to the man or to the day. But perhaps there was some condonement. Carrying Her Majesty's mails was not at best a very enlivening occupation, and for that reason, if not for one more human and personal, we might sympathize with the man who while waiting for the train to arrive preferred convivial company round the big box stove in the tavern to the chance acquaintance of the station platform. But whatever the reason, Bill oftentimes was visibly in his cups, and on one memorable occasion he fell asleep and permitted the horse to run the buggy into the ditch, break away from the shafts and leave the mail-carrier low and wet, mired by the roadside.

In course of time, as was natural, Bill awoke, and as he did so a man coming along on foot overheard him talking to himself.

"Be I Bill Bailey or bain't I?" he said. "If I be Bill Bailey, I've lost a horse; if I bain't, I've found a buggy."

On another and similar occasion Bill fell asleep but never woke again. They found him, lifeless, at the end of his journey—back near the Boundary.

Bill was succeeded by old Jim Hay, who was quite as old as Bill, much more helpless and amazingly less garrulous. Indeed, Jim Hay never was known to say anything. He just sat in the buggy, sticking out over the edge of the seat like a sack of wool and breathing and wheezing like a horse with the heaves. He never touched the mail-bag, but waited until someone eager for his letters would carry it into the post-office and then put it in its place again.

I loved to look down from the verandah above and watch old Jim jolt forward and then rebound when at length the buggy stopped abruptly in front of the store. I used to wonder who put the brass padlock on the mail-bag and what was the meaning of the Queen's insignia. But I never knew, for nobody ever told me, that the post-office was an institution of Her Most Gracious Majesty, whose birthday we celebrated by going fishing every twenty-fourth of May. But one way or another I came to know about the people who passed beneath the verandah, all loyal subjects of the Queen, even if unappreciative of her graciousness.

There was big Jim Hill

There was big Jim Hill, who always was expecting a letter from a brother who had gone over to Michigan; and little

And Little Billy Smith

Billy Smith, who couldn't read anything he ever did get. But even if he couldn't read he liked to look at the writing and the little picture of the Queen's head stuck on the outside. Even if he couldn't read, he liked to hear about Joe Bake's fine field of wheat, Norden's fat cattle, and the latest additions to the population. It seemed to be incredible, and yet everybody knew it to be true, that Joe would consume a big basin of thick sour milk, without stopping for breath, every chance he got, and if it hadn't been for the mail-carrier he would have been the fattest man in all those parts. Norden was noted for his Holsteins, and indeed only for these estimable cattle our community would have received but scant notice outside itself.

Norden long had been regarded as an impeccable bachelor, and when at length he astonished the people by taking time from exporting cattle to import a wife the attention of the whole neighbourhood was turned from stock-raising to housekeeping. But shortly thereafter Norden fell ill of a fever. So ill indeed did he become that he supplied a new and sole topic of conversation. Some persons said that he must have contracted the disease when he was away getting married, and others blamed it on the swamp at the back of his farm. One or two ventured the opinion that it was a result of washing in water from a stagnant cistern. At any rate he came out of it with impaired hearing but a thankful heart.

Joke Bake, too much occupied with sour cream and the contents of a well-stored pantry, had heard of the marriage but not of the fever. And when the two met at the post-office, one Saturday night when there was a good audience present, Joe attempted in his own way to congratulate the groom.

"Well, Norden," he began, "I hear you've gone and got married."

"I *was* pretty bad," Norden replied, "but, thank God, I'm better now."

From the verandah one afternoon we saw the mail-carrier approach, stop as abruptly as usual, jolt forward, rebound into the seat and then settle down like meal in a sack. Presently my uncle came out to get the mail-bag, but it was not there.

"Jim," he said, "where's the mail-bag?"

The Old Horse on the Gallop

Jim looked straight in front for the space of fifteen seconds, then he reached for the whip. He turned the horse's head back towards the north, and, letting the whip descend, started off again, the old horse on the gallop, careering pellmell down the hill. The buggy rocked from one side to the other like

Old Jim's Last Ride

a boat in the trough, and old Jim rocked with it. We saw him dash past the carpenter's, past the blacksmith's, past the cobbler's, past the mill, past the township hall, between the poplars, over the bridge with a booming sound, across the full stretch of the valley, and up the confronting hill. We saw him strike the long five-mile course that loomed ahead at the top, all the while striking the horse with the bitter end of his bitter lash. Not one word had he uttered, for Jim was a man of silence, as silent as a Trappist, and yet he knew how to make the unfortunate beast suffer for the failure of his own memory.

We saw him, still swaying from side to side, grow smaller and smaller as the road dwindled to a point at the horizon, and there at last he disappeared from our vision, absorbed by the enveloping landscape.

But at that same point, half an hour later, he reappeared, a speck coming out from the mist. He came as he had gone, swaying and lurching, staring straight ahead, but uttering never a word. His rage was too great for mere verbiage. Thus, having no outlet, it settled back within himself, and should be a warning to us all not to let the molehills of our every day grow into mountains. For it was Jim's last journey. Like old Bill, he was found, an inert mass, somewhere back near the Boundary. And the forgotten mail-bag lay at his feet.

They talked about old Jim for a while, but soon he became, as we all must become, a neglected memory. His place was taken by another old man who was afflicted with the dance of St. Vitus, and who indulged in a veritable passion for being late. I have sometimes thought that the people used to like it better when he came late: it gave them a reason for sitting around the store and talking about old times. Yankee Tom dearly loved to tell about the time he killed a wildcat with a frozen turnip back in Gormaly's bush. And Long Archie always waited with pardonable impatience to tell about the time he drove the sorel mare from Tuckersmith home with rain falling in torrents a few feet behind him all the way but never catching him.

The Threshing at Mike O'Hara's

"Speakin' of wildcats," Angus McAlpin would begin, "makes me think of the time the bear broke up the threshing at Mike O'Hara's. Mike's son Pat, who went out to Manitoba, could get more work out of a set of horses than any other man in Americky. He swung as pretty a lash as you ever saw and could whistle like a si-reen. Well, one day they were threshing at the old man's place, and, as it began to look like rain, 'long about noon time the old man was gettin' anxious. The

Someone Sighted a Bear

dinner bell rang, Pat stopped whistling, the horses stopped, the machine stopped, and the men stopped.

"They had just got sot down at dinner when someone sighted a bear hiking for the bush across the back lot. Everybody jumped up and two or three of the men started after the bear, headed by Pat carrying an old musket. Mike didn't say nothin'. He just sat down on a block of wood outside and began to whittle. It looked more than ever like rain, and someone said casual like that there wasn't much chance of gettin' done that day, which made Mike whittle all the faster. They couldn't get started up again, with four men off, so they just had to stand there and wait. In a little while Mrs. O'Hara came to the door.

"'What's the matter?' she asked, lookin' at Mike.

"'Nothin'.'

"'Then why ain't yez threshin'?'

"'Pat, the divil, and Bill, the divil, and Martin, the divil, and Jerry, the divil, is takin' a holiday.'

"'Where hev they gone to?'

"'All gone to hell with the bear.'"

It didn't take much to remind the blacksmith of the time he shod Charlie Mason's blood stallion, away back in the days when they made horseshoes by hand and fashioned nails on the anvil.

"It must have been twenty—let me see. . . ." he would begin: "It was the year Betsy Jordan died."

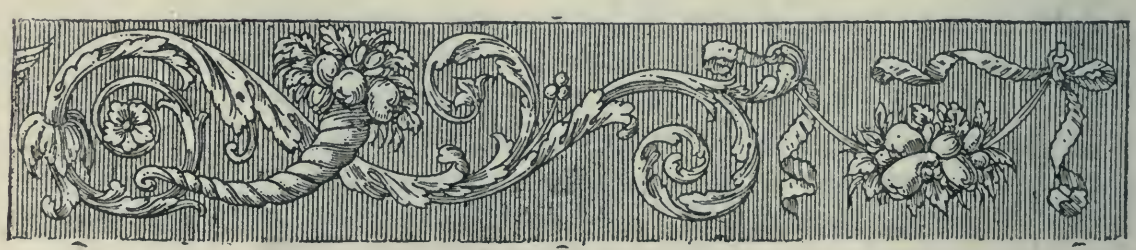
"The year of the black frost," someone would remark.

"It's twenty years ago if it's a day," the blacksmith would insist, beginning all over again.

"Do you remember Charlie's two-wheeled cart with the spring seat?" another would ask, breaking in.

But before anyone could answer some unappreciative listener, some restless mortal who had no recollection of the late sixties, would interrupt with the inevitable question, Any mail for me?

Any Mail for me?



SOME YOUNG IMMORTALS

The young men of this group are the subject of Miss Spence's inspiring article

PUBLIC LIBRARY
CHURCH

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, JULY, 1920 No. 3

SOME YOUNG IMMORTALS

BY NELLIE SPENCE

I HAVE just come upon a group picture of some sixteen boys in cadet uniform—winners of a prize in a military tournament in the spring of 1914, shortly before the War. They are arranged in two rows, those in front kneeling, with rifles in position; those in the rear standing. Before them, on a little pedestal, is the Trophy which they won. Behind them are three of the Masters of the Secondary School to which they belonged.

The picture, I remember, was brought to me some time during the progress of the War, with the suggestion that I should use it as the basis of a little "write-up", as all these lads —with one possible exception—had joined the Colours and gone overseas. All these boys I knew personally; of some, it is true, my knowledge was limited to the class-room, while others I knew both in and out of school. But the suggested "write-up" remained in abeyance, chiefly because I felt that it would be all out of proportion, seeing that in some cases my information was so scanty, and in others so complete. I put the picture away in a drawer, and there it lay.

Now the War is a thing of the past, and nobody wants to hear any more about it. Perhaps that is why, from a spirit of contrariety, I am now moved to write of these boys. This post bellum indifference is unworthy of us; we who sang such lusty war Processionals should chant our Recessionals with as deep a fervour—"lest we forget, lest we forget". As I look into the young faces in the picture (their ages ranged from fifteen to eighteen), and remember what they did and how they suffered in the Great War, and especially when I note that seven out of the sixteen gave up their lives, I feel that such lads and such deeds should not be lightly forgotten; that all sorts of reminders by voice and pen and act should be forthcoming. And so, even thus late in the day, I want to speak of these young soldiers, one by one, as I knew them; and in particular of those who are now only a memory—a memory that should be kept forever green. I shall take them one by one, from left to right, beginning with the back row.

Willard, the first boy ("Bill" the other boys preferred to call him), joined the Air Force immediately on receipt of the news that his brother Harry was missing. Harry was last heard from just before the Battle of Vimy Ridge in the spring of 1917. He had often written of his "little fighting scout" which travelled ninety miles an hour. "My little 'bus only carries one," he wrote in one letter. "I have to fly her and work my machine-gun at the same time, and it needs all the hands you have got in a scrap. She is designed for fighting only, so that my duties consist in sitting a couple of miles up in the air over the lines, ready to swoop down on Mr. Hun if he tries to come over. It is awfully lonely up there and mighty cold, and one is not sorry to get down again after a couple of hours."

In that "little fighting 'bus" Harry crossed the lines on reconnaissance work before the Spring Push of 1917, and nothing was ever heard of him afterwards; only a little packet, long months later, was sent home to his mother—a little packet that told its own sad tale.

Meantime Willard had gone over, too. How often during the War was one reminded of the story of the two immortal Gracchi—the younger not daunted, but rather impelled, by the death of his elder brother, to follow that brother's example and share that brother's fate! And just a year after Harry's tragic death the same message—"Missing"—came of Willard. He was last seen surrounded by hostile aircraft—the rest of the story can be easily guessed! As yet no other word has come; and not even a little tell-tale packet of personal belongings. But the mother of these two brave lads—and she has no other sons—still "carries on" with the calm courage that ever marked the mothers of soldier-sons and that goes far to explain the heroism which has been the birthright of these sons.

Of Russell, the second boy in the picture, I can say little. I remember him as a particularly happy, carefree lad in the matriculation class, one to whom both work and play had a proper relish, and who, when the War came, "joined up" without hesitation. I can see him now, on the day he visited the school to say good-bye, standing in the hall, surrounded by his classmates, laughing and joking, perhaps to hide the sadness of farewell. His military career was tragically short. Following hard upon a letter in which he said his battery (he was bombardier) was located where the shells were wildly flying, came the despatch, "Killed in Action". And so he gave his glad young life away in the grim old war. That is a beautiful fancy—and why may it not be a beautiful fact?—in Katharine Tynan's "New Heaven", where she says that

> "Paradise now is the soldier's land,
> Their own country its shining sod;
> Comrades all in a merry band;
> And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God."

Of Heber, the third boy, I have a different tale to tell. For Heber has come home, unscarred by battle but decorated for bravery, having won the Croix de Guerre, with Silver Star. Heber will always be remembered in the annals of the school for his athletic "stunts" in the sports—he established marvellous new records for hundred-yard dashes and running broad jumps. Nevertheless, he was pronounced medically unfit for military service, and it was only by a daring piece of strategy and a tactical "coup" (which I am under bonds not to reveal) that he succeeded in getting overseas. "But he will never get to France," confidently said those who knew him well.

"You'll see!" said those who knew him better.

And soon came the word that Heber was in France, and in a combatant unit, too—infantry, at that. When one thinks of the way in which some boys (and more men) evaded military service, and the way in which others achieved military service, one is lost

in wonder at the contrasts which life affords; and one doubts the conclusion of the modern novelists who say that humanity presents not black and white but only a neutral drab or gray. A study of the military situation under the voluntary system, and even under conscription, is rather a refutation of this theory of life and character. Perhaps Sir Walter and the other old-timers were right, after all.

Leonard, the next boy, near-sighted and spectacled even in childhood, and of rather delicate pysique, is another example of the "Will-to-Do" which scorns obstacles. But a letter from Shorncliffe speaks with disgust of his slim chances of getting to France, and of the tedium of his work as an instructor in bayonet-fighting and physical training. He seemed almost envious of the militant and muscular English women omnibus conductors, and described the summary way in which they pushed mere men off the steps when the 'bus was full enough. It was with considerable surprise that I received a little later a letter from France—Leonard had "arrived" somehow or other. He was with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade under General Seeley, and was afterwards transferred to the Artillery. He, too, has come home, safe and sound; he and boys like him will help to build up the New Canada of the greater days to be.

And now we come to Howard and George. For, really, I cannot speak of these boys separately, they were so inseparable as schoolboys. Rather, I should take the trio, for on the other side of George in the picture stands Douglas, another close friend. George and Douglas came from the same little town at the mouth of the Credit River, and, like other Lake Shore boys, brought with them to the school a certain individuality and virility—like a breath of fresh country air invading the confines of the city. Howard was a Torontonian, but a lover of lake and stream and woodland; not a real city boy at heart. In the summer of 1915 George and Douglas were in camp at Niagara together, sharing the same tent. Douglas got overseas first, in September, 1915, being one of five officers sent over with five drafts (Douglas was seventeen at the time). Meantime Howard joined the Colours, and he and George were in the same unit, George having been promoted to Captain's rank, Howard serving under him as Lieutenant. It was not till the spring of 1916 that they crossed the sea. In England their battalion was broken up, and presently they found themselves in France with another unit, George having reverted to lieutenant's rank to go with his "pal", The first Battle of the Somme was their initiation into actual warfare. Then came the long, hard winter in the trenches, followed by the Spring Push of 1917.

"What did you think of the first phase of 'The Big Push'?" asks George in a letter dated April 18. "It was the most wonderful sight I ever hope to see. Our chaps advanced behind their artillery barrage just as we did when practising for it miles behind the lines. We commenced the attack at 5.30 a.m. and at 12 noon all our objectives were gained and we had successfully 'pulled off' the biggest infantry advance yet made in the war.

"Poor old Howard acquired a dirty crack on the head shortly after we left our own parapet. I didn't see him get hit and have not heard from him since; but, knowing that he is safely wounded and probably in 'Blighty' by now, I am quite content. He was first reported to me as being killed, which news naturally was not the best thing for one after an attack. But cheer up, all is well now, and if our Corps is ever relieved, I shall see him when in England on leave. You see I still hope for it."

But poor George was destined never to see England or his friend again.

Howard, after a hard fight for life and a long convalescence, came home to Canada at last, and was welcomed

almost as one risen from the dead. But it was not the laughing, inexperienced boy who returned; in his place came a mature and thoughtful man. Life could not be the same to him after the loss of his best friend; in fact, life can never again be the same to any of us who knew and loved George well—and to know him was to love him well.

As he stands in the picture between Howard and Douglas, I cannot help comparing him with the boy—or rather the man—who appears in a later picture I have of him. What a change those few years made! Yet it is the boy of the group picture that comes back to me now, as I think of the days before the War. Well I remember the first year of my acquaintance with him. I had announced, as was my wont, that any pupils who were unable to prepare the work assigned each day for the class had only to see me before nine o'clock in the morning and state their case; otherwise they were liable to be detained half an hour after school. Even as I spoke the words, I fancied I detected a curious look in the eyes of a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, English-looking lad sitting towards the back of the room; and I was not surprised when the next morning, at precisely two minutes to nine, he burst breathlessly into my class-room and explained (he had a quick, staccato way of speaking that rather amused me at first) that he was "most awfully sorry" that he hadn't his work prepared for the day; but he had had trouble with the car going home (he used to motor in from the Credit every morning and "park" his car in the school grounds), and it had taken him a good part of the evening repairing it. Gravely I accepted the explanation, with a word of caution as to the use of double superlatives and the importance of precision of diction. In the course of a day or two I examined the car standing on the campus, and came to the conclusion that it might well serve as the peg to hang many an excuse upon—it was a much-used and much-abused Ford, with, however, long life in its old frame yet.

But I was scarcely prepared for what followed. Morning after morning (not every morning, but so frequently that I missed him when he did not come), a roguish boy would rush into my room at precisely two minutes to nine, and, after a hurried "Good Morning!" (he never forgot that), would exclaim in a breathless staccato:

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. The car——"

I never could cure him of his tendency to the double superlative, and his fondness for racy figures of speech; and so, with occasional changes of metaphor and variations as to the personality of Alexander, the familiar tale was repeated. Of course it was most unpedagogical of me to accept the excuse day after day, but it was really very pleasant to have those morning calls from that happy-faced boy. Besides, I had no fear about that boy's really neglecting his work or failing at examinations; he was not the boy to shirk any duty, he was too much the gentleman to be inattentive in class, and he was quick and clever in every way. He was only trying a little experiment on me and was wondering how long it could be kept up. Sometimes, indeed, as if he thought it not quite fair that he should always get off scot-free and other boys be detained, he would fail to turn up in the morning and would make some shocking mistake in the course of the lesson; then he would come to my room at the close of the day and give Alexander a most beautiful polish under my personal supervision.

At last, one morning, after I had listened once-more to the oft-told tale of the car and its vicissitudes, I remarked:

"This has been a most interesting serial, George, but don't you think that everything has happened to that

car that ought to happen to any self-respecting vehicle? Suppose we begin on a new story to-morrow."

George smiled (and George's smile was a tonic that helped one through a weary day), and withdrew without comment.

I should have been sadly disappointed if my boy had not come next morning; but I knew that he would come—knew that he would accept my challenge. And surely enough, at precisely two minutes to nine, he dashed breathlessly into my classroom.

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. They're getting up a church entertainment at the Credit, and I had to be at a rehearsal." And before I could recover breath, he was gone.

Who wouldn't love a boy like that?

He was absolutely irresistible, and everybody loved him. He was so sunny, so full of fun ("never was known to have a grouch", the other boys said), and such a wonderful athlete! Never had we such a Cadet Corps as when he was Captain, never such a Rugby Team as when he led it to victory. I can see him now, making one of his beautiful runs down the field; and, again, at the close of a glorious game, borne high upon the shoulders of the other boys after the manner of the old chieftains raised upon the shields of their followers. And—most marvellous of all—he remained quite unspoiled by his popularity, and unspoiled by his military life.

And this splendid young life is over—oh, the pity of it all!

"It seems only the other day," they told me once at the manse, "that George used to come tapping at the door to ask, 'Please may Wallie come out and play?' His home was a mile or two up the river, and he often came down to the village, riding his little Shetland pony or driving behind it in a little cart. And in his home at "Thornwood" they have a picture of a chubby little boy mounted on that Shetland pony. And, in a moment, as it were, the chubby little boy shot into manhood and was off to the War.

My last picture of George is as he stood on the landing outside my little flat. It was the night before he left for overseas, and he and Howard had come in to say good-bye. As they went downstairs, George turned at the landing to call back something, and I can see him clearly, as he stood there for a moment, flushed and smiling, then ran lightly down the steps. Those lines which Wilfrid Gibson wrote of Rupert Brooke often come to me when I recall this last picture of George:

"He's gone!
I do not understand;
But as he turned to go,
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset-glow,
And he was gone!"

George was wounded at Vimy, and, as a brother-officer wrote, could easily have gone to "Blighty"; but that was not George's way. He had to carry on. He only went to the Transport lines for a few days' rest.

To continue the story in the words of the brother-officer:

"We began to prepare for the third of May show. George was told that he would not be in it, but, although his previous wound was not yet healed, he accompanied us up to the trenches on the first of May. He was too fond of work, and nobody with any authority tried to make him stay back. . . . Well, night came on, and about twelve o'clock the battalion moved up to within five hundred yards of the German lines, and commenced to dig in. It was moonlight and Fritz saw us, and between twelve and 3.45 a.m. he laid his barrage on top of us twice. 'Twas a wonder we survived that, but our men had made the most of their time and were pretty well dug in, so we came off very well. Then Zero hour came—*the* hour. A few minutes before that time I went

over to George and shook hands with him. We wished each other luck, etc., and I returned to my men. That was the last I saw of George. He was on the right flank, the position of honour, by the way. I was on the left. I will not attempt to describe that show otherwise than to say, I wonder how any one lived.

"I have made many friends, but I have never met one whom I liked and admired as much as George. He was absolutely the best in every way, physically as well as morally. I don't believe he *ever* did a wrong thing."

In this 3rd of May "show"—the Battle of Fresnoy—George was severely wounded. Two days later, his twenty-first birthday, he was brought into hospital, and it was soon found that a leg had to be amputated. He might have survived this, but it was discovered that the wound received at Vimy a month before—in the apex of the lung—had not healed. He was, moreover, weak from loss of blood and exhausted by the prolonged strain. What is popularly known as "galloping consumption" set in, and, after six weeks of suffering, he died.

"To what purpose was this waste?" was the text upon which one of Toronto's most eloquent preachers delivered a war sermon just about that time. To what purpose, indeed? If only some definite, satisfactory answer were forthcoming to the sad question? Perhaps there is, behind the sacrifice of so much of our splendid young manhood, some infinite purpose, some sublime good, that we know not of; perhaps "the red, sweet wine of youth" has not been poured out in vain so prodigally. But to our finite understandings the only consolation is the thought that these lads who died before their time shall at any rate not grow old,

> "Or tired on any dawning morrow,
> Nor ever change, or feel the clutches,
> Of wither'd Time on his old crutches,
> Nor fear the wild gray osprey, Sorrow!"

As I said before, Douglas went overseas some six months before George and Howard. Cheery letters came from him during the fall and early winter describing life at the training-camps, impressions of old London, and visits to relatives up in the heart of the Highlands. By this time the British Government had become seized of the importance of machine-guns, and early in February, 1916, came a letter from Douglas, announcing his arrival in France as an officer in the 4th Brigade Machine Gun Company. His earlier letters speak of the Colt gun, his later of the Vickers, which superseded the Colt. After a tour or two at the front Douglas was sent to take a special course of instruction on the Vickers at a machine-gun school near Boulogne. "It is a great thing, the machine-gun," he writes. "There is something fascinating about pressing the thumb-piece and hearing it rattling off five hundred shots a minute." Later on, when he returned to the Front, he spoke of the activity of the German machine-guns, but added cheerily: "We retaliate, and in five nights my section fired over 1400 rounds. They never scrimp us for ammunition now."

Writing in the late summer of 1916, he speaks hopefully of the chances of peace. "If the war continues, two or three more tours will bring us to winter again. I don't much want to see another winter here. I saw enough of last winter to suit me."

How often the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick must have been the experience of the gallant, uncomplaining lads, as they passed through campaign after campaign, now gaining a little ground, now losing it again! What an endless see-saw it must have seemed to them!

Shortly before Christmas, 1916, Douglas came home on furlough. He had been wounded at Courcelette, and, indeed, officially reported missing. The latter cable had been fortunately followed closely by one from Douglas himself: "Report missing all rot!" But he appeared pale and worn,

when I saw him a day or two after he reached home, and there was a look in his eyes that I did not like—the look of one who had seen unutterable things. It was not fear—the heart of the Douglas could know no fear—but a sort of horror, the horror of being brought face to face with the unspeakable awfulness of modern war. In a few months, however, he went back to it all, though the going back must have tried even his fortitude sorely. Then, at Fresnoy, he was again wounded, this time very severely, losing an eye and being otherwise injured.

"At any rate Duggie will be out of it now," was the consoling thought that came to all of us, and glad we were to see the scarred young veteran when he got back in the late summer of 1917. He had been decorated by the King, and his Majesty had inquired very specially about his injuries and most of all about the loss of his eye. Douglas was quite cheerful over that loss, only remarking that he wouldn't go back to College now, he would go straight into business.

A year later—it seemed the cruelest thing, the meanest irony of fate—he was struck down by influenza and pneumonia. His reserve power had been used up in the war and he had not the strength to combat the double disease.

"If it were not for his nights, he might pull through," said the physician. But in the delirium of pneumonia he was back in France and Flanders, fighting all his battles over again. It was too much, and in October of 1918, just as the War was being fought to a finish overseas, the battle of life ended for Douglas, and Death, the victor, claimed his own.

Death, the victor? No, one really cannot believe it in the case of a boy like Douglas. Some one has said that it is the poverty of our lives that makes faith in immortality difficult. That is very true, but, contrariwise, the richness and promise of some lives makes faith in immortality easy. And so, to any one who knew and loved Douglas—and the sunny warmth of his disposition and the frank manliness of his character endeared him to many—he, being dead, yet liveth. And I like to think that when I, too, shall go over Life's parapet and steal across the silent No Man's Land of death to the Great Objective that lies beyond, there will be waiting at least one loyal lad to greet me with outstretched hand and cheery word of welcome, for he is of the stuff that does not alter or forget in this world or in the next.

Of Bruce, the last boy in the back row of the picture, I can say very little. He was only a short time in one of my classes, and he left school about the time the war broke out. He went overseas with the Buffs, but was with Col. Harbottle and his famous "Six Bits" battalion during those last Hundred Days of the war. He came out unwounded, indeed, but utterly exhausted. For bravery on the field he received the Military Cross, and he is now back in Canada, not yet quite restored to normal health and strength, but in a fair way, I thought when I saw him last, to make a complete recovery. Wonderful, indeed, is the recuperative power of youth.

Glancing at the kneeling boys in the front row of the picture, one notices that the first boy on the left is looking straight in the direction towards which his rifle is pointing; the other boys seem to be looking straight at the camera. Of Alan, this first boy, I have written elsewhere in some detail,* so I will say little of him here. A son of the manse, he was one of three brothers who went to the War and one of two who fell. He crossed the ocean early in 1916, and saw some of the fighting at the Somme in the summer and autumn of that year. In the spring of 1917 he was home on sick leave for three months, but re-

*"The Schoolboy in the War", published in *The Canadian Magazine* in January, 1919.

turned to France in the summer. Though he escaped the fighting at Vimy and Lens, he went through the horror of Passchendaele, and the greater horror of the campaign of 1918—that final phase of the War. My last letters from him speak with pride of the advance, with sadness of the price paid in human life. One by one his pals fell about him, until at last, after Bourlon Wood, he was the only original officer left of his battalion at the Front. Then, as I have heard from two comrades to whom he spoke quite freely, he had a premonition that his own fate was near at hand. And on September 30th, in the great Battle of Cambrai, in which he, a lad of only twenty, was acting Second-in-Command, he was killed. In his death I seemed to feel not only his loss (great as that was, for he was a lad after my own heart), but, in a sort of cumulative way, all the losses that had come before to our little circle—it was a culmination of sorrow and tragedy.

The next two boys, Basil and Raymond, were brothers as well as comrades-in-arms. They were American lads, hailing from Boston. But their forbears came from Nova Scotia—old Acadie—and it was as much, I fancy, the call of La Belle France as of Mother England that they heard and promptly answered. Raymond was twenty, Basil eighteen, when they joined the Colours. Raymond was a brilliant lad at school, and he used to contribute much to the interest and not a little to the gaiety of our history classes, rising often to a point of order, very respectfully but insistently, when controversial topics, like the American Revolutionary War or the War of 1812, were under discussion—he was never, I know, quite satisfied with our version of the Saratoga incident. But the War came, and lo! our Yankee boy was British of the British. He and Basil joined the "American Legion", and they chafed at the long delay here and in England. At last they reached France, having been transferred to a Canadian unit. "I am an old soldier now," Raymond writes. "I have been in France nearly three weeks." That was in May, 1917. In June he was killed; he was leading his platoon into action for the third time at La Coulette when he fell. On Dominion Day our Yankee lad was laid to rest at Villers-au-Bois.

The official news of his death was late in coming, but a cryptic message from Basil brought the tidings to his people. Basil was not permitted to send word in plain English, but the meaning of his cable, "Be brave—he was brave to the end", was only too clear.

Just about that time I happened to be reading John Buchan's description of the death of another Raymond—Raymond Asquith—and I could not help applying his words to this dear Raymond of ours: "He loved his youth, and his youth has become eternal. Debonnair and brilliant and brave, he is now a part of that immortal England which knows not age or weariness or defeat."

Basil (better known as "Buster" by the boys) "carried on" as best he could without his elder brother. Wounded at Passchendaele, he came home at Christmas on leave. He might have stayed; in fact, he was assigned to "light duty" here indefinitely; but he refused the "bomb-proof job". "If it had been Ray," he said when spoken to on the subject, "he would have gone back, and I must go. Besides, as I figure it out, every man under thirty-five who is physically fit, ought to be over there." I could not help thinking what a pity it was that such proficiency in moral arithmetic, such a clear figuring of it out, was not more general. And I recall a day in the early spring of 1918, when I stood with a few others on the platform of a suburban railway-station and caught a last smile and wave of the hand from the brave lad as he stood in the rear vestibule of the receding train which was bearing him back to

the War. Going out the first time, as all the boys said, was just a great adventure; but going back again was a very different story. What it must have been to this boy who went the first time with the support and companionship of his older brother, and went back alone, one can only vaguely imagine.

"Stay in England if you are offered a Depot job", some of us urged him. "Don't try to get back to France. Think of your mother—and of Raymond."

"Yes, I'll stay in England for Mother's sake," he answered, "unless I am needed in France."

But of course he was needed in France, as we might have known would be the case. There was dire need of the boys of the good old bulldog breed just then in that lonely salient where the sons of Canada were "standing to" for so long, while the tide of battle surged around them. So we were not surprised when word soon came that Basil had rejoined his battalion in France—it was then just a year after Raymond's death. He had figured out the problem of duty to a clear and heroic solution, and stepped once again on French soil in the hour of deadliest peril. The Germans had made their last and most wonderful drive, reconquering in a week (was it not?) the ground that our armies had gained in a long summer's campaign.

Then came the miracle—the right-about—the advance. Then the Canadian Corps, used as a spearhead (how familiar became that metaphor!) won imperishable fame. What is it that Ludendorff himself confesses about that black day—the eighth of August—and succeeding days? But, alas! in that last phase—those Hundred Days—we lost as many men as during all the war down to this time. The one little Secondary School of which I write lost eighty-six boys (of some five hundred who went to the war), and nearly half of these eighty-six were killed during those last three months. And the same, I fancy, is true of every little unit, and of the whole Canadian Corps. The price of victory was high, indeed!

On one of those days of fiercest fighting Basil was badly wounded. For hours he lay out in the open, unable to move, expecting each minute that another machine-gun bullet would come his way and complete the work of the one that had laid him low. A sergeant crawling to his help was killed. Rescue was impossible until nightfall. Then he was brought in, more dead than alive; and, by sheer force of will-power, I believe, he finally recovered. "You have no business to be alive, you know," said his physician. "By all the rules you ought to have died."

But instead of the sturdy boy who had merited the name of "Buster", there came back to Canada a pale and badly-shaken and much older-grown man. A few months, however, and he began to be himself again; even his gaiety returned, mingled, as I imagine it always will be henceforth, with a gravity born of tragic experiences and fateful days.

Of the next boy, Morton, I dare not say much. When he won a Military Medal and the inevitable press-item appeared, Morton served notice upon two or three of us who, he suspected, might have been responsible, threatening to cut us off with field postcards if we ever gave out any information whatsoever about him. So, though I have some good stories of his exploits as a runner, and one particularly racy story of an early morning surprise party across No Man's Land to the German lines (it was here, I think, that he won a Bar to that Medal), and another story telling of the attack on Regina Trench in October of 1916 (a story of uncut wires and consequent tragedy—a story of twenty-four hours that seemed twenty-four years—Morton making, as runner, innumerable trips between the line and headquarters, never stopping going one way or the other—he

was the only runner left at the last—I must leave the story untold. I have often thought, anyway, apropos of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales", that a series of "Half-Told Tales" also might be interesting. Just a suggestion or two—let the reader do the rest.

Morton came through a thousand adventures and escapes, and he lives—but *not* to tell the tale. He is reticence itself, and what information I have, though authentic, is not from him. It is amazing how all the boys, indeed, while communicative enough regarding the heroic deeds of others, preserve a sphinx-like silence about their own. I trust, however, that Morton and the others will forgive me for setting down what I have done. I have really left a great deal unsaid.

Jack, the next boy in the picture, left school in the summer of 1915, and I somehow lost sight of him. He had always been a reserved and diffident lad, and, when he donned his uniform, he did not go calling upon all his friends in consequence. He just slipped away quietly, and my first intimation that he was overseas was almost immediately followed by the news of his death. He had not quite finished his training in England—he was in the Air Force—when one of those accidents that were unfortunately so common and so often fatal in that branch of the service terminated his military career. One can be thankful, at any rate, that he did not see active service. Though he would have been, I am sure, one of the bravest of the brave, yet the horrors of actual fighting would have been worse to a lad of his quiet and sensitive disposition than to boys of a more assertive and bellicose nature. Worthy of as much honour are those who died without entering the fray as are those who fell in the thick of battle. As Helen Gray Cone says, in her little poem, "On the Death of an Untried Soldier",

"He died in armour, died with lance at rest,
The trumpet had not sounded for the charge;
Yet shall his guerdon of golden fame be large,
For he was ready, he had met the test.

"No sacrifice is more complete and clean
Than that in the locked soul secret and still;
Take for a visible deed the perfect will;
Crown with sad pride the accomplishment unseen.

"Hang his bright arms undinted on the wall,
In all brave colours whereto his dreams aspired;
Blazon his blank shield as his heart desired,
And write above : 'The readiness is all!'"

Of Guy, the next boy, I know nothing. He came to us from the West somewhere, and remained only a short time at the school. What became of him I cannot tell. He may have gone to the War, but no word of him in any way reached me.

Alan, the next boy (another Alan), was a despatch-rider at Valcartier camp, at the age of fifteen. When the first Canadian Contingent went overseas, Alan came back to school. But he was quite unsettled, and after Christmas he did not return; and, except for his extreme youth, I was not surprised to hear that he was at Exhibition Camp. In the fall of 1915 he was in England, and soon word came that he was leaving for France. But trench life was too much for him, and pneumonia—of which he had had an attack before leaving Canada—set in. Back in "Blighty", he was restless and unhappy, and presently managed to get to France again. Soon, however, he was wounded, and an amputated leg ended his fighting days. Another tedious experience of hospital life in England was in store for him; but at last he got safely back to Canada, and is, I understand, managing to achieve success and happiness in life despite his serious handicap.

The last boy, Claude, I recently heard of as bound for South America on some business venture. He had only just returned from overseas, when he started off again. I heard little from or about him while he was at the front, but I know that he

won a Military Medal and was counted "a first-class fighting man".

And now, as I look back at the picture, I am seized, as, indeed, I often am (and who is not?), with a strange feeling of the unreality of the happenings of the past five years. Surely —the fancy comes again and again— it has been all a dream! Surely there never was—there never could have been—such a war as that of 1914-1919! Why, it is not so long since I read a book—it was much talked of at the time—proving that war was impossible under modern conditions. And, besides, it did not seem thinkable that the world, having emerged from the Dark Ages some centuries since, should enter still darker ages. Surely, mankind has been acquiring a little common sense—coming to realize not merely the wickedness and the barbarism, but the crass stupidity of war! Surely humanity has grown somewhat in grace and culture and kindliness and sanity through the ages! Twenty-three centuries have passed since Plato taught a serene idealism in the olive groves of Academus; nineteen centuries since a Greater than Plato stood upon an olive-crowned hill and put forth a strange new religion all compounded of Sweetness and Light. Surely the poor, dull world has learned a little of the lesson —has caught something of that divinely gracious spirit? Surely war has become an unthinkable absurdity, an impossible anachronism! Yes, I surely have been dreaming—a prolonged and ghastly dream. I must have been reading late last night—reading old Gibbon, too—reading of the wild work of Goth and Hun and Vandal in those dark days when the wonderful civilization of Greece and Rome came tumbling down in tragic ruin! And in my dream I have mixed and magnified and multiplied all the horrors of that far-off time! But soon I shall be wakened from my dream by the little alarm-clock standing there on the table at my bedside; and I shall hurry over to the old school, trying hard to shake off the memory of the hideous nightmare; and presently a warm shaft of sunshine will penetrate the gloom of my classroom and my spirit, when, at precisely two minutes to nine, a roguish boy will rush in upon me to wish me a merry Good Morning and to explain in his breathless staccato:

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. The car——"

Oh, little Alarm-clock, why don't you ring out! 'Tis surely time to waken now!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

MRS. SWEENEY'S CASE

THERE was an old Irishman named Sweeney who lived in a street principally occupied by working-class Irish people. He had only one eye, and his wife, like many others on the street, had a fluent tongue and a vocabulary liable to excite interest. On one occasion she got into an altercation with one of the other women on the street, and very soon a fight began. Almost immediately each woman had a firm grasp of the other's hair. They were pulling each other about, when the other woman's little boy, about seven or eight years of age, picked up a stick and poked it at Mrs. Sweeney, saying, "Leave my mammy alone! Leave Mammy alone!" In his attempts to push Mrs. Sweeney away, the end of the stick put her eye out.

This ended the fight. Mrs. Sweeney was taken to a hospital. The boy was arrested on a charge of doing grievous bodily harm, and was bailed to come up in court. Feeling ran pretty high in the street. I knew from the beginning that I would not send so young a child to jail, but the woman was in the hospital, and she had lost her eye, and I felt the matter deserved a formal trial.

I tried the case with great deliberation, adjourning it several times, waitnig for Mrs. Sweeney to get well and for feeling to become quiet. I heard of several witnesses being present, called them and heard their evidence, and when I thought I had exhausted the witnesses, someone said that a Mrs. Lever was present at the time. I said, "I must hear her evidence", and I adjourned the case for that purpose.

When she appeared I thought she was worth waiting to see. She was a little thin pasty-faced looking woman, with the remains of a black eye, and a bright little pink end to her nose. She wore a little shabby brown circular cape or short cloak, and a pointed conical gray felt hat with a narrow rim around it, curled upwards and from the top point of the hat stood a wilted cock's feather in anything but a jaunty style. The *tout ensemble* was perfect.

I asked her what she knew about the affair. She told me the whole story very clearly, with an evident bias in favour of the Sweeneys. When she had finished her evidence, standing in the witness box close to me, she said in a low tone in her rich Irish brogue,

"This is a sad case, your Worship."

"Yes, it is," I said.

"Oh, yes," she repeated, "a very sad case. Those poor people, the Sweeneys—do you know, your Worship, they have three little orphans."

"How do you make that out," I said; "the parents are both alive."

"Och! sure I know that, yer Worship, but what are they but orphans,

with the parents with only one pair of eyes betwixt the two of them."

That finished the case, but the boy was remanded for sentence.

*

The Handwriting on the Wall

On the night of Monday, May 18th, 1908, the Grand Trunk Railway station and the Canadian Express Company's office at Hawkstone, Ontario, were burglarized, and some money and a number of railway tickets and express orders stolen. On the following Thursday Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mitchell of the Canadian Express Company's Yonge Street office, reported the matter to the Toronto police, stating that one of the money orders had been cashed by their paying teller on the previous evening by a woman who signed her name as "Warren". The numbers of the stolen orders had not been supplied to them until some hours afterwards. Consequently they were without suspicion, and, remembering so little about it, they could not even give a description of the woman. The teller did, however, remember that while he was in the act of paying over the money, a young woman employed as a stenographer with *Collier's Weekly* stepped up to the wicket and gave a little smile of recognition to the woman who was getting the money. It was quite easy to find out from *Collier's* who the employee was that had been at the express office the evening before, but when interviewed she had no recollection of the person wanted, more than that she had attended a business college with her for a short time two years previously, but she had never seen her since until the evening before. She promised, however, to try to recall her name, and when seen a few hours afterwards, said that she was still unable to think of the name, but did remember having seen her write her name on the wall of the girls' cloak room of the college. The spot was very minutely described. In a short time the name was found on the wall. The principal of the college remembered something of the girl and thought her home was in the country, and that she had been staying in Toronto with friends. No entry of her name could be found in his books. The city directory was next consulted, and showed that there were five families of the name in the city, but none of them called Margaret, and Margaret was the one wanted. A note of the addresses of the five families was made. It was decided first to visit a family on St. Vincent Street because it was the nearest. When this house was approached it showed such signs of wealth and responsibility, that it was almost planned to leave it until the other four were tried. It was finally decided, however, to inquire. So the door bell was touched very gently, and almost immediately a refined looking young woman answered. Miss Margaret—— was very politely inquired for . She said, "That is my name." After recovering from the shock, interview on a very important business matter was requested and granted. The object of the visit was explained without ceremony. Indignant denial was the first attitude. Then a compromise by admitting that she had passed the order. Had just met a young man at "King and Yonge" that she had never seen before, who requested her to cash the order and return the money. It was explained how very unusual and dangerous a thing it was for a young woman to assume a false name and commit forgery for a person she had no interest in. She finally decided that it was unsafe to lie any more, and said she could show where the man lived. She put on her hat and went direct to a house on Elm Street and walked in. She was closely followed, and two men were found in an upstairs room partly dressed, with a loaded revolver near them. The railway tickets and money orders were all found in the room, excepting the one which had been passed. Most of the money had been spent. They subsequently admitted everything. One of the two had been an operator and station master at the place a year

or so before the robbery. Both were brought before me in the police court and ordered to be taken to Barrie, Ontario, for trial. They both pleaded guilty.

The young woman had been a friend of one of the men years before when they were both attending a country school. When she wrote her name on the wall, she little thought that she was laying a trap to land her friend and one of his chums in prison.

*

Mistaken Identity

In October, 1898, a man named Mackenzie was brought up before me charged with stealing some goods from the Grand Trunk Railway sheds near John Street, Toronto. The Grand Trunk constable swore that he saw Mackenzie with another man close to the sheds on the day the theft took place, and a second-hand dealer swore that Mackenzie had sold to him the goods, which were identified as the stolen property. The second-hand dealer was positive, but Mackenzie vigorously protested that he was innocent. I recalled the constable, and he repeated that he had seen the prisoner that afternoon on the top of the hill near the freight shed.

Mackenzie said, "No, you did not, you saw me at the foot of the hill."

Some other evidence was taken and I was still hesitating, and told the Crown Attorney, Mr. Curry, that I was not quite sure about it, and referred to some weak point in the evidence, as to the identification. Mr. Curry at once said, "The man himself says that the constable saw him at the foot of the hill."

This seemed conclusive, so I convicted him and sent him to the Central Prison for eighteen months, for he was an old offender.

He was sent to the jail, and the next morning I received a message from the Governor of the jail, saying that there must have been a mistake, as Mackenzie had only been released from the jail the day after the theft had been committed. This was investigated and found to be correct. I telegraphed at once to the Minister of Justice to order his release. The man's lie about the foot of the hill was the only cause of the mistake. The real criminal, as we discovered later, was remarkably like Mackenzie.

*

Inexpensive Extradition System

A few years ago a jewelry shop in Toronto was robbed and about five hundred dollars' worth of jewelry stolen. No trace of thieves or property was found for about a week afterwards, and the Jew that had been robbed was getting very fidgety. About this time the Chief of Police got a telegram from a town in the United States, advising him that three men had been arrested there after a running gun fight, and that during the chase they had thrown a package of jewelery in the river but had still some on them when searched. Names and addresses were given but were not familiar to any one in the detective department. It was thought wise, however, to send a man to have a look at the men and their plunder.

All three men were identified as Toronto thieves with police records. Some pieces of jewelry were also identified by initials, etc. The officer in charge of the station was present at the identification and asked the prisoners whether they were willing to return to Canada without extradition papers, advising them at the same time that the only way they could be taken out of the United States was by their consenting to return voluntarily, or by proper extradition process, which was very costly. He was informed that they all liked the United States and didn't much care for Canada. The Toronto officer was then asked whether these men had ever been convicted of crime and said he was informed that they had been. After thinking for a few seconds, the Chief remarked that the town had always borne the reputation of being

able to produce thieves enough of its own, without harbouring outsiders. He then called one of his desk Sergeants and inquired how many meals they had had that day. (It was then 5.30). He was informed that they had had two. The Sergeant was then instructed that in future they were to have but one and it was to be made smaller every day they remained. The prisoners were then ordered back to their cells, and the Toronto man had to go home empty-handed. A few hours after his return a telegram was received by the Chief requesting him to send officers by first train to bring back three men who were wanted for burglary—no papers required. Two men were sent after them at once, and it is doubtful if any three men were ever more delighted to get out of the United States. They talked about nothing but roast beef all the way home.

All three were convicted in Police Court and got stiff sentences.

*

The Varcoe Murder

On the morning of the 9th November, 1899, two burglars entered the home of one John E. Varcoe, who kept a grocery shop on Queen Street, Toronto, and armed with revolvers intimidated the inmates and stole what money they could find. Varcoe attempted to resist them, and both burglars fired at him, giving him wounds of which he died in a few hours. Varcoe had lost his wife a year before, and his little four-year-old girl was sleeping with him, and was so close to the pistol that her face was burned by the powder of the discharged weapon. Some of the inmates had raised an alarm, and the burglars got out of the first floor windows, and Constable Dickson, running up, called on them to surrender. One of the burglars, named McIntosh, succeeded in getting to the pavement without injury, and attempted to run away. Dickson followed him and fired several shots at him, one taking effect, from which he died a few days after. The other man, Williams, as he was getting out, was struck with a chair by Varcoe's brother, which sent him to the pavement heavily, and stunned and injured him so that he was easily captured by Police Sergeant Willis, who ran up at the time.

McIntosh died in hospital, and the hospital superintendent said he was the worst man he had ever met. He died a horrible death, raging against everything and everybody. Williams was tried, convicted and hanged. Police Constable Dickson was promoted at once, and is now Acting Chief Constable.

*

When the late Mr. Dexter was License Inspector he had a young Englishman employed to go around the liquor dives of the city and obtain all possible information regarding their busness methods and transactions. The result was that several persons were brought into court charged with violation of the liquor law.

The young man referred to was the principal witness in most of the cases. Consequently the lawyer for the defence at once centered his energies in discrediting his evidence.

After the Crown Attorney got through, this witness was put through a very severe cross-examination, but without shaking his evidence on any essential point. An attempt was then made to try and discredit him by getting a history of his past.

"How long have you been in Canada?" asked the lawyer.

"A little over a year," he was told.

"How long in Toronto?"

"Ever since I came to the country."

"Ever in jail?"

"No."

"Ever arrested?"

"No."

"How did you earn your living in England?"

"Working."

"At what?"

"Book-keeping."

"Don't you think that it's a rather a long step downward from a respectable book-keeper to a whiskey informer?"

"There is still hope so long as I don't take another long step downwards and become a lawyer," was the unruffled answer.

*

About two o'clock one morning two inquisitive policemen noticed a man walking along Queen Street West, who seemed to have something concealed under his overcoat. The policemen quickened their walk in order to catch up. The man noticed it and took to his heels down a side street, but was soon overtaken and searched. Several bottles of liquor of various kinds, as well as a quantity of cigars, were found in his possession. A little investigation proved that he had just robbed a hotel a few minutes before he was caught.

When one of the policemen was giving his evidence in the case he told the Court, that while running down the side street, the prisoner had pulled a bottle of brandy out of his pocket and thrown it at his head. The Magistrate inquired what part of the head he had aimed at. The constable yawned—herhaps he was sleepy—he had been out all night, and replied in a sort of sorrowful tone, "If it was at me mouth he missed it."

*

Quaint Expressions

I once received a letter addressed to me at the "Sitty All", Toronto, evidently from an Englishman who dropped his h's.

A witness in an assault case said the defendant had punched him in the face, causing a large "ulster" on his eye, the biggest the doctor had ever seen.

A woman once called at the clerk's office to complain that another woman had used "very unseen" language to her (obscene). Another witness told of a defendant travelling under a "consumed name".

The well-known "Ned" Clark showed his Irish origin once by informing the court that "Victoria was a more remarkable Queen than George III ever was".

A constable was sent to make inquiry from a prisoner's employer as to how he had worked lately. He brought back the report that the man had worked ten years for this employer. The first eight years were satisfactory, the last two years were unsatisfactory, the last six months he was a nuisance, and the last two months he was an intolerable nuisance.

(To be continued).

THE MINIATURE NAVY

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

PRINCE SHEMUS OF IRELAND

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

HATEVER story there is about this is James's story. And James said his story was his mother's story, and I've a suspicion that James's mother's story came down to her along the line of the Irish kings from which she said she was descended.

My meeting with James was unusual, and the better to describe it I will go back to five minutes before I first saw him.

I was reading the evening paper on my way across the North River to New York and came on a paragraph headed "The Boy Was Thanked." If told of a poor boy who, after picking up a wallet that a banker had dropped, chased him several blocks and finally restored it to him. The banker had opened it, had seen that his money was intact, and had then said in a tone of great kindness, "Thank you, my boy. You are an honest fellow."

It had struck me as I read that here was one of those *eminently* just men. The boy had done his duty and the banker had done his duty, which was to thank the boy kindly. Only I wondered how much imagination the banker had to let such an opportunity for gratifying it pass him.

The incident was still in my mind when I made way off the ferry boat and, grip in hand, sought to cross West street.

A snow-laden gust of wind caught me unprepared and whipping my hat from my head sent it rolling and bouncing down the street in the direction of Liberty street.

Of course, four or five sprang for it, including myself, but the hat eluded us all and bowled down the car tracks, heading for one of those badges of New York's progressiveness, a horse car.

Suddenly a boy dashed out from the sidewalk, made a headlong dive and caught the hat just in time to save it from the imprint of a hoof. Dodging the horse's feet he turned and ran with it to me.

I reached out one hand to take it and put the other into my pocket so as to be unlike the banker.

There was not a cent of change there.

"Carry your grip, sir? Haven't had a thing to eat for twenty-four hours," said the boy in a cheerful voice, holding the hat back and smiling an Irish smile that disclosed very white and even teeth.

"Yes, but give me my hat before I catch cold. So you're starving, are you?"

The boy had given up the hat and had seized my grip and he said, "It's no lie, sir. W'ere ye' go'n'?"

"Sixth avenue elevated," said I, wondering where I could get a five-dollar bill changed so as to pay the boy for his trouble.

"I'll take it for ten cents," he said quickly.

He stopped as he spoke as much as to say if the ten cents was not forthcoming immediately he wouldn't take the grip.

"I'll give you ten cents when I get a bill changed, but don't you want any pay for getting my hat?"

"Sure, Mike. On'y fer me it would have been stove in."

"Well, I'm *very* much obliged to you." And reaching out I shook hands with him.

He took my hand, but he looked up into my face and grinned as he said, "Gee, I'd a' chased it over the sea wall for that."

"And glad to see it go, I suppose. Well, we'll call it a dime for getting the hat and you can carry the grip to oblige me, just for the sake of kindness."

"Fix it to suit yourself," said the boy, and I thought I saw a look of contempt stealing over his sunny face.

"What's your name and how hungry are you?"

"Jimmy Mulrennan, an' I'm hungry as hell."

The boy amused me, and as the train I was bound for did not leave until 8.30, I determined to invite him to dine with me.

"Got anything in particular to do to-night?" said I.

"Well, I kin put it off if dere's money in anyt'ing else," said he, with a peculiarly winning grin.

"I was wondering whether we couldn't eat dinner together. I want to see if you're as hungry as you say you are, and I haven't had dinner myself, and Smith & McNell's is close by."

Then to jolly him along, I said (and there was more truth than fiction in it), "I used to eat there when I was a poor boy."

"Gee, was you ever poor?" said Jimmy, and I wondered whether there wasn't a touch of satire in his remark. I have never classed myself among the unduly rich.

He ran on: "I used to be rich, meself."

"You were rich?" said I, for a moment, taking the announcement seriously.

"Oh, sure—say, youse ain't kiddin' me? Are we go'n' ter git dinner for fair?"

I turned into Greenwich street as an evidence of good faith, and said:

"There's no doubt about it. As much dinner as would be good for you after your fast. So you were rich?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, cheerfully and mendaciously. "Until me farder lost his fortune I was rich. We lived in t'ree houses on Fift' avenyer, an' I studied football up ter Columbia, and every time I seen a poor boy I lammed him one good. I never t'ought I was go'n' to be poor meself some day. But dis Chadwick woman needed me farder's money, an' he let her have it, an' den I kem down here to look for a job of carryin' grips an' I ain't went to Columbia since."

"You're not very hungry," said I, looking down at the bright and surprisingly clean face. "No hungry boy could tell such a fairy tale."

With his disengaged hand Jimmy patted his stomach lovingly.

"Gee, der hungrier I get der better stories I kin make up. I tell de udder boys fairy stories an' dey blows me off—sometimes. Some of dem I made up an' some me mudder tol' me. She'd her head full of dem—Irish fairy stories."

It instantly struck me that here might be a folk lore vein worth delving into and I felt that virtue was going to be rewarded—as usual.

We passed into the noisy and crowded restaurant and found seats in a corner, and Jimmy sniffed the air like a war horse.

"Oh, dat smell makes me hungrier. Sometimes, boss, w'en I ain't got der price I cross over der street w'en I pass a eatin' house, because der smell of t'ings cookin' always makes me hungrier."

"Carry your grip, sir?"

"Well, get as hungry as you want and we'll see what we can do," I said, as we took our seats.

I looked at the bill of fare, and then I looked at the bright little face before me. Yes, he did look hungry. Probably some boys would have spoken with a beggar's whine, but he was evidently a lad of temperament —and also of cheerful temperament, although temperament dooes not always connote cheerfulness.

"How would a thick steak and a fat baked potato and some fried sweet potatoes and mince pie and coffee do?"

"Ully gee! I won't do a t'ing to dem."

The boy clapped his hands in delight, and I could not help feeling (somewhat smugly, no doubt) that that banker had thrown away a golden opportunity when he dismissed that other boy with thanks.

"Say, boss," said Jimmy, when the order had been given, "are you richer dan mos' folks?"

Again suspecting satire in the question, I said, "No, I guess not. Probably not as rich as your father was when he lived in three houses on Fifth avenue."

Jimmy burst into a jolly laugh. "Oh, I was on'y kiddin'. Me farder was a street cleaner, an' he's dead two years ago, an' me mudder was a scrub-loidy till she got sick. She died of pneumonia in Roosevelt hospital. Say, but dat's anudder generous man."

"Who?"

"Teddy. To give a hospital. If I had a vote las' election I would have trun it fer him an' me a Dimocrat, because dey was kind to me mudder in his hospital, an' she had better food up dare dan me fadder was ever able to give her. Better dan any she had since she left Ireland. I used to go up dere to see her on visitin' days, an' she saved me bits from dinner under der bed clothes. She was good to me. Say, boss, a boy's best friend is his mudder."

This was the first time I had ever heard the hackneyed phrase uttered seriously, and I was touched. Jimmy meant every word he said and I fancied that his bright eyes were clouded for a moment. And yet a street boy is not given to emotion. I did not enlighten him as to the donor of the money that made Roosevelt Hospital possible. If he thought it was "Teddy" it would do that gentleman no harm, and it would surely do the real donor no good to tell Jimmy the facts in the case.

He was silent for a minute, and then he said thoughtfully, "I wisht I could go to Ireland w'ere me mudder kem from."

"Your name is Mulrennan, you say," said I. "Didn't your father come from there, too?"

"Jeeze, no. He was born in der Nint' Ward like meself. Terence Mulrennan, he was an American, all right, but me mudder was Irish, an' she tol' me dat all der country is green dere, an' dere ain't no snakes dere—gee, but I'd like to see a snake; an' she used to say der boids sang out of doors dere. Not sparrers, but boids dat was singin' all der while. An' she said der sun was brighter dere, an' w'en I growed up she hoped I'd go dere an' see for meself. I t'ink it's pretty bright here most of der time. But dere's reel fairies dere. She said so. She seen dem in der moonlight. Mustn't dat have been a cinch?"

Further talk along this line was interrupted by the arrival of dinner, which Jimmy attacked with such gusto that I felt quite sure that his hunger was the real thing.

For a while neither of us said much. He was too busy. Finally, after a third helping of steak, Jimmy drew a satisfied sigh and said:

"Gee, boss, I'm near bustin'."

"Well, you'd better stop eating or you'll be sick. I ought to have thought of that."

Jimmy looked at me to see if he could see where the joke came in, and then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Dat's a noo one, boss. Sick from eatin' too much. I guess it's not many dat's sick dat way. Gee, I'd like to have dat disease every day. Sick from eatin' too much. I mus' tell der boys dat. Dey'll say it's one of me 'fairies.' Ully gee!"

Jimmy started to take a drink of coffee but choked over it, his desire for laughter not yet extinguished, and the result was disastrous to the tablecloth.

"Oh, dear," said he in alarm, feeling his throat. "What happened to me? Me t'roat feels twisted."

I told him he had swallowed the wrong way.

"Gee, it's near time I loined how to swaller, an' me doin' it fer twelve years."

I was sitting opposite Jimmy. He looked at me and smiled, then sighed

again and suddenly his hand came across the table and gripped the top of mine from pure good feeling. I could not help warming to the little chap.

He was evidently revolving something in his mind, and at last it came out.

"Say, boss, will I tell yer one of der 'fairies' der boys gits me to tell?"

"Well, I should say so."

There was to be after-dinner speaking, and I was only sorry that smoking was not allowed, that I might have leaned back and pretended that I was listening to some noted Irish wit.

"Well, wance upon a time," began Jimmy, and then he stopped and said:

"Boss, me mudder was descended from der kings of Ireland. Dat's no lie. She was on'y a scrub-loidy in dis country, but she said if I had lived long ago I would have been a prince."

"And as handsome a little prince as ever listened to a harp," thought I, as I looked at the wavy blond hair and the round blue eyes of the earnest lad who was now paying for his dinner in the only way he knew how.

"I used of'en to t'ink dat it was funny she happened to be me mudder, because she was different from me farder an' never swore like some of der boys' mudders does. An' no matter w'ot happened her she was always t'inkin' dat better times was comin'.

"An' here's der story."

The boy was a born actor, for although his own accent was that of a New York street boy, as soon as he began to tell his mother's story he assumed an Irish accent which I have indicated phonetically as nearly as is possible with our inadequate alphabet.

"Wance upon a time there was a king of Ireland an' he had a son, an' the name of the son was Prince Shèmus (Shamus. Me mudder said dat Shémus was der same as me own name, Ja-mes). Prince Shémus was that red-haired that the clouds was lit up of a dark night whenever he would go out of doors an' the eyes of him was like di'minds. An' Prince Shémus wasn't married, because he never seen a gerrul that made him sorry he was livin' alone.

"But wan day there was a fair in Bally—Gee, boss, I never could remember der names of der places in me mudder's stories. Dey was Bally dis and Bally dat."

"Call it Ballyhack," said I.

"All right, on'y dat wasn't it. Well, he went to the fair an' he seen there a fortune-teller in a booth that told him the gerrul he was to marry lived across the says in America, although she was Irish. An' wid that out on the wall beside him was a pitcher of a golden-haired gerrul as white an' red as flesh an' blood. Oh, she was so beautiful that the prince fainted dead away an' when he come to himself he axed the fortune-teller where he would find a gerrul like that. And the fortune-teller tould him to go down to the say an' he'd find a ship on the shore an' to get into it widout a worrid an' sail for America an' the rest would happen to him."

It was interesting to watch Jimmy as he warmed into his recital. He entered into the spirit of the tale, and I have not a doubt was oblivious to his incongruous surroundings save that he had an auditor. It was queer, too, that although the "th" in his ordinary speech was a shibboleth to him when he came to use the dialect of his mother he said "th" with ease where she would have used it.

"And Prince Shémus did as he was tould, and he laves the booth in the fair an' jumps on his cream-coloured horse. (I forgot to tell youse about der horse. Me mudder always began wid tellin' me of der looks of der horse.) He was cream-coloured wid a white tail that swep' the ground an' gleamin' eyes, an' he was that gentle he could walk on you without hurtin' you.

"Prince Shémus lept upon his horse an' rode down to the roarin' say, an'

there ridin' on the waves was a white sail boat with not a soul aboord of her, an' she a furlong from the shore an' no anchor to hold her. Into the water he charged his horse, an' into the water the horse went an' swam to the ship and then gev a le'p an' jumped on her deck without a sound from his hoofs.

"An' Prince Shémus went below the deck, an' a fine soft bed for himself, an' a table with bread an' wine upon it.

" 'Glory be to God an' Mary,' says Prince Shémus, 'what more would I want? An' is there hay for the horse?' says he. So it's more he *did* want. An' he went to the stall, an' there was hay for the first day out an' there was fresh water in a pail. An' that was lucky, for the water around him was salt—bein' the say.

" 'An' what about the second day out?' says Prince Shémus to his horse, an' the horse nodded his head, an' says Prince Shémus, 'It must be all right or I wouldn't be here.' An' he went up on deck an' they was a mile from the green shores of Ireland an' Prince Shémus felt his t'roat grow choked wid the thought of l'avin th' ould sod, but he thinks, 'Tis wid the good wife I'll be go'n' back.

"So he goes to the cabin an' he drinks the wine an' ates what bread there is an' feels ready for what may come.

"An' he feeds the horse the hay an' gives him the water to drink an' when he went up after that there was no land in sight an' the say high on the two sides of him, an' they go'n in a valley of water.

"An' at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red (me mudder always said the woids der same way, an' it makes it sound better), an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall, an' Prince Shemus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say. An' he seen a storm comin' out of the north. An' well he knew that his cukkle shell of a boat was not wan to live in a storm, an' he goes down to see what is to be found, an' there is a bottle of holy oil.

"An' when the storm comes up he breaks the bottle of holy oil over the say an' the ship sails to where is a foreign shore, an' that's America."

Up to this point in the story I had been reminded of various tales I had read when a boy, but Jimmy's mother had evidently changed the story in order to give it an interest for the boy that sometimes attaches to familiar local colour.

Jimmy's cheeks burned with excitement as he went on. However it may be with some after-dinner speakers, he was enjoying himself.

"An' Prince Shémus le'ps upon the horse's back on' the horse le'ps from

"But Prince Shemus only clasps his hands an' looks at the colleen"

the boat, an' the Prince turns to look behind him an' the boat has gone.

"'Well, it's lucky it lasted me across,' says he, an' rides up on the shore an' comes to the City of New York. (Me mudder said this was hundreds of years before the sky-scrapers was built.)

"An' he rides up Broadway and every one seen he was a prince an' hansomer than any man that had ever been seen in America at all, at all.

"An' the gerruls lined the sidewalks an' threw kisses to him, an' he lifted his velvet cap off his head an' bowed right an' left (the way Roosevelt did when I seen him go up Broadway last time. It made me t'ink of me mudder's story).

"Well, though he bowed right an' left an' made his horse prance on his two hind legs to show he was a to'ro-bred, Prince Shémus did not see a single colleen he'd give the wink of his eyelid for. None of them looked like the gerrul he seen on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"An' he come up to a little green lane in the woods that stood where Fourteenth street is now, an' he looked, an' the crowds had left him, but there sat an ould woman sellin' apples. An' no wan came to buy them, an' the woman looked sorryfil.

"An' Prince Shémus was kind hairrted an' he was hungry, too, an' he says, 'Give me a red apple.' (Me mudder said all der apples in Ireland is green.) 'Give me a red apple,' says he an' chucks an Irish shillin' to her. (An' me mudder always used to say that an Irish shillin' was made of better silver dan an English shillin'.)"

It can easily be seen that Jimmy's mother suffered from nostalgia and longed for the green shores of Ireland. Probably the stories she told the boy were a comfort to her.

"Th' ould woman drops a curtsey (dat's der same as bowin', ye know, boss), an' she says in Irish. (In der Irish language, yer know. I can't speak it, an' me farder couldn't, but me mudder could. It was funny to hear her.)

"Th' ould woman says in Irish, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' if anny wan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"An' Prince Shémus knew he had no knife in his pocket, but he puts his hand there an' he pulls out a silver knife after all, an' he cuts the red apple in two halves, an' the next second out flies a gerrul from the apple as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus only clasps his hands an' looks at the beautiful colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An' th' apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple, an' th' ould woman says, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife an' cut the red apple in two, an' if annywan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"And Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' he pulls out a silver knife an' he cuts the red apple in two halves an' the next second out flies a gerrul as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus on'y clasps his hands an' looks at the colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An the' apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple an' the ould woman says, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' bad scran to you if you don't answer annywan that spakes to you.'

"An' Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' pulls out a silver knife. An' he knew that sorra bit would there be another gerrul come out of a red apple, for there were

no more red apples and no more shillin's, so he shut his eyes so as not to be carried away wid the sight of beauty, an' whin the gerrul said, 'Give me a drink of water,' he says, 'Certainly I will,' an' he hol's out his hand an' into it th' ould woman puts a silver cup filled to the edge with fresh could water.

"An' Prince Shémus hands it to the gerrul wid his hands tremblin' an she drank it an' says to him, 'You are my husband.'

" 'Indeed,' says he to the colleen, 'but you're the good guesser.' And he turns to thank th' ould apple woman, but she had gone away like a flash of heat lightnin'.

"Well, when the New Yorkers saw it was a rale prince an' a rale Irish princess — for the gerrul from the apple was the same as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair — they axed him to live in a palace an' be their king, but Prince Shémus said he'd rather be nothin' but a prince in Ireland than a king in America. He railly said that.

"But he thanks them kindly, bein' a prince, an' him an' the beautiful princess walks down to the shore an' the horse walks be the side of them, for the prince was too merciful to make the two of them ride the wan baste, and the princess wouldn't ride alone.

"An' there on the shore was the white little sail boat, bobbin' an' boundin' like a cork in a basin, an' Prince Shémus put the princess on the horse's back an' he carried her to the little ship and then came back for Prince Shémus, an' when the two was on board there was two bottles of wine an' two loaves of bread, but on'y the wan cup, bein' they was lovers; an' they went back the way he had come through the valley of the say, on'y it took them twice as long because there was twice as many aboord.

"An' when they got to Ireland the King of Ireland was waitin' for them in Dublin Bay, an' he kissed the princess an' kissed his son, an' there was feastin', an' drinkin', an' dancin' an' fightin' till you couldn't rest."

Jimmy sat back in his seat and dropped his hands in his lap. His eyes were dancing and his cheeks were glowing, and he was a pretty spectacle of a boy. He straightened himself up in his ragged coat and he said with pardonable pride:

"Me mudder said dat I was descended from Prince Shémus."

THE OLD RECTORY

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

OF course there are many and many old rectories in the world, but the one of which I speak lives in an elm-arched quiet street of a little Canadian town, and is, and always will be, to a number of people *the* Old Rectory.

It is not really—or, rather, it is not officially, legally, or ecclesiastically—a rectory any more. But in another way it is—in affection and delighted retrospect—because of the never-to-be-forgotten personality that once wholly dominated and illumined it.

This Old Rectory is substantial, massive, unadorned; not a bit of a dream-house to look at—from the street, that is: The garden-side is (or was) another matter. The Rectory which preceded this had been burnt down, and one of the main ideas in constructing the present building was evidently fire-prevention. There are double brick partitions between the rooms, and the roof is of slate. But something more than bricks and slate and other such building-matter goes to make up the Old Rectory, and I think its individuality may live on when the double bricks are crumbled! I like what Charles Lamb said, in writing of an old house which he loved:

"I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revivified."

Now I do not imagine for a moment that the Old Rectory was, strictly speaking, beautiful. And I well remember how homesick I was when I came to it, a very small child, from a most picturesque and charming *little* Rectory in a county by the sea. (Oh, that little Rectory—it was always called the Parsonage, by the way—what a gem it was, and how perfectly situated and surrounded! But, as Mr. Kipling so frequently remarks, that is another story!

Neighbours said of the Old Rectory that it was "like an omnibus—it could always hold one more". To be sure, the master and mistress of the Rectory were always ready to give up their own room on occasion and to tuck themselves away in the Attic Study, or in the dressing-room. The children, perhaps, were not quite so willing, but they were movable too! Still, take it "bye and large", the Rectory could accommodate a goodly number of visitors without any uncomfortable squeezing.

There was something wonderful even about the basement of the Old Rectory. The dining-room was there, and the kitchen, and various fascinating store-rooms—in which root-beer and pies and cookies could generally be discovered by a persistent treasure-seeker. The kitchen itself, with its deep window-seat and the cushioned armchair near the stove, and its presiding genius who was one of our dearest friends—the kitchen with its dark-painted cupboards and shelves and its ample space—was a place of refuge and mental refreshment on many occasions.

And the dining-room—well it was not at all a conventional dining-room, though it held the great dining-table, two sideboards, and the requisite number of chairs. The biggest arm-chair in the house stood in a corner, and a solid, cosy, old-fashioned couch was along one wall. The curtains at the deep windows were red, a warm and cheering red; even in summer red curtains were right for that basement-room. And there were no abominations of game-and-fish pieces on the walls, but a spirited crayon drawing or two, and a refreshing water-colour of a little bridge and a stream. When I recall to mind that dining-room there are two memories that perhaps come oftenest; one is of impromptu midnight suppers there—especially in the Christmas holidays—when mince pies and cold turkey were brought forth, and no one even dreamed of indigestion; and another is of the deanery dinners, and the Homeric laughter of the assembled clergy—their deanery business all over—telling wonderful stories and enjoying the occasion as only very busy and very earnest people *can* enjoy.

There were books everywhere in the Old Rectory—books in an enormous set of bookshelves in the wide hall, books in drawing-room, parlour and study, very particularly-loved books in each one's bedroom, and in the attic study, books of course. In the kitchen there were receipt-books, two at least of which had a distinctly literary flavour. (These two were Marion Harland's "Common-sense in the Household" and the old "Home Cook-book", compiled and edited in Toronto long ago). I suppose this is why a bookless room gives me a feeling of cold and lonely discomfort, only equalled by the chill a cold forbidding human eye can produce!

There were two studies in the Old Rectory. One was the regular, theological, work-a-day study of the Rector. Its walls were lined with books; its writing-table was heaped with papers; the only sign of recreation there was the chess table in the window that looked on the garden. The other was called the "attic study", and to some of us that really was the heart of the house.

The attic was an ideal one, a real story-book attic, with long dark closets under the eaves—closets where many dusty treasures were stored. How immensely the sound of the rain on those eaves added to the cosiness of the attic study! How beautifully the wind wailed and blustered around the gables—and in summer how green and delightful the outlook! For the attic study had a magic casement! It did not look, indeed, upon

> "the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn,"—

but it did open on

> "a plot
> Of beechen green and shadows numberless,"

in a garden of such restful seclusion and quiet loveliness as it uplifts the heart to remember.

That attic study, the birthplace of many and wonderful dreams and aspirations, must have its own separate chronicle; but no tribute to the Old Rectory would approach completeness without its mention.

Books and pictures and open fires; a distinct shortage in the way of luxurious furnishings; a shabbiness not to be denied in carpets; a simplicity of material in cushions and curtains that was more than compensated for by warmth and richness of colour; a sense of comfort and at-homeness that met you at the door and companioned you no matter to what corner of the old house you wandered; these are some of the abiding characteristics of the Old Rectory—so abiding that we feel in them the essence of a real immortality—that when it dies, it does not die all!

SOME LETTERS OF FRANCIS MASERES: 1766-1769

BY W. S. WALLACE

THE name of Francis Masères is scarcely known to the Canadian public. Yet he was by no means an unimportant figure in the history of the early days of British rule in Canada. He was Attorney-General of the newly-conquered province from 1766 to 1769; and even after his return to England in the latter year, he became the agent at London of the English minority in the colony. He wrote and published a number of books on Canadian affairs, notably the so-called "Quebec Papers" and "The Canadian Freeholder"; and these books are not only to-day valuable sources for the study of Canadian history, but they are much-sought-after rarities among early Canadiana.

The views of Masères on Canadian affairs did not always meet with the approval of the powers that were; yet he was undoubtedly a very able man. Jeremy Bentham, who knew him well, described him as "one of the most honest lawyers England ever saw". After leaving Canada Masères had a very distinguished career. He became ultimately a Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, and a well-known and picturesque figure about the Inns of Court. Charles Lamb introduces him in his "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple", which was written at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as still adhering to "the costume of the reign of George the Second", and wearing "the three-cornered hat, tye-wig, and ruffles".

Some time ago, when working in the British Museum, I discovered in the manuscript room of that marvellous treasure-house some letters written by Masères to friends in England during his three years' residence in Canada. These letters, which throw a flood of light on the history of the colony during these years, have never been published, nor, so far as I am aware, have they ever been used by students of Canadian history. They have now been transcribed, and I am able to give some extracts from them —extracts, however, which can scarcely do justice to the fullness and completeness of a series of private letters almost unique in the early history of British rule in Canada.

Masères set sail for Canada from Plymouth on June 23rd, 1766. The voyage, which occupied more than eleven weeks, was uneventful, save for a mishap which illustrated the dangers of navigation in the St. Lawrence at that time:

"We run bump ashore upon the south shore of the river over against that part of the north shore which is called Cape St. Nicholas, some leagues to the east of Remousky and the Ances Matanes. This happened at three o'clock in the morning when it was both dark and foggy. . . .

It happened luckily that it was at that time low water, or pretty near it. . . . As the tide came in, the ship began to resume her upright position, from which she had at first declined to the larboard side. . . . And a breeze springing up which blew gently from the land (towards which the head of our ship was turned, not obliquely, but directly, as if we had intended to sail into the woods with which the land is covered), we were afloat and out of danger by about seven or eight o'clock, having received no other damage but our fright and loss of sleep, and to myself a slight cold which I caught by standing so much upon deck in that foggy and damp weather to see so new a sight, and to observe by what methods we were to get out of our scrape."

At Quebec, Masères and his fellow-voyagers were "very civilly received by both French and English, from which circumstances," he says, "I flatter myself that we may be able to bring things to some kind of temper and settlement, which we are told they have hitherto wanted very much." With the country and the climate Masères was at first enraptured:

"We have been much delighted with the appearance of the country, which we think, or at least I do, more beautiful than England itself. And the river is a noble one. We are here 350 miles from the mouth of it, reckoning of the west end of Anticosti, and it is two or three miles wide very near this place. And everybody agrees that the country between Quebec and Montreal is still finer than we have seen. The weather is also exceedingly fine and bright here, and very warm, or even hot, though we are now in the middle of September."

Of the town of Quebec itself, however, he was not so enamoured. The picture he draws of the town in 1766 is not only interesting but valuable, as affording a glimpse of Quebec a few years after the great siege:

"The town is very dirty, partly through the mischief done by the siege, the rubbish of the ruined houses, and the want of pavement, and partly from the supineness and indolence of the French inhabitants, which make them leave everything in a poor shabby condition without so much as wishing to see it otherwise. The houses are shabby, awkward things, oftentimes with tiled or bricked floors (though wood is so plenty), which makes their rooms look like kitchens, or dairy-houses, or wash-houses, or like offices in England. And the windows are not sashes, but clanging things like folding doors. And there is no plaster to the ceilings to cover the bare timbers, so that you may fancy yourself in a cock-loft whenever you happen to look up. And they have usually only one floor, a ground floor consisting perhaps of four, or five, or at most seven rooms of all sorts, besides shabby garrets. Mr. Hey's house, though reckoned here a good one, is of that sort. It would be a good one if it had another story. Goldfrap, Mills, and Cramahé have, however, houses that are an exception to this description; but it is because they have laid out a good deal of money in fitting them up in a neat and proper manner.

"In the lower town, which was almost entirely destroyed by the siege, there are many houses lately built by the English merchants in the English taste with a considerable degree of neatness."

Masères's life as Attorney-General at Quebec was very full and busy; and naturally there is constant reference in the letters to the public affairs of the colony. On his arrival he was surprised to find that the relations between the English and the French—the "old subjects" and the "new subjects", as they were called —were fairly amicable; and that the real disagreement existed "between the English themselves one with another". The dissensions between the civilian population and the military were particularly pronounced. One of the first cases Masères, as Attorney-General, had to deal with was the famous Walker case, in which a number of officers of the garrison at Montreal were proceeded against for assaulting and mutilating in his own house a merchant and magistrate of Montreal named Thomas Walker; and there are repeated references in the letters to this case which throw some new light on what, up to the present, has been regarded as one of the most mysterious incidents in Canadian history. Masères describes in detail also the first clash between the civilians and the military. It occurred in the year 1764 between George Allsopp, afterwards Secretary of the Council

under Sir Guy Carleton, and the military police:

"It appeared that Mr. Allsopp had at three different times been stopped by the sentinels and taken into custody by them for walking the streets at night without a light, once in March, 1764, and twice in the October of the same year. On these occasions, he used indecent and illiberal expressions against the army, such as telling them that they were a set of scoundrels from the highest to the lowest, and that he maintained thousands of them every day. These expressions provoked the military extremely and were the cause of his being confined once or twice much longer than perhaps any other person in the town would have been on the like occasions if they by accident had been taken into custody for a like neglect. On the two last occasions he had a scuffle with the sentinels, and immediately caused them to be indicted before the Justices of the Quarter Sessions in their Michaelmas session for an assault on him. One of them was acquitted, and the other convicted with great difficulty after the jury had withdrawn for more than two hours, and was fined only one shilling . . . Col. Irving said that this was the first dispute between the civil and the military since the establishment of civil government, and that it occasioned great dissensions between them, and particularly that the prosecution of the two sentinels was the occasion of all the officers of the whole garrison presenting a remonstrance to Governor Murray concerning the hardships they lay under by being liable to be prosecuted at law for doing their duty in obedience to the orders they had received."

Although General Murray, the first civil governor of the province, had already left Canada before Masères arrived, the latter appears to have conceived for him a violent antipathy. "He is said," he writes in one letter, "to be a man that has no regard to truth." "A madman of parts, but of the mischievous kind," he calls him in another letter. "It is by no means true that he was a favourite of the Canadians; they think him a very improper man for a governor, and are very sensible of the happy exchange of him for General Carleton. He had, properly speaking, no friends in the province; that is, none who were so from esteem and sentiment." Several passages in the letters deal with the complaints against General Murray, which resulted in the latter's recall.

Masères was, in fact, a man of strong prejudices. Nowhere does this appear more clearly than in his attitude to the religion of the French-Canadians. He came of Huguenot stock, and he never conquered his strong antipathy to everything connected with Roman Catholicism. The appointment of Mgr. Briand as Bishop of Quebec in 1766 roused his especial condemnation, in a passage not without value as a footnote to ecclesiastical history:

"I am now of opinion that it was an imprudent measure to let the Canadians have a bishop. They had themselves given over the hopes of it, and were very well disposed to be satisfied without it by giving the priests that remained in the country liberty to continue there and to perform the mass and the sacraments unmolested. Nay, I have heard some Canadian gentlemen, professed Catholics, blame the measure as very strange, unaccountable, and impolitic, and tending to perpetuate the Popish religion, which would otherwise have declined very fast (provided Protestant French ministers had been sent here in sufficient numbers), and thereby to keep up an important difference in the sentiments, and consequently in the affections of the old and new subjects of the province. . . . I remember Cramahé, when he was in England soliciting the appointment of a bishop, said that he was not to appear publicly as a bishop, nor to be called so, but to be called *Le surintendant* or *Le grand vicaire.* But the bishop does in fact wear his purple robes and golden cross in public, and is called *Monseigneur l'Eveque* by all the Canadians, both priests and laymen, and walked under a canopy supported by four of the principal inhabitants of this town with the host in a grand procession on Corpus Christi day, one of their greatest holydays. I saw him. . . . We have done the reverse of what we should have done with respect to the Canadians in taking away their laws, which did us no harm and the continuance of which was necessary to their happiness, and we have left their religion in all its splendour, though the principles of it have a natural tendency to keep up a perpetual disaffection to our government. 'Tis difficult to be well-affected to a set of governours whom they look upon as enemies of God, deserving of, and destined to, eternal damnation."

Gradually a note of discontent crept into the letters. Masères's proposals regarding the settlement of various public questions—the legal system, the religious difficulty, the form of government to be established—were not adopted; and this undoubtedly disheartened him. He came to take a gloomy view also of the commercial and economic future of the colony. "I am persuaded," he wrote, "the business of this place will decline considerably every year, from the poverty of the province and the declining state of trade." In another letter he touches on the economic outlook more fully:

"You must know better than I can tell you that the trade of the province is in a most declining condition. The only thing that has a probable appearance of success is the undertaking of the iron works near Three Rivers, which is carried on by nine joint lessees, who have taken a lease from the crown for fifteen years, and are, as I am told, to clear about £100 or £120 sterling apiece, by them, after all their expenses paid; which they well deserve, as it is an undertaking of some risque and a considerable expense in the setting out, to put the buildings in repair. If the claims of the fishing-posts at Mingan, etc., are allowed, the sealfishery will probably be carried on with success, which is reckoned one of the best branches of trade belonging to the province. . . .

"It is said that the sloops from Boston loaded with rum and other spirits have carried away from this province, for it is in gold and silver, no less than £10,000 sterling gold and silver coin in exchange for those liquors, which is a great detriment to the province. This might easily be prevented, if the British parliament would lay a tax of 9 pence or a shilling a gallon upon all spirituous liquors imported here from the other provinces of North America, and only 3 pence or 4 pence a gallon upon that imported from Great Britain or the West India Islands. The West India Islands might take our timber, pipe-stems, and corn in exchange, whereas the North American colonies take nothing but ready money.

"The fur trade in the upper country beyond Montreal, towards Michilimackinac and Detroit and the five lakes, is in a most lamentable decay. The persons sent thither with goods make small or no returns to their employees the Montreal and Quebec merchants, insomuch that they are said to be indebted to them in the sum of an hundred thousand pounds. Various causes are assigned for this, which will deserve to be inquired into."

The first favourable impressions which Masères had gained of life in Canada soon faded; and the experience of a couple of Canadian winters made him cast his eyes homeward. "This province," he confessed in the autumn of 1768, "is a very dull and disagreeable place to live in; and if I could get a little employment in England of only £200 a year, I would prefer it to being Chief Justice here with a thousand pounds a year." In other letters, he was even more explicit:

"As to myself, I have but a middling state of health, a bad scorbutic disorder keeping fast hold of me, and, I fear, rather gaining ground upon me. The extreme cold of this climate (though not otherwise disagreeable to me) is bad for this complaint by stopping the perspiration. And as the ground is covered with snow during five months of the year, it is inconvenient during great part of that time to take the exercise of walking or riding; and in summer there are no great inducements to go ariding, as there are no downs to ride upon, no pleasant green lanes, no parks, or forests, or gentlemen's estates to go and see, or gentlemen to visit at them, but the whole is a strip of cultivated country of perhaps three miles deep along the banks of the river St. Lawrence (which is in most places a mile and a half, or two miles wide), in which every bit of wood is cut down, so that there are neither hedges nor trees left, but only fields of corn or grass separated from each other by palings of dead wood, and behind this half-cultivated country the natural wild woods."

And in April, 1768, with the winter still vivid in his memory, he wrote:

"I confess I have been a good deal out of heart with respect to all schemes for the benefit of the province; and have not that hope and pleasure of seeing things mend and improve by quick degrees that alone can balance the disagreeable circumstance of living in a sort of banishment in this frozen kingdom of the Northwind."

In the latter half of 1769 Masères obtained his desire, and returned to England. His series of Canadian letters thus came to an abrupt term-

ination. A suitable epilogue to them, however, and at the same time an illuminating commentary upon them, is to be found in a letter which Sir Guy Carleton addressed on October 3rd, 1769, to the Earl of Hillborough, the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"My Lord,—

"After repeated solicitations I have at last granted a twelve months leave of absence to Mr. Masères, His Majesty's Attorney-General for this Province.

"Our arrival here was much about the same time; the summer following, this gentlemen, disgusted at the severity of the climate and in hopes of obtaining further preferment at home, applied for my leave to return, which I then prevailed upon him to lay aside; for although I very soon discovered his strong antipathy to the Canadians for no reason that I know of except their being Roman Catholics, I attributed many of those narrow prejudices which he entertained to his want of knowledge of the world and his having conversed more with books than men. I was in hopes time and experience would insensibly wear these away, and that from his speaking the French language well and from his knowledge in our laws, he would be, indeed he might have made himself, useful here.

"I am sorry to say I was deceived in my expectations; and that Mr. Masères has been so indiscreet I judged it highly proper to yield to his entreaties and let him depart the province, to which I believe he never desires to return; indeed as I understand, he neither would have remained here so long, or wished to have gone home Attorney-General, if it were not for the hopes of thereby paving his way to further preferment. . . . I sincerely wish now he is gone, that some opportunity may offer of placing this gentleman in a situation more agreeable to his own inclinations and where the fervor of his zeal can be no essential disadvantage to the King's service."

And so Francis Masères passes out of Canadian history. But his books, and now these letters of his, remain. Would that every other Englishman who spent three years in Canada had left behind him books, and especially letters, as full of the raw material of history as these from which extracts have been made.

DUSK ON SUPERIOR

By CLARE SHIPMAN

DUSK on Superior—all the blue turned gray,
And silence clinging round us like the dark,
Dim shade close drawn, save where a star doth mark
The mauve above the last pale gold of day.

So be my evening when the dusk of death
Shall wrap me round in isolation vast;
Then clear before a Star shall shine at last
To light the dying happiness of breath.

MARINE

From the Painting by
F. McGillivray Knowles.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

THE ASHES OF VICTORY

BY EDWARD CLARK MARSH

"POOR fellow!" said McCarney after the funeral. "Ruined by his devotion to a mere woman—and a dead woman at that!"

But McCarney was a pessimist; and a pessimist, like an optimist, is a man of narrow vision. Yet his remark was fairly representative of the opinion of Olaf Jansen's acquaintances when they heard of his death. It is therefore chiefly interesting as exhibiting the fallibility of our judgments. For however much of a failure Olaf Jansen was, the certain fact of his life is that he was not "ruined by his devotion to a mere woman". Quite the contrary. But the facts that would have refuted McCarney's verdict were in the possession of only one, and he did not choose to speak at that time. He alone knew the "case" as a rare example of devotion, it is true, but also as the rarest of instances of sheer spiritual mastery. No one, of course, will feel the grip of Jansen's story as I did when I had it straight from him, in words that I can indeed recall, but in a tone, with haltings and rough gestures and long pauses that I cannot hope to reproduce. Nevertheless, the recital may contain its suggestion for those who are curious of the devious ways the human mind may take to find its way to expression.

I speak not of Olaf's mind, which sought the most direct way out of itself that we can know. He was an artist. He died only recently, obscure, almost wholly forgotten by acquaintances, almost wholly bereft of friends. There were few who remembered that ten years earlier he had been a waxing light in his world.

Olaf Jansen was as Norse as his name. He had come from one of the northwestern states, the son of an emigrant who had become a prosperous farmer. He came to the city young, and remained for years in the art schools. His devotion to his studies was steady, persistent and confident. Long before he had left the schools one of his instructors pronounced him the best draughtsman in the country. Apparently he kept on as a student because he knew nothing better to do. With all his skill—he had a certainty of touch, a directness of execution, that were little short of marvelous—he had acquired not the slightest trace of style. "Jansen's work," one of his fellow-students is reported to have said, "is as sure and as impersonal as death and taxes". At this time he could paint "still-life" admirably, and copy beautifully. His ambition, of course, was to paint portraits; such grotesque associations of desire and capacity seem to be a special delight of nature. His fellow-students looked up to him with a certain awe—the awe the beginner always feels for the one who has mastered the craft; yet even the most indulgent of his friends laughed at an ambition so out of keeping with the nature of his talent.

But there was one who encouraged his hopes. She was a little, quiet, rather pale and neutral-tinted girl. Her New England ancestry had

stamped itself on her frail physique and written her destiny in her deep, dark eyes. Her name was Esther West. She couldn't paint—so ran the verdict of those most intolerant and implacable critics, the students. They asserted patronizingly that no matter how hard she might try, her work was always unfinished, vague, undecided. She seemed to be one of those who are forever struggling, never arriving.

She conceived the most extravagant shy admiration for Olaf Jansen's easy mastery of line and colour, and he fell in love with her. It was probably quite inevitable; she was the one critic who placed no limits to his capabilities. Two years after she had first come to the school they both left it.

After the marriage Olaf set up a studio in Washington Square, then the centre of the artist world. The paternal exchequer enabled him to wait in comfort for patrons. Meanwhile he painted industriously, and to some purpose. It was only a short time, as such affairs are measured, before he had sent to an exhibition a picture that opened the eyes of the scoffers. There were qualities in it that they had not guessed possible in Olaf Jansen's work. The more open-minded even conceded that he might in time become a portrait painter after all.

The lingering doubt expressed in this concession was dissipated the next year, when he took the Webster prize with his "Portrait of an Actress". That picture was the most brilliant success of its year. Here was all the old confident, overpowering dexterity of Olaf's student days, the supreme skill that piled up difficulties for the mere joy of overcoming them; and to it was added something more and different. Those who knew the subject saw most in the portrait; but the story was there for everyone to read. It was not precisely a flattering likeness, though it represented an undeniably beautiful creature. There was something pitiless in the way it suggested certain unlovely traits beneath the beauty. Everybody, even the most untutored, remarked it. And yet it was not malicious—not even ironic. It was not altogether fanciful to suppose the painter lacking in that kindly tolerance for human frailty that constitutes an artist's sense of humour; he was just inexorably, passionately truthful. Something like this, at any rate, seemed to be the impression produced on many people.

This and other pictures that soon followed fairly launched the painter on what promised to be a brilliant career. And his old friends marvelled at the gift that seemed to have fallen on him from the gods. Then someone, to account for it, advanced a theory so obvious, so plainly dovetailed with the facts, that it was quickly accepted as conclusive in the little circle where these affairs are discussed and settled. Olaf Jansen had fallen in love, had married. That climatic change, material and spiritual, had been coincident with the accession of new powers. Plainly it was an instance—one of the finest and most authentic—of the fecundating power of an absorbing love. Poets, since time began, have sung the tender passion as the poet's inspiration; here was the case in point, all too rare in a world impoverished of both poets and passion. That the "inspiration" emanated from a pale, unobtrusive, rather insignificant little priestess of the sacred cult added the touch of strangeness, the sharp contrast of "values" in which we mortals of the latter-day world are supposed to delight. The special object of Olaf's worship mattered less than that the worship was devout; it was enough to have entered the temple to receive the god's benison.

Such sentimentalizing over truths that we are too dull to understand, vicious though it may be, has its allurement as a pastime for the sternest of us. I confess that I was more or less swayed by it even before I met

Olaf Jansen, which came to pass about this time. I had held for a year one of those semi-official positions, the chief duty and honour of which appear only at the time when the distinction is to be relinquished. My portrait was to be painted and hung beside those of my predecessors in office, and Olaf Jansen was designated as the one to whom I should sit. Mingled with the trepidation I felt at the prospect of facing so redoubtable a searcher of the hearts of men, was the anticipation of satisfying some of the curiosity that had been bred in me of the studio gossip I had heard. I was young enough then to imagine that I was one to get to the bottom of this man's soul, and I determined to reverse the roles and play the inquisitor with him. I hoped especially for an opportunity to observe his attitude towards his wife. The love-making of a man so wholly in love must, I thought, be worth the attention of a psychologist.

With some such prepossession I went for the first time, by appointment, to his studio. I was greeted with an unaffected, awkward cordiality that immediately disposed me to like him. At this time he was still a mere boy in spite of his thirty years—a fair-haired, rather clumsy boy, with a big body, square shoulders, large, well-formed hands and a smooth, bland face; plainly a creature of unshakable nerves, dogged will and genuine vital force. What I missed in him was the sign of experience, the record of the tidal wave of life that must have swept over him to have so opened his eyes to the lives of others. One would guess this an inland soul, set high and secure against breakers and stormy seas.

Furthermore, and somewhat to my chagrin, my amateur psychologizing detected in Olaf no heroic outpouring of an absorbing passion for his wife. She was present while I remained. Insignificant she was, almost, and unobtrusive quite. What made her more than a negligible quantity was her own devoted admiration. She watched him wtih eyes that seemed to proclaim a sort of jealous guardianship, and when she spoke—which was not often—her words carried an odd inflection of deference to a superior that was close to grotesque. Yet she understood him, and her tact was constantly on the alert to save him from the consequences of his own clumsiness.

Their first words to me, after the preliminaries of introduction, seemed to me to suggest a clue to their relation.

"I hate doing these official portraits, but when General Landon asked me to do you I couldn't very well refuse," he remarked. Churlish as the words sounded, they were entirely devoid of intentional offense. But Esther hurried to anticipate my possible misunderstanding of her husband.

"Oh, but this will be something more than merely 'official,'" she reassured me. "Won't it Olaf?"

I smiled my disregard of Olaf's unintentional ungraciousness in my delight at having, as I believed, so quickly seized the situation. It was indeed as far as I was to get that day. We talked, while Esther sat quietly by, of unimportant things, discussing and arranging the time for my sittings. At the first of these I made the discovery that Esther Jansen was dumb only so long as her husband's art was in abeyance. At a word touching the portrait the look of anxious responsibility settled in her eyes, and her voice was an index to point the world's homage to its proper object. There was a passing question of the pose I was to assume. Instantly she was attention.

"Yes, I think that is right—isn't it Olaf?" she pronounced. "There, the hand a little farther to the right, and the face turned more, so that the shadow of the hair falls free of the eyes. That's it."

It did not escape me that in spite of her pretense of approval and agreement with the painter her suggestion was directly contrary to what he had

proposed. Olaf himself seemed not to realize this, for he calmly and unconsciously appropriated the suggestion as if it were his own idea.

Such trifling incidents as this, attending my further acquaintance with the happy and absorbed couple, constantly whetted my interest in the problem they presented. Perhaps, I came to think, the secret of Olaf's awakening lay in the mere fact of his having found someone with whom to share his absorption in art. Her love, while it stimulated his powers almost miraculously, also had its reaction on herself; her complete devotion quickened her own vision and made her, failure though she had been, the partner of his success.

Mistaken as was this theory—I was to learn my hopeless error long after—it seemed for a time to be borne out by my observations. In my zeal for studying the painter I almost forgot the portrait—which, by the way, when completed, was pronounced notably successful. I had, as I say, watched its growth rather carelessly; yet I had observed that subtle changes came on it from one sitting to another. Slight as these changes were, they were unmistakable, often startling, although I set them down in large part to my own fancy. Olaf's offhand statement that when he was painting a portrait he was completely in the grip of the subject, that he worked and studied over it incessantly, in the absence as well as in the presence of the model, actually left something still to be accounted for. Nevertheless I accepted it for the time, for I was blind, ignorant as I was, and am, of the mysteries of the painter's art.

I had opportunity to observe more closely the workings of this "method" when, soon after, I attended to the studio a relative whose portrait Olaf, thanks to his success with my own features, was to paint. My aunt was a woman of vigorous intellect, of great decision under a gentle demeanour. I fancied at first that Olaf was misled by her mild manner as to her character; and she in turn frankly confessed that she found him devoid of ideas and rather complacently stupid. Indeed, she pronounced the colourless little wife a more interesting companion—but that might have been accounted for by the fact that Esther Jansen developed under my aunt's encouragement, a palpable admiration for the older woman. In the intervals of the periods actually devoted to the object of her presence my aunt held Esther in subdued intimate talk, while I engaged Olaf in conversation or studied his work. And as I attended thus closely to the growth of the portrait I noted more plainly the evidences of the painter's activity in the absence of his subject. Watching thus the progress of the work from the first "sketching in" of the outlines, the first rough indications of the "value" to the finished canvas, I saw come into the kind face the almost imperceptible lines and shadows that told so well to one who knew her the story of my aunt's gentle firmness. But not once did I surprise the brush stroke that gave the life-touch to the inert figure; I saw these creative, vitalizing additions not at the end but at the beginning of each sitting.

Gradually the pose had undergone subtle changes; the background and decorative ideas were not the same; above all, the entire composure had been transposed to another "key," in the painter's phrase. The result showed no uncertainty or lack of harmony; everything was as gold, as sure and masterful as any work he had ever done. Even my aunt, with her clear-eyed vision of men, was won to concede a tardy recognition of a quality of perception—perhaps of intuition—in Olaf which her first judgment had denied him.

Moreover she more than once told me that the neutral little New England woman was a rare, fine creature—too fine and rare for the understanding of us coarser beings with our rough measuring tools. On this point I felt myself competent to carry on

an investigation, an opportunity for which I should have welcomed; but it was placed beyond my reach just then by the departure of Olaf and his wife for their summer holiday. The condition of Esther's health had for some time been a cause for anxiety, and it was with a view to its improvement and the arresting of certain alarming symptoms that they had gone to some place in the far West.

Although I knew this, I was nevertheless totally unprepared for the brief despatch which I received from Olaf about two months later, announcing the death of his wife. I learned in time that she had faded away quietly, painlessly, swiftly, as is so often the case with the remnants of these older New England families, in which stamina has been sacrificed to the over-refining of the race. She was the last of her family.

Still, after the momentary shock I had felt at learning of Olaf's bereavement, I reflected that after all it was not an irreparable calamity. He had been fond of her, no doubt, but a man of his age always recovers from such sorrows.

At last one day, in prowling about the studio, I discovered the only canvas he had brought back with him from the West. It was a half-finished portrait of Esther. He met my eye with some confusion, I thought, as I looked at him inquiringly.

"She wanted me to do it," he said, "when she knew she couldn't get well. I didn't have time to finish it."

His indefferent tone annoyed me. "Of course you must complete it now." I spoke rather sharply. "The drawing is so far along that you can surely do it superbly from memory. That should be her monument."

"Oh, yes, I'll finish it sometime," was his answer. "Not now, though; I'm too busy. Did I tell you I had a commission to 'do' the Honourable Martin Flaherty, Tammany boss of the Ninth?"

I said no more, convinced at last that this indifference must be feigned —that the great, outspoken boy had learned to wear a mask. And I was really glad to know that instead of wasting his days in regrets and memories he was bent on the wiser course of finding forgetfulness in work. That way lay sanity and ultimate recovery.

I never saw the portrait of the Honourable Martin Flaherty though it was finished early that winter and exhibited. I was away from the city at the time. As soon as I returned I received a note from Olaf Jansen begging me to come to his studio, for he needed my moral support.

"For God's sake come!" it ran. "I've got to see someone, and you're the only one I dare talk to." The note was wretchedly scrawled.

I found him alone, sitting at a table with a big bottle of whiskey and a glass before him. In all my association with him I had never seen him drink. He had the look of a beaten man. I have never seen such utter dejection, such hopeless misery, in any face. So startled was I that I essayed an inanely cheerful tone.

"Well, what's wrong, Olaf?" I said when we had shaken hands and he had relapsed again into his shrunken attitude in the chair. "Let me hear about your latest successes. Don't tell me you've fallen off on any ill luck," I added.

He gave me so little attention that I was not sure he heard. "Then you haven't seen what the papers said about the portrait?" he began. "Perkins and McCarney were the only ones who praised it; and they're two fools who know nothing whatever about painting. All the others roasted it. They were right."

"Nonsense, man," I cried, amazed that he should have taken so comparatively trivial a matter so much to heart. "That's nothing to pull a long face over. Suppose this one picture isn't quite up to your high mark; suppose even that it's a rank failure; it's only one and you've a failure coming after all your successes. Is this all it takes to drive you to drink?"

"Stop!" He almost sat up for a moment and then dropped back again. "What do I care about Flaherty's portrait? You're right—that's nothing. It's worse than that. I'll never paint another portrait."

"Olaf," I said, for his extraordinary manner made me uneasy, "you're not yourself. What in the world do you mean?"

Then, still sitting sunk in his chair, he began to tell me. I recall his words almost literally! I can even see the awkward gestures and hear the stumbling pauses in his narrative. It all made an extraordinary impression on me for I realized at least that the man was not drunk or mad and that he saw his own case in the clearest light.

"When we were married—that was nearly four years ago—I was sure she loved me. I thought I loved her because she appreciated—yes, because she appreciated me. She was the first critic I ever had who thought I could do the only thing I cared to do. You know what I mean. From the very first she encouraged me. I 'did' her over and over—she always destroyed the canvases. But she liked better for me to work from other subjects, so that she could watch every stroke and talk it all over with me. In her quiet way she was always making suggestions, and though some of them sounded a little crazy to me, when I adopted them they usually came out all right.

"Little by little I began to see that I really was doing better work. I said to myself that her appreciation had given me confidence to go ahead and do things in my own way—though the Lord knows I never wanted confidence. I was so sure of myself that I didn't even mind when she took the brushes out of my hand as she did occasionally to touch a spot here and there, just to show what she meant. You know she had studied, and she knew more about it than they used to give her credit for. Twice, when I had been out and returned unexpectedly, I found her before my easel with my palette and brushes. But she just made a joke of that—said she was trying to imagine herself a painter.

"I never suspected anything until we were out there in the mountains. Then, when the doctor told her she couldn't last six months, the only thing she seemed to think of was the time I was losing. She fairly compelled me to begin her portrait. In those days, when I could think of nothing but her, she thought only of painting. Every day, even after she was so weak she could scarcely move, she would take the pose and make me paint, bringing the canvas to her every five minutes so she could criticize and suggest. 'This is my portrait—you must let me have it in my own way': that's what she said.

"Then when we were almost done, one day she couldn't leave her bed at all. All that day she would talk to me until her strength gave out utterly, and she had to lie and wait for breath. She made me promise to finish the portrait, but very carefully, doing as little to it as possible. She tried to tell me just how she wanted it—tried to tell me the very brush strokes. There are some things that can't be told.

"I don't remember much what she said. That day I think I was mad. To talk about art, about my work, when she lay there dying before my eyes! You see, I hadn't really loved her at first, but now—!

"Well, she died—it was only three days after that. For a time after I came back I didn't do any work. There was something in my mind—a suspicion of something I couldn't place—that scared me. Then I got the commission and I took it because I was afraid I was getting morbid. I thought it would be an easy portrait to do.

"When it was done I couldn't tell anything about it. Of course it was bad—worse than you can imagine. Everybody tried to let me down easy, but I knew something was wrong. I made up my mind to find out what it

was. Yesterday morning I got out the unfinished portrait—of *her*, you know—and worked at it all day. I finished it. There it is."

He pointed with his foot to a canvas that stood facing the wall. I reached out my hand and turned it round. I thought again that the man was mad, for at first I did not believe it was the same canvas I had seen before. That had been, even in its unfinished state, a wonderful revelation of the shy, quiet, brave soul my aunt had seen in Esther. It was no more than a sketch, but it had the beauty of all simplicity and absolute truthfulness. This picture before me was a completely finished product—hard, brilliant, perfect in line and colour, and absolutely, unaccountably lifeless.

I suppose I allowed my astonishment to escape me in an exclamation, for Olaf nodded slowly two or three times.

"I know now," he began again. "Even I could see that this thing isn't a portrait—that it isn't she. Last night I sat down and thought it all out. I tried to recall every word she ever spoke to me. I remembered everything she ever did to my paintings, all her suggestions and criticisms, and then all that other people said. I remember how I used to go out and when I came back find some little change in the canvas I had left that I couldn't quite understand. I used to think it was all in me: that difficulties straightened themselves out when I left them alone. I know now how they straightened themselves out."

"Olaf, you must steady yourself," I said, while the suspicion of his meaning formed itself in my brain. "What are you saying? Do you imply—"

"I'm saying," he interrupted me, "that *she* painted every one of those portraits. It's true as God's word. She used me for her tool. All the brains, all the soul—the insight and subtlety and knowledge of character that you fellows have prated of—were hers. That—" he indicated the portrait with a world of contempt—"that's the sort of work I do, left to myself. She saw the possibilities in me—yes, she saw that I could handle a brush, that I could mix colours, that I could draw lines, that I had the steadiest nerves and the best trained hands of them all. She made them hers—she used me—she made the pictures that I thought I had painted myself—Ah!"

He brought it all out as suddenly, as brutally as I have set it down. I was dazed; the only idea I could summon was that he must be turned from his brooding on the truth that had overwhelmed him.

"Olaf, don't think of it now," I pleaded. "Try to think instead how she must have loved you—"

He raised his head to face me fairly now, as he interrupted me.

"You're a liar!" he cried. "I haven't told you everything. That day I told you about, towards night, she said something. I didn't understand then—she was a little out of her head, I think. She said: 'I wasn't quite through with you, Olaf; you've beaten me.' And then: 'But what use are the hands when the brain is dead?' "

He paused, and then went on in a quiet, hopeless tone. "You see, she didn't even love me. She loved art, and because she hadn't the things I have, she used me. She didn't even love me—but I loved her, and now she's gone I'm nothing but a useless pair of hands."

He no longer saw me. I watched him for a time, but as he did not move, I went out of the room quietly and left him alone.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST"

WITH the most intense particularity of detail I recall a certain day at the beginning of a past summer, when the westbound carried me up beyond what was then Assiniboia, and is now South Saskatchewan. In some queer way that day does not seem to be dead and gone. There was something sacrosanct and magical in it; something in the nature of the miracle of the Valley of Ajalon happened to it too. The train still snakes along with open windows; the sunlight still gleams on the interior woodwork and metal. I can feel the airs that fluttered—that flutter—in upon us, can see the faces of the people in the coach.

Many had come all the way from Montreal. With many I had chatted in the smoking-room at the car's end, or in the dining-saloon over the white tables and the tinkling dishes. I knew little details of their lives, as we know details of the lives of our fellow-villagers—details regarding their old homes, and their dreams. That train was really a moving village. One or two I have met since then, despite the bigness of the world. One I saw a year later, and again ten years later. But he always sits, for me, in that westbound train of many years ago. He had been on a visit to Britain. I recall the light on his face as the conductor's voice ticked off our progress: "Next stop Crowfoot!"—"Next stop Gleichen!" I recall the almost idiotic look, though well do I understand it now, on his face, the tipsy joy that suffused it, as he looked suddenly at the back of his left hand and smote it with his right. He grinned and glanced at another man who had been east on holiday. They exchanged a nod of understanding; they were coming grinning home!

"Calgary is the next stop! The next stop is Calgary!"

I looked out, and found it all even better than I imagined. Now there are two Calgarys in my memory, for it has changed since then; but on that day, as the train slowed down, I did not know which way to look, to north or south, for the mere joy of looking. There was the depot platform, and a red-coated R.N.W.M.P. boy with a riding crop under his arm; a baggageman trundled a truck; beyond the small station building were houses, scattered anyhow on the brilliant world, as in pictures by Remington. And to and fro, before these houses that only indicated the alignment of the streets, so numerous were the vacant lots, the gaps between them, men on horseback came and went in a constant stirring of dust, twinkling flurry of hoofs. They sat in high saddles. They rode at sprinting speed down the street, and halted, and wheeled in the fashion that is called "turning on a dollar".

To the south of the track, on a great rolling hump of grass, many Indian children romped and waved their hands to us. Up toward its crest were tepees decoratively pitched, with their protruding poles and blackened tops; and lean ponies grazed over their

shadows everywhere, ponies of all hues, sorrels and buckskins, and many pintos—scraggy, wiry beasts of the hammer-forehead and Roman-nose type. Perhaps they were dirty, these Indians. I have seen Indians very dirty, and Indians scrupulously clean since then; but dirty or clean there were some fine specimens among them. One girl, in beaded and fringed buckskin tunic and quill-decorated leggings and moccasins, ran lithely along the track-side, begging. It was something of a shock—the buckskin, the quill trimmings, the wild litheness of her leaping run, like a deer's and then that brown hand held up for nickels. Her dark eyes still look up at the car windows; the frou-frou of her passing is still in my ears.

Later journeys to and fro took me through the Crow's Nest Pass and the Tête Jaune. It was not till many years after that I came again over the rolling plain to Calgary, and saw the long indigo loneliness of the Rockies beyond the foot-hills, eighty miles away. The mountains cannot be changed; but there were other changes. I looked out to see the shingle houses scattered on the prairie, the cattle-corrals, the young men of the high-saddles with lariats looped to the horn, the conical tepees of the red-men, with smoky tops. And what I looked for I did not see. To north and south of the track—no, not the track, the many tracks—were houses, houses, houses. I alighted from the train into a new depot, a depot with a tiled booking-hall. It was crowded with people, and none of them wore "chaps"; not one had a quirt hanging from his wrist. In place of the quirt many of them had crook-handled umbrellas depending from their arms, for they wore clothes they had to protect from the elements! In a dazed state I walked into the street, and saw, backed up to the concrete pavement (the old wooden sidewalk gone) a semi-circle of motor-cars, for hire. I strolled on, and watched the electric trams rush past with their strap-hangers. I looked up at the buildings. I saw a soaring steel skeleton, many stories high, and a rub-dud, a noise like that of a ship-yard, came from it. Men were driving the rivets home with electric hammers.

Perhaps there is some excuse for those who, coming to Calgary to-day, look dubiously at Old Timers who tell of having seen the buffalo trekking north or south across the Bow River, or of going into camp for a couple of days, when freighting on the old Mac-Leod Road, to let the herds go by. A man need not be old, only a little elderly, to recall those days. I arrived just in time to see the buffalo wallows, and note the streaked ruts the migrating herds had left at the river crossings. Even their bones have been gathered up and sold; the last polished horns have been peddled by the Blackfoot to tourists going through. Yet the old Calgary is not gone; rather is it merged in the new. The men who talked horse and cattle still come there, and sit in the hotel rotundas with those who talk town-lots and oil-wells, but they leave their "chaps" at home.

Much can never be altered. From every western-facing window in Calgary will always be seen the sunlit grandeur of the Rocky Mountains. They, too, have their lure. The other day a man I know (to make me jealous, he said, in a post-script) put a sprig of fir into a letter he posted from the Slocan country. I opened it—in London—and his aim was achieved, before I read. People who do things like that should be fined, and the fine should amount to the cost of steamer and train fare to the place where they are. The room in which I sat was all blurred to nothingness. I saw a long deep cleft in the mountains; and the month was November. I know it was November by the withered leaves on the birches. They had not yet blown off, and they were all dancing upon each tree like fountains of yellow discs. Every shade of gray, till the gray turned to blue, was in

the strewn rocks and boulders going down to a creek, and the creek was the colour of an opal, and changed like an opal in the light. The firs were green, or red, or brown, or all these colours blent; and the shadows under their stately falling branches were blue.

The Rockies are different from the Alps. The knowledge that a man can mount up into them at any place, if he cares, and go marching and camping, marching and camping, month in, and month out, and never see a mortal man till he comes down the butt-end of them toward the Arctic Sea, gives a different feeling among them. The Alps are in a pocket of Europe, and seem almost a kind of sleeping partner of Messrs. Cook; but the Rockies run the length of the continent, and are in league with Eternity. I would write a poem on my old camp-fires there were it not that there is scanty market for such poems. The theme is not considered opetical by the tasters of the moment; one must write of a lady seen in a restaurant, or thoughts while listening to a jazz band.

Once, in a mining camp of the Kettle River Country, one of the "boys" (he was a good deal of a man) told us he guessed he saved up enough to go home and buy a little farm "back east". He shook us all by the hand, and said good-bye. Those of us who had not yet "made good" envied him, for there is hard work as well as scenery in British Columbia, and even in a land where not to work is to be ostracized, men do look forward to the time when they need not labour on days that they don't feel inclined to, but with feet on the verandah-rail, smoke cigars and watch the June-bugs. About a month later I say him again and said: "Hullo! You haven't gone yet, then?" It struck me that perhaps he had been taking a few days to liquidate with his most intimate friends before departing.

"I've gone, and come," he answered. "The east looks all right in fancy, but the fact is different. I got back and saw them all, but the very day I arrived I knew I was coming here again. I told them I was only home on a visit. Those were the first words I said. It ain't God's country there, the way it is here. They were decorating the church for harvest thanksgiving, and one thing and another. And it's all kind of finished and set, and they got a harmonium in the parlour. I just stopped two days. It took all right in fancy, but when you get there——" he shook his head.

"And what about coming back west?" I asked.

"That's—coming—home," he replied.

What called him back? What is the lure? It is a sense of freedom. It is pines mounting up the steep hills, and the smell of the pines and the quiet under them. It is the little white-painted towns, always, it seems, in the perfect sites by bends of rivers or lake sides. It is stomachic too! It is the luscious peaches. It is the rank tea, tasting like nectar after working in the woods. It is the wagon-roads, the two deep ruts, going down through the sands of the Okanagan, or up into the Cariboo, or twining through the pine-needle floors of the tall timber tracts in the Selkirks, the Cascades, or the Pallisers. It is the trails leading off from these, with the gashes blazed on the trees, blaze by blaze showing the way, as lighthouses con ships through sea channels. It is, as in Murray Gibbon's song, "the lakes of melted jade", these lakes that the winds play with, as a hand ruffling and smoothing velvet. It is the lonely call of loons in the hush before twilight, when the grasshoppers all suddenly cease to chirp. It is the mosquito-hawk that zig-zags overhead, with a flight somewhat like bat or swallow, in the drizzle of the reflected sunset. It is the clear air that lets the eyes roam over great spaces. It is the moon rising to silhouette a ridge of firs and light their tips all down the slope—and the wonder of it all getting into one's blood.

THE "COMPLETE EMIGRANT"

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

THERE has lately come into my possession a pamphlet, a copy of which does not appear to exist in any of the great libraries in Canada. Under the title "A Catechism of Information for Intending Emigrants of all Classes to Upper Canada", the author, Frederick Widder, Commissioner of the Canada Land Company, throws valuable contemporary light on the social, educational and economic conditions which prevailed in Upper Canada about the middle of the nineteenth century. The pamphlet is dated July 20th, 1848, and bears the press mark of Messrs. Scobie and Balfour, Adelaide Buildings, King Street, Toronto. Professing to be compiled "by intelligent and experienced gentlemen long resident in the Province", it is addressed to intending emigrants in the United Kingdom and the United States, and settlers already in Canada West are advised to send it to those of their friends who may be contemplating the creation of a new home in a new land. It is written in the clearest and most precise English and bears self-evident signs of careful thought, well considered judgments and diligently scrutinized phrases.

Doubtless as it owed its origin to an official of a company with well over a million acres for sale, there was need that overstatement should be avoided as much as possible, especially as one of its aims was to encourage distribution by those already farming on the company's property, who were not likely to be deceived or to let their friends be deceived by any glowing account of conditions by interested parties.

This point is of some importance. *Prima facie* the student would be inclined to discount the historical worth of the evidence which it provides, fearing that it was coloured by the utilitarian purposes of its author. This natural reluctance of the scientific historian can easily give place to a certain amount of confidence, when he remembers that an open and candid appeal is made to settlers well acquainted with conditions to distribute it among their friends. In addition, the historian is able to test the value of the pamphlet from the gradually emerging history of pioneer days in Upper Canada, which is appearing in various proceedings published by local historical societies. Indeed it forms another chapter almost ready at hand in that history which as yet remains to be written. Broadly speaking, I have applied this test in several particulars and have found, where such a test was available, that the evidence provided is reliable and that the deductions from it are on the whole fair and justifiable. The great defect is a negative one. Contemporary diaries and letters belonging to the same period, while they usually contain notes of hope and are full of a wise, if not buoyant, optimism, do not, as a rule, make light of the weariness,

the ceaseless work, the trying conditions of pioneer adventure. In some cases, where the available records are written by more educated people, this note of adventure almost appears to lend an element of romance to the description. This note, however, is exceptional. The tale is more often that of heroic effort—rewards, but those of toil; success, but that of the hardest and most diligent endeavour; sorrows but those of a strange land among strange peoples; joys, but those shared with loneliness and isolation. Of all this the Canada Land Company's pamphlet gives no hint. Indeed, it must be judged by that sterling maxim of just criticism—the purpose which its author had in view, and this certainly did not leave any place for emphasizing the difficulties which lay before the pioneer.

On the other hand, the pamphlet has an emotional interest. It is quite easy to gather round it a whole romantic picture, which will possess the truth and atmosphere of great history. For myself, it is this personal element which attracts me in such historical material. I cannot handle a pamphlet such as this without conjuring up scenes in homes long since deserted in the Older Lands. The day when the pamphlet arrives from Canada West seems like yesterday. The eager discussions are audible to the well-trained historical ear. How carefully the *pros* and *cons* are balanced! How insistent the call, how great the reluctance to answer! It is easy to picture many a family council, many a financial estimate, many a hope and many a fear, which gathered round the Canada Land Company's little publication. It is easy to call up something of the emotions which it aroused in the hearts of many who, through it, became in time the pioneers of many an Ontario farm to-day. To those settled on these lands it is not too great an exaggeration to say that the "Catechism for Emigrants" is a family heirloom—a link with the past, a sentimental fragrance from the garden of hopes long dead. It has the fascination of an old letter, into which the human hand has written some depths of the human heart.

But the pamphlet has other interests more mundane. It is an exceedingly valuable piece of evidence for the student of pioneer conditions in Upper Canada during the ten years after Mackenzie's Rebellion. It takes its place securely among the material available for comparative study in this connection—material which is unfortunately becoming less and less common as we advance further from the earlier days and the older inhabitants, and for the careful collection of which no adequate means have been as yet provided.

The Canada Land Company had offices in England, and we may say with some confidence that one of the first and most common inquiries by intending emigrants was concerning the weather of Canada West. Strange tales of the severity of the Canadian climate still linger in the Old Land, and even Rudyard Kipling cannot claim poetic license for his ignorance, as his attempts at historical writing are as ill-informed as his poetry in connection with Canada. Whatever the reason, Widder begins his pamphlet with a careful and, I believe, accurate account of the temperature and climatic conditions in Canada West during the years 1840 to 1847. I feel certain that this prominence was due to reports from England, for he says that "it is a very important question on which much ignorance and misrepresentation prevail". For these years the mean temperature in summer was 62.5°, and in winter 26.7° (Fahrenheit). The coldest winter was in 1840, when 18.6° below zero was recorded and the warmest summer was in 1846 when 94.6° was recorded—both at Toronto. During these seven years there were 770 rainless days, 400 snowless days, 1,752 perfectly dry days—a yearly average of 96¼ rainy days, of 50 snowy days, and of 219 perfectly dry days, on which there was neither snow nor rain. Widder's figures are, as far as I can find out,

perfectly correct; but it will be noted that almost any climate where there are marked differences, can be made to look attractive enough by statistics. However, he is careful to point out a fact, of which information must reach England, that outside work on a farm practically ceased on November 1st and was not again possible till the first of the following April.

An outline next follows of suggestions for travelling, with a table of distances to various places from Montreal and Quebec. There are a few points of interest here. A team of two horses with a wagon (to take a load of eighteen cwt.) and driver could be hired at eight pence a mile to the journey's end, supposing the team to come back empty. If the driver had guarantees of business on the return journey cheaper rates could be obtained. It is also interesting to note that there were daily steamers from Lewiston, Queenston, and Niagara to Toronto and Hamilton, and that a tri-weekly steamer from Rochester plied to the same places. Between American points, steamers touched regularly at Canadian ports, and settlers are advised to make use of these as they afforded the cheapest access to Gore, Brock, London, and the Western Districts in which the lands belonging to the company lay. Stage coaches linked up travellers with the country settlements.

Next to inquiries about the weather and travelling come the problems of finance which naturally held a prominent place in the mind of the intending emigrant. Before examining the information, it is well to note that the prices quoted throughout the pamphlet are based on Halifax currency—$1 or 5s. is equal to 8s. York, or 4s. sterling. The information is detailed under several headings which can be followed for convenience. Does farming afford a profitable return for capital invested? This question is answered very directly and with great fairness. If the pioneer farmer determines to keep out of debt, and to develop his farm gradually he can reasonably expect independence in a few years. He is warned, however, against idleness and "excessive enjoyment in amusement and visiting" in winter to the neglect of his stock, and to the loss of comfort in improving his collection of household and farm conveniences. This "manifest neglect" spells if not ruin at least discontent. Warnings, too, are given that failure is most noticeable among "gentlemen from Europe who expect to live in luxury on borrowed capital"—a feature of which our own generation in Canada is not ignorant. The discussion of the prospects for success leads to the question of the price of land. Lands could e bought in lots ranging from eighty to 200 acres at prices varying from 2s. to 30s, an acre. Thus for example in the Ottawa and Dalhousie districts land ranged from 2s. to 12s. 6d. and in the Brock and Talbot districts from 20s. to 30s. an acre. Lots could be obtained by lease for ten years, or in fee simple by purchase for cash down. Rents on lease-hold were due on the 1st of each February and they amounted to the interest at 6% of the cash price of the lot. Most of the lots could be taken up on lease without any initial cash payment. On some lots, however, one to three years' rent must be paid in advance. At any time a lease could be converted into a freehold. An interesting feature of the whole scheme is the fact that the Canada Land Company was prepared to receive the settler's savings, however small, at any time, to allow him interest at the rate of 6% and the opportunity of withdrawing his money with interest at any time without previous notice. Another point on which emphasis is laid is the scale of wages for clearing lands. From the words used it is evident that the custom was for the new settler to hire men skilled in "clearing operations". All the prices are estimated on a cash payment plan—under a written agreement they were higher. In moderately timbered land wages for clearing varied from 10s. to £2 10s, currency an

acre. In the more remote and more heavily wooded country from £3 to £4 10s. an acre currency. I have not noticed elsewhere in the history of pioneer days any mention of hiring men to "clear". Would it be possible that the company provided them as far as possible?

Satisfied, or ill-satisfied, as to the weather, pleased or displeased with the journey to his new country, the settler having arranged for his new homestead and for clearing it turns to the expenses for the "necessary outfit" in building conveniences, farm utensils and stock. The figures which follow are exceedingly valuable. A comfortable log home, 16 feet by 24, with two floors and a shingled roof cost £9; a frame house of similar dimensions would cost £50. A log barn, 24 x 40 feet, cost £10, or frame £70. Household tables cost 10s. up. Bedsteads could be bought from 15s. to 20s. each. Chairs cost £1 5s. a dozen. The settler could rely on his neighbours to help him in building operations and in no case need he estimate to spend more than £10 on household furniture. For half that sum he would be quite comfortable. A yoke of oxen cost £10 to £12; cows cost £2 10s. to £3 each; a horse cost £10, often less; a pair of drags, £1 15s.; a winnowing machine, £6 to £6 15s.; a plough, £1 15s.; a working sleigh, £7 to £7 10s. Equally valuable are the figures dealing with "the cost of living" for "man and beast". Hay cost £2 10s. a ton; oats, 1s. a bushel; clothing, 50% advance on Old Country prices; wool, 1s. 2d. a lb.; pork 15s. to 20s. for 100 lbs.; flour, £1 5s for 196 lbs.; oatmeal, 7s. a cwt.; beef, £1 to £1 5s. a cwt.; butter, 1s. 10d. a lb.; and the inevitable whiskey, which figures in every available record of the period that I have seen, 1s. 3d. a gallon. Until his farm began to yield and he could balance his necessary expenditures with his returns, the new settler is assured that the annual expenses of an adult family of six need not exceed £36 currency.

What then would be his expenses—what his hope of return? After the initial outlay, the question of wages for help must be considered. A farm servant cost £2 with board, £3 without board (currency, a month). A female household servant cost £1 with board (currency, a month). A day labourer earned on an average estimated over ten years, 3s. 9d. (a day currency, without board). Having arranged for his help, the new settler next considered the method of farming. On new fallow land, wheat was always the first crop. Farmers with capital seeded the fallow down with grass and waited five or six years, but the settler with limited means put his land into crop the next year either with potatoes or spring grain; then followed wheat every alternate year, unless he was able to clear enough new land for an annual wheat crop—when the older land was either laid down in meadow or otherwise cropped. The best English and Scotch farmers adopted as soon as possible the customary three or four field system, or otherwise wheat, and winter and summer fallow each alternate year. Most valuable figures are given of the averages an acre for the years 1838-1847. Naturally the yield varied with the quality of the soil, the climatic conditions, the care, experience and adaptability of the settler, but the averages are remarkably good—wheat, 25 bushels an acre; barley, 30 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; rye, 30 bushels; potatoes, 250 bushels. Turnips, mangels and root crops were not sufficiently in cultivation during these years to allow an average being given. Beginnings, with profitable results, had already been made in the growing of flax and hemp, while most English fruits flourished. Fall wheat sold at Toronto at an average of 4s. 9d. a bushel of 60 lbs. during the years 1841 to 1848. Spring wheat averaged 6d. a bushel lower during the same period. During the "Rebellion" fall wheat rose to 7s. a bushel, the highest price recorded between 1832 and 1848.

Taxation was very light, and was vested in the District Councils, who could tax up to a certain sum on the valuation of property. All taxes raised by the District Council were spent in the District and each settler had a voice in the election of the Council. Taxes of all kinds only amounted to 1½d. in the £ currency on assessed property. The settler might be called on to serve as Pound-keeper, Fence Viewer, Road Master, Township Clerk, Collector, School Commissioner, or District Councillor if he possessed in the last case property valued at £300.

The provisions for religious worship and for education are specially emphasized. In well-settled districts and in the towns churches and chapels were numerous. For example Toronto had thirty places of worship, Guelph seven and Chatham four. In the district of Huron there were twenty-five places of worship. In similar places "education is cheap in the extreme and good". In the country and new settlements so good a selection cannot be made, but there are few parts where a man can be at a loss to give his children "a decent English education at a cheap rate". This statement must be brought into relation with the official history of education in Ontario. On the whole it is just; but to the uninitiated settler it may have produced an entirely false impression. Thus, the fact that "the grammar schools in each district were respectably conducted and every year improving" might mean anything. Of more interest is the attention drawn to the cheap opportunities for higher education. It is pointed out that a boy could obtain board and tuition (up to preparation for the University) at Upper Canada College for £33 16s. (currency), per annum. The College had 210 pupils in attendance in 1848, and more than 1,200 Upper Canadians had received an education there. For University education at King's College, two inducements are held out: the system was based on the plan of the English Universities, "which is of itself a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of the education afforded"; the tuition fees were extremely moderate, while "four good meals each day at the University" would cost the student only £48 currency. The emphasis laid on education is remarkable. With all the drawbacks which are well known to have attended it in Upper Canada at the time, there would appear to be little doubt that a wider opportunity was open at that period to the class to which the pamphlet is addressed than in the United Kingdom. This fact is at any rate one of the most outstanding and interesting features of the appeal.

The remaining portions of the little pamphlet do not call for such close attention. The newness of the Province and its vast territories promise openings of fortune to settlers' children. The legal rate of interest—6% —can easily be increased to 8% "by judicious management in real estate" —as land near the larger settlements has increased tenfold in value since 1838. There is no mention of conditions affecting the settlers' womenfolk: "spinning and other female occupations" will monopolize the winter; "wife and daughters" must share the burden of providing not merely luxuries but the articles of everyday convenience, and on them will fall the larger weight of "domestic comfort and happiness". In summer, the fields will call them, and even the child of five must be "usefully and healthily employed" in outdoor work. It is here alone that the writer touches hands with the days of trial and labour which have been the settler's lot. It is done very judiciously—doubtless, as we have said, friends filled in the sketch. He need not, however, fear wolves or bears—they are only an occasional annoyance. Game is plentiful—especially partridge, quail and wild duck. Deer is quite common, but "the settler can earn a quarter of beef in the time that it takes him to hunt a quarter of venison."

Such is "the complete settler in 1848" in Canada West. There does not seem to be any effort made to "boost" the Province, as in later days when the descriptions (*horresco referens*) have passed into romantic literature in the highways and byways of the United Kingdom. It would not be a difficult study to trace those who may have come under the influence of the "Catechism" and settled on the Company's lands about 1848. There may be alive not a few who as children at least owed to it their coming to Canada. To them the contrasts must be violent—I wonder if for the better? There is a danger, however, to sentimentalize over "the good old days," and we cannot say "stop" to the march of events. But we may well ask if the sturdy stock of sixty years ago were not built in more heroic mould than we are, and if the compensations of our civilization have not been paid for in a very heavy price.

There we must leave it. From some hamlet or country scene in the Old Land, brave hearts have come. Faith lights the way: hope nerves the adventure. They touch hands with the heroic in history. If mundane prices of food and implements, of lands and cattle, of servants and clothes run throughout their early history, they are but the sacramental robes of the living truth—that it is out of ventures of faith that all that is of value in life springs. Going forth "knowing not whither they went", they span the ages and greet the far off centuries of early Canadian history.

THE COWBOY

From the Photograph by
Newton MacTavish

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XXII

MURRAY WILLARD'S gambling debts had caused him to commit forgery, but even that crime would be overlooked by Stumpf and his associates if the plans of the Greig engine could be placed in their hands. And now, having once clearly faced the issue and having made a decision along the line of his own best interests, he was not the man to suffer from hampering scruples. Under the easy amenities of civilization he concealed a soul which knew no higher law than its own desires. Many called him selfish but no one realized just how selfish he was. He concealed the knowledge even from himself. It was his habit to think of himself as a good fellow. Sometimes he did little services for other people just to prove what a good fellow he was. He would have been surprised to have had it pointed out that they were always services which cost him nothing. When any such kindness threatened to become a bore, he dropped it, just as he had dropped the task of freeing David from Clara. He had always considered himself very fond of David and up to the limit of his capacity it was true enough. Only when David got in the way of Murray Willard did his claim begin to dwindle; when he became a serious obstacle it vanished altogether.

Psychologists differ about these cases of intense egotism. But if Murray were to be used as an example he would certainly lend force to the theory of direct inheritance. Dr. James Willard, his father, had been a man whose callous indifference to everything not calculated to advance his own interests was a by-word amongst his fellows. On the other hand, Murray's early environment and upbringing had not been very different from that of scores of other boys. His father had not done more than generally direct his education. His mother had died when he was too young to remember her but he had never lacked for care or training, good schools, wise masters and the daily companionship of sturdy good-hearted Canadian youth. He had in fact had as good a chance as most and a better chance than many.

Murray left the house of the mysterious Mr. Smith that afternoon in an angry mood, but his anger was not caused by the thought of the traitorous work he intended to do. It was owing entirely to the fact that these men had been able to compel him to do it. Not for the first time did he roundly curse the weakness which had led him into the present trap. Why had he not been wise enough to wait until he could really afford to indulge his passion for play? Since that passion was part of himself it must certainly be satisfied; but it would have been wiser, much wiser, to have deferred the satisfaction. As it was, he had made a pretty mess of

things. He had run things pretty close, he had almost been counted out.

Only let him get on top again, and there would be no more mistakes! Let him once be free of Stumpf & Co., let him once hold Stumpf's money in his hand, and the world would pay Murray Willard for his present humiliation.

His mind thrust aside, now, even the pretense of consideration for his friend. David and his engine!—what did they matter in comparison with the fever of defeat and impotence under which he raged?

As for the actual theft of the plans, that ought to be easy. David was one of those silly asses who trust everybody! Murray smoothed his face clear of disturbing thoughts, settled his collar, and arranged his progress so that he might casually encounter David upon that trustful person's return from John Baird's workshop.

David was unaffectedly glad to see him.

"Well," he said, "how goes it? I thought you went away mad!"

Murray managed a somewhat sheepish grin. "Oh, forget it! I've just seen Stumpf. Told him that the whole thing is definitely off. Rather a decent chap, Stumpf! He wasn't as difficult as I fancied he would be, so we found another way out of my obligation to him; that is, if I can still negotiate that loan you promised me?"

David was much relieved. Money matters are the easiest of all to settle, provided the money can be got. "Certainly," he said heartily, "how much?"

Willard appeared to reflect and then mentioned a sum which, while not unduly alarming David, might be considered large enough to account for his former urgency.

"Will that clear you?"

"Yes, and I' going to stay clear. I haven't been at all up to form lately and I'm going to cut the merry game for awhile—nerves! Every one seems a bit jumpy these days, yourself included."

"Me—jumpy?"

"Aren't you? You act like it. It doesn't matter at all about the engine now, but you did behave foolishly about it, you know. European war—fixed idea and all that. Same thing that ails old John. I shouldn't wonder if you even keep pour precious plans locked up?"

"As a matter of fact, I do."

Murray nodded. "Thought so!" he said.

"Perhaps it does seem crazy. But John's arguments affect me against my will. And in any case it does no harm. The plans are in John's private safe at present. Not the workshop safe but his own special one. Any one who gets them there will deserve them—and anything else he gets!"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that he would get some nice surprises. John keeps a lot of things in that safe and has utilized a few of his own ideas for safeguarding them. I'll let my plans stay there until I go down to Milhampton."

"Better take the safe with you!"

"Oh, it isn't as serious as that. They won't be disturbed in Milhampton."

"When are you going?"

"In a day or two. If you're feeling seedy why not come along?"

"Better not, I might steal the plans!"

"Yes, I'm sure you would!" in friendly derision. "But say, I'm in earnest, Murray. You're looking quite as bad as you feel, and a few days there will fix you up. Cousin Mattie, like Billy Fish's girls, is 'always glad to see a friend.'"

"That Silly Billy isn't going is he?"

"No, but Clara is. She hasn't been at all well; almost fainted in the store the other day. She has a fortnight holiday and Cousin Mattie is going to do great things with the air and food cure. Milhampton air and Milhampton cookery will cure anybody. Come and be cured."

Willard felt a throb of elation. This was easier than he had expected. His luck must be turning at last!

"It sounds very pleasant," he said. "Let you know later."

"No, I want to know now."

"All right. I'll come, if you're sure I shan't be one too many. Thanks."

They parted with mutual satisfaction.

"You say the young man has invited you oud of town to his working-place and the blans vill be there?"

"Yes. There is no use trying to get them from my uncle's safe. But there is probably no safe at all at Milhampton."

"And he does not susbect?"

"Not a particle. I didn't suggest going. He invited me for the good of my health."

"Ach! Your health, it iss not goot?"

"It is very good, thank you, excellent." For no reason at all Murray was annoyed at the kindly question of Herr Stumpf. The little German shrugged his fat shoulders.

"So? But id iss true you do not look vell—with health, one never knows."

"I tell you I am perfectly well."

"Yes, yes!" agreed Herr Stumpf soothingly. "Now, aboud our liddle pisiness: you vill find the blans and the vay to ged them. Then you vill let me know by the simple code I haf arranged. I vill send down a goot man and my own liddle car which not so slow as she looks. You vill ged the pabers and pass them to my man oudside. He vill arrange that id looks like a housebreak. You can further brotect yourself by giving the alarm —when he iss safely in the car. You can say you were disturbed by a noise and you half run oud to see—they vill pelief you, iss it?"

"They'll believe me all right! But how about the man? If I give the alarm they will go after him."

Herr Stumpf smiled.

"They may bursue," he said, "but they vill not capture. That iss brovided for."

"I have nothing to do with that?"

"You," said Herr Stumpf slowly, "vill have nodding to do with that."

"All right. Now about the money and the note. I get them before I hand over the plans."

"That iss also brovided for."

"It might be a good idea if I were to fire a shot," suggested Murray.

"Id would be still bedder if our man should fire. Id would lend—what you call—admosphere."

"Well, I don't know! He would have to be a good shot. We don't want him hitting anything *besides* the atmosphere!"

Herr Stumpf laughed heartily at this joke. But between laughs he managed to reassure his young friend.

"He vill be a good shot," said Herr Stumpf.

XXIII

When Clara heard that Willard was to make a fourth in the little party at Milhampton she turned so white that even David noticed it.

"Don't you want him to go?" he asked uneasily. "I thought you would like it. You two always seem to get along so well."

"Well enough," said Clara, angry at her self-betrayal. "What's his idea in going to the country?"

"Don't let Cousin Mattie hear you call it 'country,'" he laughed. "Willard's going for the same reason that you are, change of air."

"Does he know that I am going?" asked Clara. She spoke very low, for it was an effort to control her voice.

"Yes, I told him."

Clara turned away. She did not want any one to see the look of triumph which flashed into her eyes. Willard, the dilatory, was arousing to action at last. He was following her to Milhampton and, to Clara's mind, so long revolving around a single idea, this could mean but one thing. He was jealous. He intended to fight for her.

The relief of this conviction, following upon the depression of the last months, was so great that Clara wept her heart out, when David was gone,

and revived like a flower after rain. Sure instinct told her that Murray was not going down to drowsy Milhampton for any change of air. Nor was he the kind to do anything without a purpose. What could that purpose be, save one?

Confidence in herself and in her methods of managing men came flooding back. Willard had tested her power to the utmost, but it had been equal to the strain. When it came to the point he had found it impossible to give her up.

Clara was happy. For herself she had long ago signed the articles of surrender. Her little, selfish, orderly scheme of life lay broken at her feet and she did not even glance at the débris. She, who had planned always to take, now gave, lavishly, endlessly and asked no better.

David was to take Clara down to Milhampton on Monday morning and on Saturday afternoon they were to have had a last paddle up the Humber. But Clara, with the prospect of a regained Willard to occupy her, had no time for mere canoeing. She needed Saturday afternoon to trim a hat. Also there was a chance that Murray himself might 'phone or even call. Not for many canoe rides would she have missed that chance.

David was accustomed to taking Clara up the Humber, because they were engaged and it was the proper thing for engaged couples to do. He wanted Clara to have all the proper accessories. So did Clara, but it is hardly necessary to say that these expeditions were not markedly successful.

The Humber is a charming river. It is a river made especially for lovers. To them it offers that most delightful of all seclusions, the isolation of two amongst the many. Its gaiety surrounds but does not stifle; its many voices call but do not trouble; its slowly slipping stream; its green-brown banks where trees hang over; its sun-bathed fields and little vales of shadow live in a thousand memories as part of the magic world of love and youth. There is an old mill, too. Long ago its millstones ceased their grinding, yet what a busy, useful mill it is: where once it ground out flour now it grinds out dreams. What used to be reality has now become romance. Quiet rests now where once there moved the miller and his men—quiet, and that faint flavour of decay which seems to touch young joy to a new keenness, heightening the pleasure of to-day with the threat of time's destruction.

But to enjoy old mills and charming rivers the mind must be atune, and the lack of this essential harmony explains why Clara and David never really found the secret of the Humber; also why neither of them felt at all disappointed when on this last Saturday Clara 'phoned and said she couldn't go.

"I have such a very bad head," said Clara plaintively, "acute neuralgia, I think. It wouldn't be wise to risk the sun. Couldn't you take some one else?"

This was the first time in all their acquaintance that Clara had ever suggested David's taking some one else, and it surprised him so that he had no answer ready.

"You might take you rlittle friend, Miss Selwyn," suggested Clara's voice over the wire.

David always bit his lips when Clara referred to Rosme as his "little friend". Only a sense of humour saved him from futile rage. Clara knew that it annoyed him and therefore used the phrase. She had not intended to suggest Rosme at all but just at the last moment she had been seized with a sudden panic—what if David, deprived of his canoe ride, were to come over personally to inquire after the neuralgia? Anything was better than that. Besides what did it matter, now? Only a little while and nothing that David did would matter any more. In her restored elation even her dislike of Rosme Selwyn suffered eclipse.

"Too bad you can't go," said David ignoring the suggestion, "but if you're not feeling up to it, there's no more to be said. Can I do anything?"

"Oh, no," said Clara, "all I want is quietness."

David replaced the receiver and went back to his work-table. But the room was so hot, so stuffy! The perfume of the flowers in the window-box which Cousin Mattie had installed during her last visit only tantalized him with a memory of the breath of the woods.

Take some one else? Well, why not? Take Rosme? Why not, also? It might be the last chance he would ever have of an afternoon with her. He thought of the "Last Ride" with a somewhat dreary smile—"who knows but the world may end to-night!"

He went back to the telephone. There might be a chance that she was free to go.

There was a chance. Circumstance, who really seems to have been doing her overworked best for these two, had arranged it so that Rosme was spending her half-holiday indoors. She, also, was trimming a hat. But hats, in themselves, are negligible. When David asked her what she was doing, she said "nothing," and when he asked her to go on the Humber, she said "yes".

It was a very warm day. People whose faces get red and whose hair comes out of curl dislike warm days and quite rightly. Even quite pretty girls look wilted under these conditions. But as there are some flowers to which heat brings new fragrance, so there are girls who bloom more distractingly under the hot sun. Rosme was one of these. The clear pallour of her skin glowed like warm ivory; her burnished hair lay close and silken with golden tendrils in unexpected places. The open collar of her soft blouse showed to perfection the lovely, creamy neck. Cool shadows lay in her long eyes.

David had never before seen her all in white, and white, say what you will, is the colour for summer and for youth. Rosme was white from the crown of her shady hat to the tip of her dainty shoe—a soft, beautiful whiteness against which her bronze hair burned.

She carried a little basket in her hand but what was in the basket she wouldn't tell.

"It may be almost anything," she said, observing its closed cover with respect. "Maggie made it, the Infant packed it and Madam tied it up with string because the cover's catch is broken. My instructions are to lift it by the handle only, to keep it in the shade, on no account to sit on it and not to open it until we are really hungry."

"I feel hunger coming on—oh, I say, isn't it a heavenly day!"

"Rather!" said Rosme contentedly, settling herself in the canoe. "And it's heavenly that your cushions are blue! Had they been red I should have been regretfully compelled to cast them overboard. Talking of casting overboard, do you know how to drown kittens?"

"Certainly not!" in alarm.

"Oh, I didn't intend to ask you to drown them. I just wanted to know if you knew how. There must be some way of doing it. Perhaps one could take a correspondence course?"

"Why not! Were you thinking of going in for it yourself?"

"Not myself. I am already specialized. But some one in our house will have to do something soon. The neighbours are complaining. Just as if it isn't worst for us than it is for them. We have seven new ones."

"Neighbours?"

"Kittens. Maggie undertook to drown six and prepared the mind of the Infant by displaying just one big one, quality instead of quantity, you see. The Infant wanted quantity but had become resigned and we were comfortably at breakfast when in walked the mother cat with the extra six—one by one. They were not a bit drowned. It seems Maggie had shut

her eyes when she—er—did it, and the anxious mother had seized both the opportunity and the kittens. I don't know what we'll do now. The Infant has them safely counted and, even if she hadn't, Maggie says it's unlucky to drown anyone twice."

"There might be a risk!" said David laughingly. "Do you want to paddle?"

Rosme didn't want to paddle, that is, if David could manage alone. It was much nicer to be lazy. She did not add that it was much nicer to sit with one's back to the prow and look at the paddler, but perhaps that is what she meant. Bareheaded, and without his coat, David was more than ever a figure to arrest the eye. Rosme, stealing a look from under her eyelashes, felt his strong grace with a delightful quiver. And how like sunlit water his eyes were and how dear it was that his hair would never lie down properly!

"This is really a very beautiful river!" said David with the satisfaction of one who makes a discovery. "And so changeable. I have never seen it quite like this before."

He never had. But it was not the river that was different.

"Beauty is such a curious thing," he went on. "It comes and goes. Billy Fish was talking about it the other day and offered a quotation, 'Beauty,' he said, 'is all in a fellow's eyes.' He said it was from Shakespeare."

They both laughed. "But, of course," said Rosme dreamily, "some things are always beautiful. A day like this, a moonlit night—could anything ever sully them?"

David shook his head. Yet even then horrors were preparing which would make men careless of the brightest day and turn the moonlight to a thing of terror. Three years later, when of these two in the canoe one was in London and the other in France, David was to write to Rosme: "All my life I shall shudder at the sight of the moon—when it shines I know they are bombing London!"

But that was very happily in the distance now. The paddle rose and dipped, the green shores slid by them, music and gusts of laughter fled past like happy ghosts. They were alone in a world which held only themselves and the gliding river.

"Do you know Pauline Johnson's 'Paddle Song'?" asked Rosme.

> "Drift, drift,
> Where the uplands lift
> On either side of the current swift."

"I wonder if she paddles a swift canoe somewhere on some shadowy river? No heaven would be home to her without the wind and the water and the trees."

"She was part Indian, wasn't she? Indians have all those things. I rather hope we have them, too."

"So do I. I never liked the pearly gates and the harps and the singing. When I was little I was almost as much bored by heaven as I was afraid of hell. I remember asking once if there wasn't some place in between where a little girl might go and be happy."

"And the answer?"

"Shocked silence I think. But really, with two such alternatives, I think those old, very orthodox people must have been very brave to die at all."

David nodded. "I suppose it takes courage anyway," he said. "But life takes courage too. Angus used to say courage was the one thing no man could live without."

"Women too?" a little wistfully.

David smiled. "Angus's idea about women were very old-fashioned. I am afraid you wouldn't agree with them."

But for once Rosme let a chance to argue the woman question go by. She trailed her hand in the slipping water and was silent. Presently she suggested that they fulfil the second part of Madam's instructions and take the basket into the shade.

David's paddle turned obediently. It was odd, he thought, that he had never before realized what charmingly shaded nooks there were on this en-

chanted river. Places where the water was green and gold-flecked; places where the sun through the leaves wove changing patterns on a girl's white dress and soft uncovered hair.

They fastened the canoe and scrambled upon the sloping bank, the basket between them. A picnic party, hidden by the trees were shouting with laughter somewhere near, and they smiled in sympathy. But the easy talk of their former meetings became more and more difficult. What but silence is left when the things one burns to say are things forbidden. What need for speech, anyway, when one may understand without? David and Rosme were very close to understanding.

Without knowing that he did so, he used her name. "Do you remember when we played Pirates, Rosme?"

"Yes. You had a smudge on your nose and a scar made of the blood of the red geranium across your cheek and your hair stood up—just like it's standing up now!"

David passed a futile hand over his hair.

"And you gnashed your teeth!" said Rosme. "I wonder you have any teeth left."

"You refused to gnash yours, I remember, but you put a green leaf over the two front ones to make believe they were out, and you had a black patch over one eye and a nasty black bruise on your arm which——"

"Don't let's talk about that," said Rosme quickly.

"All right, but I remember that I wanted to go right in and behead your aunt. You said you could behead her yourself—when you wanted to! You had a dagger in your boot and two in your belt, besides the cutlass and pistols. Indeed, of the two, I think you were the more desperate character. You insisted that every living soul on our captured ships should walk the plank."

"I liked the way you made them go 'plop'," explained Rosme.

"And when I suggested, most pusillanimously, to spare the women and children, you said, 'what, clutter ourselves up with a lot of useless baggage?' I admired you terribly for that!"

"I thought you suggested it because I was a girl. And you did, didn't you?"

David admitted that perhaps he had.

"It was a hot, still day just like this," she went on. "Doesn't it make you feel little when you think of millions and millions of hot, still days. All those that have gone before and all those that will come after? I feel as if I would like to hold just one of them tight and never let it go."

"This one!' cried David, who had suddenly turned pale.

"No, no—just any one! We—we mustn't be silly! Let's go on talking about pirates. Do you remember how we buried the pieces of eight. We had nothing that would do, so I cut the buttons off my winter coat and we hid them on a desert island. Oh, David, they're there yet."

"Didn't you ever dig them up?"

"No, we swore, you know, that we wouldn't—not one without the other."

"But, what did you do when it came time to wear the winter coat?"

Rosme dimpled. "I pinned it up with safety-pins inside. Aunt was too mean to get me any more."

"What else did aunt do," he demanded sternly.

But if aunt had done more than this Rosme woundn't tell it.

"You were a loyal little thing!" said David. "Haven't you ever thought it strange that we only met that once? If we had seen more of each other when we were children——"

"We would probably have quarrelled horribly,'" threw in Rosme hastily.

"Rosme, I have never told you why I did not come back next day as I intended. It was because when I got home that night I heard about my father. He had died that day."

"Your father?"

"Angus Greig was not my real father. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes. I knew you were adopted. But I never heard who your real father was."

"Neither did I—the name, I mean. I wouldn't let Angus tell me. It wasn't a heritage to be proud of."

"But David—one's own name!"

"Greig is my name, if I never disgrace it. Angus gave it to me. But it was that bit of news which changed things so quickly for me. In a fortnight I went away to school. I tried to see you at church, but you weren't there."

"Punishment for the sin of omission!" smiled Rosme. "I expect I hid in the drawing-room. I hated church. David, I believe it was because we were so lonely that we liked each other. You had Miss Mattie and Angus Greig and I had Frances, but a child is always lonely without parents, don't you think?"

"It depends on the parents."

"Well, when I am a parent, I am going to make my children so happy when they are little that no matter what happens to them afterwards they have that much capital to live on."

"Capital?"

"People live on happiness. When they have used it all and there is no more, they die."

"I wonder?"

"They aren't always buried, of course. There are plenty of quite dead people walking around."

"But——"

"But of course it is possible to die of other things—hunger, for instance. Aren't you starving? Please pass the basket and let's see what's in it."

This, David realized with a sigh, was the end of their talk. One does not discuss life's problems over a lunch of chicken sandwiches, celery, pickels, frosted cake, and raspberry vinegar. All these things were in the mysterious basket. David and Rosme ate them all in rotation, scarcely conscious of which was which—a sad waste of pleasant sensation. Then they repacked the basket tidily, set out a dainty feast of crumbs for the birds who hopped hopefully near and set out upon their paddle back down the rose-flushed river.

The brilliance of the afternoon had quieted. Long shadows lay along the banks, mysterious dusk stirred in the reeds, a whispering breath from the lake beyond was cool with the coolness of night and the wide water. But still the glory lay upon the tree tops and gleamed rainbow-hued from the mirroring river. David's paddle dipped slowly, very slowly! But how unrestingly the current bore them on; how quickly the dusk followed them; how chill was the wind from the lake.

"Our beautiful day is going to end in rain," said Rosme with a shiver. "See how quickly the clouds are gathering over there. Madam Rameses will have bad dreams to-night."

"Does Madam dislike a storm?"

"They always make her dream. And lately she has been worried about her dreams. She says she hears a noise of children crying, many, many children! What can it mean?"

"Nothing." David's mind was not on Madam Rameses. "You should not let her fancies distress you."

The storm came so quickly that the first big drops were already falling as they paddled in. The rest was always a blur to David—the long ride in the car, the hurried dash through the pouring rain, a stumble just at Madam's door and a rescued Rosme for one tiny instant in his arms, her face in a flash of summer lightning, beautiful and sad. Then "good-night" and her voice, low and broken, in his ear.

"Oh, David! if you loved her, or she loved you—if I knew you would be happy——"

Then nothing but a closed door and the rain beating down.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT WILSON IN WORLD POLITICS

BY WILLIAM BANKS

IT is probable that no man of his period has been the subject of such heated controversies as President Woodrow Wilson of the United States. The historians of the future, discussing him in the atmosphere of "strict neutrality", may decide for or against his critics of to-day. Their verdict will be the debating ground of another generation. The controversialists of the present are too near to him and to the stupendous events of the last five years to render an impartial judgment.

One thing is certain amidst the arguments that centre around President Wilson and the course he has pursued since the great war brought its perplexities to this continent as well as to those on which the conflict was actually decided by force of arms. That concrete thing is the arrival of the United States as a permanent factor in world politics. Some worthy members of Congress, and many able publicists talk and write as if the United States had finished its share of the work in Europe and Asia and should wash its hands clean of further responsibilities. That cannot be done. In Britain and France particularly, this truth is recognized more clearly than it is in the United States Congress itself. There the majority of the representatives of a nation, tremendous in area and population, are thinking in the terms of their forefathers who knew only repression and intolerance and believed they could escape them by living to themselves and keeping free from all European entanglements. Trade and commerce, the day and night intercourse by cable and wireless, the near approach of the daily journey by airplane and airship and the resumption of immigration from all the old countries of the world, would alone make the ideal of isolation that many United States politicians and newspapers still preach, almost impossible. The entry of the United States into the war, President Wilson's appearance at the Peace Conference, and his subsequent course have made that impossibility absolute.

It is a far cry from the days of the messages issued by the chief executive, in which he implored the people of the United States to maintain strict neutrality in the war, to the recent hour when he urged Congress to authorize the acceptance of a mandate for Armenia. Compliance with that appeal would be the crowning effort of the United States since it threw neutrality to the winds and entered the world conflict on the side of democracy. Congress lost little time in rejecting the request, which seemed to offer the only hope for the salvation of Armenia as a nation and perhaps for its people as a race. The hands of Britain, France and Italy are too full now; their burdens are too heavy. If the martyred outpost of Christianity is to be rescued it must be by

the United States. Wilson sees that clearly. To his logical mind it would be ludicrous for him to act upon the suggestion of the allied premiers that he define the boundaries of the new Armenia, and inform them that his countrymen were willing to allow him to go so far, but would not consent to any action looking toward the protection of the people of that land.

Politics, as was anticipated, resulted not only in the rejection of the President's request for mandatory action, but in its being treated with scant courtesy in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. Promiment members of his own party are against Mr. Wilson in this as in the League of Nations covenant, and until the country has expressed its ideas of the latter through the medium of the Presidential elections next fall, there is little prospect of anything practical being done by the United States to assure Armenia of security from attack until she is able to defend herself successfully if need be.

His critics in Canada and elsewhere outside of his own country, where local politics will probably be the deciding force, should not forget that the President, now pleading for a people whose sufferings are a disgraceful blot on the record of all other Christian nations, which should long ago have combined to end them, is the greatest individual exponent of the League of Nations on this continent. It was his amazing efforts to arouse his fellow countrymen to the vital importance of a League that should be more than a scheme on paper that brought on the illness that has eliminated him as a possibility in the next Presidential election and may compel his early retirement from activity in any phase of life requiring concentrated mental or physical effort.

Had he been backed by a dozen men as familiar with the necessity of the League of Nations and as eloquent in their support of it as himself, it is probable that President Wilson would have succeeded in establishing for it an overwhelming body of public sentinent, despite the machinations of the politicians. Perhaps that sentiment exists in a greater degree than the professed experts of American public opinion admit. The elections will decide that and will indicate to what extent the people of the United States are still influenced by the idea that they should have nothing to do with European affairs. Incidentally it will be interesting to watch in what manner some of the candidates for re-election reconcile their arguments in favour of allowing Europe and Asia to get out of their own troubles as best they may, with their support of resolutions favouring the recognition of an Irish republic; in other words approving an act of hostility against Britain, a friendly nation.

There is a strkiing incongruity in the vehemence with which some American writers and politicians claim that the entry of the United States into the war was based on an idealism as pure as that actuating any individual crusader in a noble cause, and their condemnation of Mr. Wilson's policy in regard to the League of Nations. They cannot see that the League itself is a cause that should stir the imagination of all men who want to avoid a repetition of the ghastly slaughter and waste of the great war, and which is being duplicated on a smaller scale in Europe at this moment because the League lacks the force necessary to back up decisions it may reach. It is a poor commentary upon the boasted astuteness of the average American to absorb the lessons of experience, to have many of his own publicists and politicians assert that he prefers a condition that would leave him free to resort to the bullet and bayonet to settle any and all international misunderstandings. Once it is made plain to him that with all the civilized nations as active members there could be no question of the loss of national honour in submitting disputes to the League of Nations, he would be as keen as any one to have his country

enter. The alternative is the building of fleets that will out-rival those of any other power or of combinations of two or more of the great nations, and the maintenance of a powerful standing army. It is too readily assumed by the demagogues who are blinded by their partisan determination to block and defeat President Wilson's policies, that other countries which were longer in the war are too exhausted to enter into the race of armaments, as deadly in many ways as the wastage of actual war.

In Britain men like Lloyd George, Mr. Herbert Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, who have been in the forefront of the propaganda for the League of Nations share with the great mass of their countrymen keen appreciation of President Wilson's work for humanity in championing the League. Indeed, the confidence of the masses of England in the power of the American President to secure almost unanimous support of the people of the United States for the League covenant was remarkable for its intensity. It is all very well for American writers to say that the Britisher should have known better; should have had knowledge that under the United States constitution the Senate must ratify foreign treaties and so on. The masses do not follow the intricacies of Governmental systems so closely as to understand all the constitutional points such as those raised in the United States Senate regarding Mr. Wilson's adherence to the League of Nations and the Peace Treaty, which it should not be forgotten are inseparable. Moreover the majority of American writers who went to Britain and France on the trail of their President were themselves responsible in a large measure for many wrong impressions created in their own as well as in other countries as to his power and authority. He was always, or nearly always, represented as the standard-bearer of that direct diplomacy that should sweep away all the cobwebbed traditions of secret diplomacy and reach open covenants in open discussion. He was hampered from the very start of his mission—if that word may be permitted—as much by the characteristic desire of the American press to praise and exalt its own as by any lack of the finer understanding of old world diplomacy that might be attributed to him without in any way belittling his undoubted abilities.

As a Canadian observer in the old world at the time of his visit I can add mine to the testimony of many English journalists that the British people welcomed the arrival of Mr. Wilson on two chief grounds: first, their belief that it symbolized a rapprochement between two branches of the English-speaking race due to a long ago folly of the elder. Second, their confidence that the United States would be the most powerful factor in the formation of a league, or tribunal, or international court that would make war among the civilized nations practically impossible. The very attitude of the vast crowds that greeted him on his landing and in London, Manchester, and elsewhere bore evidence to the Englishman's realizaton that a new figure and a new nation were about to play important rôles in matters of state heretofore the prerogative of the European powers.

Somewhat later, in February of 1919, when it had become apparent that the Peace Conference was settling into a contest between the ideals of the progressives who had learned something as the result of the war, and the trained and experienced diplomats whose aim was to hold to the old-time balance of power plans, a number of meetings were held in the British Isles in support of the League of Nations. At all of these Mr. Wilson's name was invariably the signal for cheering and applause. The Englishman does not thus show approval if the man and the cause are distasteful to him. Nor was there any sycophancy in the expressions. Britain is not

kowtowing to any nation or any man in relation to the war and its aftermath. She would be fighting yet if necessary. The few ill-considered and crassly ignorant publicists across the border who paint Britain as fearing the United States or any other nation have a long way to go before they are fit to be mustered out of the kindergarten class. It is because she does not fear that Britain is able to do things for the sake of avoiding friction and promoting good feeling that another nation would not do lest they might be construed as weaknesses.

Mr. Asquith was the chief speaker at one of these meetings on behalf of the League of Nations, and his audience, ten thousand strong, made the Albert Hall, London, ring with approval of his own support of the League and the tributes he paid to Mr. Wilson.

Some days later I heard President Wilson read the draft covenant of the League of Nations at a plenary session of the Peace Conference held in Paris. He was a different Mr. Wilson to the one who had so obviously enjoyed the heartiness of the greetings extended him on his brief visit to England. The strain of the long meetings, endless debates and negotiations of the Peace Conference, were beginning to tell. One could easily believe the stories that he was out of his element; that what to the trained diplomats of the European chancelleries was easily understandable and quickly considered in its application to the special interests they were determined to guard, was grasped by him only after close and exhaustive study. That was not surprising to anyone who has lived close enough to the United States to become reasonably well acquainted with its politics and its newspapers.

President Wilson suffered from the parochialism that is one of the handicaps of the American people. He showed that in his first opposition to the participation of Canada and the other overseas Dominions with distinct representation in the Peace Conference, though on the very next day he withdrew his objections gracefully and frankly. Like most of his fellow countrymen he has not a clear conception of the relationships of the free nations of the British Empire to the Motherland.

That detachment that is his heritage from professorial days, the aloofness of one who has lectured to students who have not answered back, and who unlike the statesmen of Britain, France, Italy and other countries has not had to fight his policies through their various Parliamentary phases in the face of hostile minorities, were additional embarrassments for Mr. Wilson in Paris. This is not the time or place to discuss the charges of some of his own political friends that he would not allow any of his cabinet colleagues or expert advisers to mention views not in full accord with his own. The actions of a few of them in the last few weeks have shown that Mr. Wilson at least understood their limitations fairly well. Nor am I concerned about the allegations that his latest policies on the peace treaty and the Armenian mandate question are the desperate expedients of a man who sees his political power waning and his party disintegrating. I do believe that in the Peace Conference he was sincerely desirious of reaching settlements that should be based on justice. If he was not able to change his mind so quickly as some of the other delegates, and preferred to stick to the main lines of agreements arrived at before the Conference reached the stage where jockeying for national advantage began to outweigh the professed exalted principles of its earlier stages, he may, at least, be given credit for honest intent.

It was no fault of his that the expectations his visit to the old world aroused were not realized in actual achievement. Despatches from the United States before his arrival, and despatches to the newspapers of that country as well as the general trend

of the magazine articles that dealt with his overseas journey and work, set for him an impossible standard. Most of them in fact claimed accomplishment in advance of many of the things they thought he should do, and had little thought of the things that he had in mind and hoped to carry out.

Naturally I shared with fellow Canadians in Paris the resentment of Mr. Wilson's expressed views relative to British Empire representation at the Peace table, notwithstanding his early and complete retraction. In that hour it was easier to recall the tenor of some of his famous messages prior to the entry of the United States into the war, and to condemn his apparent indifference to the allied cause, than to give credit to him for at last placing his country in the battle front with the entente nations. But hearing him read the draft of the League it was impossible to dwell upon his past course and easy to hope for the future.

A heavy rain beat upon the windows of the building during the greater part of that memorable session. It was falling when the delegates began to arrive, but it did not prevent the gathering of a fair-sized crowd anxious to catch a glimpse of the world's notable men. It was of that crowd I thought as Mr. Wilson read the draft, and subsequently made a set speech. It included some French, Britsh and American private soldiers, a few women, mostly in mourning, and a number of workingclass men. They represented the masses upon whom all war lays its heaviest burden. For them the League of Nations would be a new and a real charter of freedom.

In imagination I saw also the hosts of gallant Canadians who with other hosts of the allied armies had died that the world might be made fit for free men to live in, and I thought of those who had loved and now mourned them. A League of Nations was too late to save the men who sleep in the fields of France and Flanders and all the areas of battle over which the world conflict was waged. It is not too late to avert the slaughter of the rising generation if only it has strength enough to do the work for which it is formed. That it cannot have if the United States holds aloof.

One noticed in Mr. Wilson's prepared speeches at the Peace Conference, as in his public utterances in Britain and France, a curious similarity with the prepared addresses delivered by Mr. Asquith. Each appears to be analyzing as he goes along. Occasionally there is a pause as if he were enjoying the setting of a phrase or finding a flaw in it. Each seems to be confident that it is good material he is presenting to his audience, and to be rather impatient of applause that interferes with the rounding off of a sentence. Mr. Asquith can make a clever and effective impromptu speech, particularly on the election stump. But both Asquith and Wilson fall short of the magnetic appeals that Lloyd George makes to his audiences, though the British Premier's addresses may not be nearly so logical as theirs. There is in Mr. George's attitude on the political platform and even in more formal circumstances an air of inviting the confidence of his listeners. He plays upon their emotions where Mr. Asquith and Mr. Wilson appeal to their reasoning powers.

These are personal views and as subject to the criticism that they are based on false premises as those of any other man who tries to summarize his own ideas. But whether President Wilson was forced to urge the United States into the war against his own inclination, as some declare, or not, and whatever may be the verdict of the future upon the messages that aroused much bitter criticism in this country and others in the earlier years of the war, the course that he is pusuing as this is written is that of a man of wider vision than many even of his friends have credited him with

possessing. Not only has he pleaded for a mandate for Armenia and thus injected into the Presidential campaign the purest and loftiest note that has yet been struck, but he has vetoed the Knox resolution for a separate peace between the United States and the central powers as passed by the Senate, in a message that gives to the political contest still another issue based upon the noblest ideals. The closing sentences are worth quoting:

"Notwithstanding the fact that upon our entrance into the war we professed to be seeking to assist in the maintenance of common interests, nothing is said in this resolution about the freedom of navigation upon the seas or the reduction of armaments, or the vindication of the rights of Belgium, or the rectification of wrongs done to France, or the release of the Christian population of the Ottowamn Empire from the intolerable subjugation which they have had for so many generations to endure, or the establishment of an independent Polish state, or the continued maintenance of any kind of understanding among the great powers of the world which would be calculated to prevent in the future such outrages as Germany attempted. and in part consummated. We have now in effect declared that we do not care to take any further risks or to assume any further responsibilities with regard to the freedom of nations or the sacredness of international obligation or the safety of independent peoples. Such a peace with Germany—a peace in which none of the essential interests which we had at heart when we entered the war is safeguarded—is, or ought to be inconceivable, is inconsistent with the dignity of the United States with the rights and liberties of her citizens, and with the very fundamental conditions of civilization."

No matter what the result of the Presidential elections Mr. Wilson has made it impossible for the campaigners to avoid discussion of world politics, and the educational influence of that in the thousands of meetings and newspaper articles until the contest closes will be incalculable. It may be that the foreign policies advocated by him will be rejected by the electorate; that can only be a temporary check. The United States has already gone too far to assure a future untrammelled by more than a passing sentimental interest in the fates of other nations. The American people are inexorably committed to participation in world politics. President Wilson knows best whether he led them so far beyond the threshold voluntarily or under the compulsion of influences not now apparent. At any rate fair-minded people everywhere will admit, notwithstanding the publication recently of his criticism of the British Navy, that in what is undoubtely the closing period of his political career he has presented issues for argument and decision that are worthy the best traditions of a great nation.

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

X.—SIR CHARLES TUPPER

FOR a period of more than sixty years Sir Charles Tupper was a familiar figure in Canadian politics. For almost fifty years of that long span he may be justly regarded as having won against all comers the title of "The King of Canadian Debaters". If not as a silver-tongued orator, then unquestionably as a master of the art of argument and controversy he is pre-eminently entitled to a foremost position in a survey of the orators of the Dominion of Canada.

Seldom, if ever, has History produced the equal of this marvellous man. His mature opinions upon many political questions were definitely formed before he was twenty-one years of age. Half a century afterwards, when he was in the very meridian of his power and glory, and under conditions which were incapable of prediction fifty years before they occurred, those opinions required no essential modification and received no fundamental revision. Never once in his lifetime was he known, whether he was in the right, or whether he was in the wrong, to swerve from the course which he had defintely and deliberately adopted.

Sir Charles Tupper was born in Nova Scotia in 1821. Ninety-five years afterwards he died in the Province of British Columbia. It was fitting that the entire expanse of a continent should have stretched between his birthplace, not far from the Atlantic, and his grave beside the Pacific. For, during the three score years of his public life, he exercised a giant's powers in bringing the blessing of union to the thousand leagues of territory which lie between this planet's mightiest seas. He was educated as a physician, and conscientiously strove for a few years to give his promising talents to his profession. But politics attracted him, with the result that he became at the age of thirty-four a member of the Legislative Assembly of his native Province. Not only that, but in 1863 we find his patients so shamefully neglectful of their own self interests as to dispense with his visits long enough to enable him to become Prime Minister of Nova Scotia.

In 1867 Sir Charles Tupper entered the Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada. Although entitled and invited to office in the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, he unselfishly refused, in order that accommodation might be made for the cliques and interests which office alone could satisfy. Merited honour, however, overcomes opposition, and within a few months Sir Charles became a Cabinet Minister. In the general election which sent him to Canada's Capital he was the only unionist sent from Nova Scotia. In 1872 not only was he returned to Parliament by his own constituency, but he succeeded in carrying for union every seat in his native Province, with but one solitary exception. For this vast revulsion in public opinion History has always given him ample credit.

The remainder of the history of the great Nova Scotian's career is well and almost universally known. He retired from power with the defeat of his party on the question of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal in 1873. He remained with his party in opposition for the five succeeding years. During that interval, however, he and Sir John Macdonald conducted throughout Canada a political campaign of unprecedented energy and dimensions. He even changed his residence to Toronto in order that he might be close beside the fountain of political activity in Canada. He is said to have practised medicine while a resident of Toronto, but it may be affirmed with confidence that while one ear was listening to the vibrations of the patient's heart, the other was listening with not less eagerness to the beating of the great political heart of the Dominion of Canada. Much by reason of his indomitable courage and unfaltering zeal, his party swept back into power in 1878, and he resumed office as Minister of Railways and Canals. Later he went to England as High Commissioner for Canada, and in the Empire's mighty capital he performed effective service for Canada. Thrice, during Sir Charles Tupper's incumbency of the High Commissionership in England did he return on great political missions to Canada. Twice he came to aid Sir John Macdonald—in the general elections of 1887 and of 1891. Once he came in 1896 to become at last Prime Minister of the Country that owed so much of its greatness to his genius. His fall in that disastrous year was not inglorious. It was not the fall of a great man so much as it was the temporary overthrow of a disorganized and leaderless party. His heroic efforts to lead his party through the destroying storm of that titanic epoch with the dauntless courage of old, is well known. After his defeat, he retired to his English estate, which he had acquired during his long term of office beyond the seas. There he lived until extreme old age came drifting on, whitening his hair, and enfeebling his footsteps. In time the pressure of the inexorable years impressed him with the necessity of being with the last refuge of a full and complete life—the loved ones of his own blood. He returned when that time had come, and in Canada the pulsing years slipped serenely onward, while he gazed out from the windows of his son's dwelling in the City of Vancouver, towards the mother of all seas. At the great age of ninety-five he passed away, so peacefully that the distinction between life and death was outwardly almost imperceptible. The tranquil close of his career was in mighty contrast with his stormy and restless life. When he died a new generation had completely taken the place of the generation he knew so well. As his remains were being conveyed to the tomb there were many who did not know that forty years before he had shaken the Dominion almost to its very core.

To understand Tupper's oratory it is necessary to define the man. He is unique as a statesman in having no part of a past which he felt to merit any apology. Whenever he met with reverses he proudly swept them aside, as if conscious that they were unworthy of a moment's notice. He regarded his defeats rather as calamities for his country than as disasters for himself. Some day he felt history would repent of its hostility, and willingly return to pathways which he had indicated. Every cause that he espoused, even on into extreme old age, he espoused with the mighty vigour and iron resolution of a giant. He approached stupendous undertakings with the conviction of a man who appeared to conceive that there was no other side to any question except that which he was advocating. His speeches, consequently were not so much scholarly structures of literary magnificence, or masterly models

of skilfully worded logic; they were overwhelming torrents of conviction, tempestuously sweeping in all directions, and superbly submerging all opposition. The battle-axe of conviction, not the text-book of rhetoric, was the formidable weapon which he used most in his gigantic encounters. His voice was pleasant, but not very loud, even in his palmiest days. Had it been thunderous, he might have passed, after Webster, as the next greatest orator of his century on the American Continent. His features were bold and even inexorable, but they were kindly and very human. No one, however, could possibly read his mind. He never strove for the choicest word nor for the most classic expression. His English nevertheless was far above the ordinary, and occasionally rose to brilliance in his most dramatic moods. Every argument which his unusually replete mind could unfold in support of his teachings was used in his speeches with most marvellous effect. Every contention which gave countenance to the reverse side was studiously, and even grandly, ignored. There was nothing halting about his oratory. He spoke smoothly and swiftly, and with the ease of a man who was particularly familiar with his theme. He impressed his hearers with his intense earnestness, and great audiences were vastly swayed by the fascinating eloquence, if not of a silver tongue, at least of a mind deeply laden with conviction. He memorized no parts of his speeches, neither electrifying paragraphs nor striking perorations. He knew his subjects well, for they invariably concerned those portions of the government of his country in which he himself appeared as the principal actor, and therefore he required nothing but the audiences and the opportunities to become eloquent, for eloquence is more the product of profound knowledge grappling splendidly with a national crisis than of scholarly sentences delivered with elocutionary vehemence and dramatic skill. He had at need a boundless command of scathing satire, and the sting of many of his sentences lingered long in the remembrances of many who had given the great orator a sufficient provocation. He did not make timorous arguments against his case and then as timorously overthrow them. His speeches were Jovian thunderbolts. They glowed with heat from the fiery centre and heart of the flame. A thousand changes convulsed the world during his long lifetime, but they made no effect upon him. Through them all he was, to use one of Tennyson's picturesque metaphors,

"A pillar steadfast in the storm."

No man had the need of the teachings of great events less than he. Emphatically he was not directed by history; for he himself made and directed history. In some respects there can be no greater orator than the man who is unchangeable in his opinions.

The very weight of intense conviction in such a person is wholly beyond measure. Every sentence which he thundered, he implicitly believed. Overwhelming majorities against him meant nothing to him. National unpopularity, in the rare times that it came, he did not deign to observe. Out of his defeats rang the fierce wild note of unvanquished defiance. He ever flung the gauntlet in the hour of disaster yet again in the face of the enemy. Of all the orators of Canada he was the most fearless. He was a mighty support for his party in its glory and in its gloom; and if for a generation Sir John Macdonald was the genius of the Conservative party surely Sir Charles Tupper was its inspiration. He was an oratorical tempest upon the platform and in Parliament; he was a far-seeing prophet with his country's most transcendent achievements shining forever in the lustre of his eye; he had a deathless hope in the future of the land he helped to nurture up to

greatness; he was a patriot of the truest type, and his life meant much for the country whose history was blended indissolubly with the triumphs of his noblest and greatest years. Like an inspired Demosthenes, when the cruel Macedonians were approaching the Athenian Capital; like a Chatham, when a hostile flag dared to near the coast of England; like a Webster when the American Union was hastening towards the brink of disruption, he grandly arose in the hour of Canada's tribulation and despair to the very pinnacle of his powers, and indignantly hurled upon the factious enemies of his country the giant oratorical outpourings of a mind, beneath which men accustomed to daring deeds and warring words shrank, quailed and then submissively gave way.

THE URSULINE

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

SHE was a beauty then. Her gray, deep eyes
Brimmed with her laughter, for she knew no care,
And her soft, happy sighs
Were wrought of dancing feet and flying hours
Spent under starry skies.
She was aglow with youth, like springtime flowers,
Graceful and supple as the willow wand.
Sometimes, from back of some wild-loosened hair,
Laughing, she threw a kiss with her slim hand.

Picture her now in that cool, cloistered place.
She is a beauty still, and in her face
Shines the fair spirit of self-sacrifice;
And that sweet, courtly grace
Befits her well: Look in her shining eyes.
In them there lurks new laughter, close to tears,
Like changing April skies—
As if in yielding up youth's precious years
She found instead a nobler paradise.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The Executive Committee of the United Farmers of Ontario reasserts the right to determine what legislation shall or shall not be enacted by the Provincial Parliament. With no desire to be critical or censorious, it must be said that this position involves a direct challenge to the system of responsible government as developed and practised in British countries. If the claim should be admitted, the Legislature would become the creature of an outside body, and the Government of Ontario would be established not in Queen's Park but in the Labour Temple, where the Farmers' Committee holds its meetings.

Moreover, the Committee undertakes not only to control the farmers in the Legislature but also the Labour group, which is an essential element in the Coalition and gives the Government its majority. The Central Labour organization of Australia exercised just such absolute power as is claimed by the Farmers' Committee of Ontario. Labour Members of the Senate and House of Representatives were primarily responsible not to their constituents or to a parliamentary leader, but to the National Labour Council. Any Labour Member who attempted to exercise an independent judgment on any question was disciplined by the outside organization and his resignation demanded if he refused to obey its commands. If the United Farmers should secure a majority in the next Canadian Parliament the Senate and House of Commons would be subordinate to the Canadian Council of Agriculture. We would have a new and sovereign governing body responsible to a single class in the country and constitutionally far more unrepresentative than the Senate, which the Farmers desire to abolish.

Mr. Hughes found it necessary to repudiate the Labour caucus in Australia. Mr. Drury has not submitted to the Farmers' caucus in Ontario. There is really no serious conflict between Mr. Drury and the Farmers' Committee, but he could hardly afford to admit that he is the instructed servant of an outside body and not the free and responsible leader of the Legislature. Nor can other classes afford to recognize a Committee unknown to the Constitution and alien to the genius of responsible government. Burke's conception of a member of Parliament as an independent representative of the people and not the mere delegate of any group or party is the only conception which gives dignity to parliamentary institutions. Mr. Drury probably will save the farmers from themselves by reasonable assertion of his position as Premier of Ontario and proper recognition of the Cabinet as the natural organ of legislation and public policy.

The Manitoba Free Press, which is very friendly to the Western Grain Growers and in complete sympathy with their fiscal programme, declares that the action of the U. F. O. directorate of Ontario means that members of the Legislation will become "mere voting instruments for the organized farmemrs".

It means that "the man in Parliament must have no mind of his own". It means the perpetuation of a "condition that has been an object of attack for years by various protesting groups throughout the country who claimed that the great trouble with Canadian politics was that the member of Parliament was subject to outside control and lacked the backbone to legislate for the country as a whole and not for some particular class".

The Free Press adds:

"Men who do enough thinking to have opinions of their own—and these are the men who are of service to the nation—will not accept nomination if their hands are to be tied. This applies to the Farmers of Canada as well as to any other group where political aspirations exist. The eventual result will be to drive men of independent and thoughtful judgment outside their own party. The party, *ipso facto,* becomes just that much weaker. But the deeper and more perturbing point from a national standpoint is this: Has the standard of citizenship sunk so low in this country that a man cannot be picked for Parliament who can be trusted once his back has disappeared around the corner? Chosen as he should be, for his honesty, for his good judgment, for his enlightened mind on public questions, is it necessary to hold a club over him to keep him true to his own self and to his principles once he is out of sight of his neighbours? If conditions are such in this country it would be just as well to throw democratic government overboard altogether and hand over the reins to some absolute monarch who would govern us as he might think best for us in our day of decadent citizenship."

II

There is a flavour of hostility in many references to "aliens" in Canada. This could be understood if the censure was directed only against Germans and Austrians who during the war manifested open sympathy with the Hohenzollern autocrats or before the war were plotting to secure special privileges and to exercise an undue ascendancy in Canadian affairs. It has been clearly established that alike in the United States and in Canada there were German elements which strove to make the public schools centres of German influence and to organize German voters as a solid block in State and federal elections. This perhaps was not true of Germans in Ontario but it was true of certain insidious agitators in the Western Provinces who maintained a close association with those leaders in the Fatherland who plotted to extend and consolidate German authority in other nations.

But there are many people in Canada commonly described as "aliens" who are not Germans and who deserve sympathy and consideration for the very reason that they do not fully understand our language and institutions. In the past we have opened our doors to all the tribes of men and it should be our object to make these people happy and prosperous Canadian citizens. If they are contented they will be loyal. If they are well treated they will develop sympathy and regard for the institutions of their adopted country. Why should the "foreign" groups be so isolated as they are in many Canadian communities? Is there any sound reason that Canadian Clubs should embrace, as they generally do, only those whose native language is English? Why should not Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs and similar organizations have a greater membership from the "foreign" groups? If now and again the president of such bodies were taken from the "foreign" element would not civic and national good result? The churches, too, could do more than they are doing to break down the barriers which divide different elements of the population. We are too prone to regard many classes of immigrants as "cheap labour" or as political material to be herded and purchased in elections. It is most desirable that all elements which come to Canada should develop an active interest in public affairs and just in proportion as the leaders of "foreign groups" are treated with consideration and trusted with responsibility all those with whom they have racial affinity will become better citizens and the genius of all races will be expressed in the government and institutions of the country.

If we desire that these people shall learn English it is not, or should not be, because we dislike their native language. It should be because on this English-speaking continent those who do not know English cannot make the best of themselves. We want no subject races in Canada, nor any element among the people which cannot take full advantage of all the opportunities which the country affords. It is natural that Italians, Hebrews, Greeks and all other nationalities should remember their racial traditions and have their national anniversaries. This is done by French and English and Scotch and Irish but they are not poorer Canadians because they do not forget the achievements of their ancestors. What we need to do, if the future of Canada is to be what we all hope and desire it should be, is to inspire a like patriotism in all the groups and elements which make their home here and to keep the road to the best places in business life and public life open to all those who become Canadian citizens, without thought of their origin or any vagrant notion that there are favoured races or classes in the Dominion.

III

During the Races at the Woodbine someone suggested that three-fourths of those in attendance would probably vote in a referendum to suppress racing. So thousands of those who will vote to make Ontario "bone dry" will stock a cellar, violate the law without compunction, and deny any responsibility for its enforcement. The most devoted protectionist will smuggle goods across the border and rejoice as in a moral victory over a natural enemy. Was there ever a free trader who would admit that the protection which his own industry enjoyed should be reduced or abolished? One thinks of stern opponents of industrial mergers who are religiously convinced that the merger from which they draw their profits is a blessing to "the people". It is curious that so many men who drink liquor to excess are the most severe judges of those who do likewise. How many zealous advocates of direct taxation discover only one-third of their income when they are required to make return to the Government? One thinks of newspapers which insist that access to the American market is a divine right except for manufacturers of pulp and paper. Have we not all heard men with incomes of $25,000 or $50,000 inveigh against the scandalous proposal to raise the sessional indemnity of a member of Parliament above $2,500? None of us like taxes, or interference with our habits and preferences, but most of us are willing to impose taxes on other people, to regulate their customs and habits, and to deprive them of the things for which we have no inclination or appetite, so long as officials are appointed to enforce the regulations and we are put to no cost or inconvenience. In these happy days the voice of the majority is the voice of God, and it is as vociferous as a siren. Fortunately there is more of comedy than of tragedy in the curious and contradictory performances of mankind.

IV

There is no salvation for a nation in political machinery. The United States discovers that politics are not regenerated by multiplicity of elections. The Primaries were designed to overcome the "bosses" and assure that only the free choice of "the people" would become candidates for public office. But that is not what has happened. There was, indeed, no prospect that the method adopted would produce the result desired. A Primary is not an election and the masses of the people cannot be interested in preliminary tests and inconclusive exercises. But the Primary does afford opportunity to political managers and does increase the cost and apparently the corruption of elections.

It has been revealed before a Senate Committee at Washington that between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 have been spent in the Primaries by Republican and Democratic aspirants for a Presidential nomination at Chicago or San Francisco. Senator Lowden himself, who was seeking the Republican nomination, furnished nearly $400,000 out of his own bank account and fully $1,000,000 was provided to further General Wood's candidature. Senator Johnson of California, who provoked the Senatorial investigation by charging his rivals with corrupt expenditures, seems to have had between $200,000 and $300,000 spent in his own behalf. The Democratic candidates were more frugal, or more successful in avoiding damaging revelations. But apparently the agents of the candidates got all they could and spent as freely as they received. Not a great deal of the money obtained may have been used corruptly, for undoubtedly much was needed for an initial Presidential contest over the whole country.

At last many of the best American newspapers admit that the Primary is a colossal imposture. Only the candidates, the managers and the professional voters are really interested. When the struggle is over nothing is settled. Ofter all the turmoil and expenditure a majority of the delegates to the Republican Convention were "uninstructed" or so "instructed" as to enjoy practical freedom. The candidates who ran strongest in the Primaries could be nominated. All the labour and outlay proved to be useless. The mind of the country was not revealed. The people still have to make their actual choice in the actual election, and to the millions spent upon the primaries, other millions will be added in organizing in behalf of the candidates actually nominated.

It is likely that sooner or later the referendum and the recall will fall upon as evil fortune as the presidential primaries. The chief effect of such devices is to professionalize politics and to destroy the freedom and independence of parliaments. A democracy peculiarly requires informed and independent leadership but such leadership is destroyed by checks and balances which deny the right of independent judgment and compel submission to temporary majorities and passing waves of passion and prejudice. Sir Robert Peel said long ago, "There is too much truth in the saying, 'the head of a party must be directed by the tail'. As heads see and tails are blind, I think heads are the best judges as to the course to be taken." If ever there was a system which gave "tails" the ascendancy in public affairs it is that which the American people have devised and of which they seem to have had about as much as they can endure.

Two statements about the Presidential Primaries by leading Republicans are perhaps worth quoting. In the last chapter of the Reminiscences which Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has been contributing to *The New York Sun* and *Herald,* he says:

"I do not like the primary as a means of collecting delegates or of indicating the preferences of a State. They create bitter jealousies or antagonisms oftener than not. They are incredibly expensive and give rise to stories, true or false, of a too lavish expenditure of money. Often they act to the benefit of the minority party because the sore and disappointed adherents of sore and disappointed aspirants often carry strength to the minority party. In the end primaries settle nothing, prove nothing. The convention system is infinitely better. It is a form of candidate selection after full discussion by men that have been selected more honestly and democratically than under the primary system. For, after all, primaries are largely a matter of canvass, organization and money spending."

This is what Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, thinks of the system:

"It has failed, as it was bound to fail. It is unsound in theory, unworkable in practice, and as un-American as any political device that has yet been suggested by

anybody. This system has invited, indeed has almost compelled, huge expenditures on the part of those who have fallen victims to its solicitations, and yet it has proved nothing except that the great mass of Republican voters await with entire confidence the result of unprejudiced and untrammeled discussion by the delegates to the National Convention. As a method of exaggerating the importance of small minorities this system is quite ideal. The newspapers announce that somebody or other has 'swept' a given State, but, when we get the facts, it is found that the 'sweeping' consisted in polling somewhere between four and twenty per cent. of the party vote. It is probable that in all the recent primaries so widely advertised throughout the land there were not so many votes cast for all the contestants as will be cast for President alone in the City of New York next November."

The experiences of the United States should save Canada from the adoption of such useless and costly political devices as the Americans so often employ to get results which can come only through an alert, patriotic and public-spirited citizenship and the natural, unobstructed working of the British system of responsible government.

V

In Mr. T. P. O'Connor's study of Mirabeau and Sophie de Monnier there are some sentences which have a direct and instructive bearing on the agitation to increase the salaries of ministers of the Crown and the indemnity of members of parliament. He says:

"Mirabeau was considered by himself to be hugely in debt; as a matter of fact, he owed about 200,000 livres—that is to say, about four years' rent of his property. It ought not to have required much financial genius to have made an arrangement by which such a heritage could have relieved Mirabeau from at least pressing necessities; but the splendid fellow refused to leave his place in the National Assembly—where everything turned on his tongue, adroitness, and courage—and would pay no attention to his private affairs. In this respect Mirabeau is but a specimen—a common specimen—of public men; a specimen that ought to receive much more consideration, perhaps, at the hands of men, and especially of biographers, than it usually does. The public man who is really absorbed in the work of the nation is not only without the time, but is without the inclination, to look after his own affairs. The mind that is capable of the enthusiasms of humanity is often by its very essence incapable of the small and sordid personal cares of daily life. But assuredly such enthusiasms are the mark, not of a low, but of a lofty nature, and political society would be much better employed in raising its benefactors and enthusiasts above small wants than in complaining that the great services bestowed upon it by such minds had been given at the expense of the statesman's own comfort and own interests."

VI

In the industrial turmoil through which the world is passing two facts seem to emerge. (1) That a general strike cannot succeed and (2) that workers will not submit to compulsion. A few months ago Kansas established a Court of Industrial Relations with greater powers of coercion than any like tribunal in America had ever attempted to exercise. The State Governor, convinced that he had discovered the secret of industrial peace, delivered a series of addresses in other States in explanation and defence of the Kansas legislation. The other day he met Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, on the platform at New York, and argued with force and skill against the arbitrary right of either capital or labour to strike without regard to the common interests of the community. The Kansas Court has jurisdiction over public utilities and over industries engaged in the manufacture of food, clothing and fuel. It consists of three judges and has power to fix wages and hours and conditions of employment and to investigate the profits and conditions of industry. The Act constituting the Court declares that it "must give equal consideration to the rights of Capital and to the rights of Labour", and that "Capital must receive a fair rate of profit and that workers must receive a fair wage and have healthful and moral surroundings".

Already, however, Labour has challenged the Court of Industrial Relations and the President of the Kansas district of the United Mine Workers of America has been sent to prison for refusal to appear as a witness before the tribunal. He asserts that the Court "is an institution founded to enslave the workingman" and he seems to have the support of a great body of miners. It is doubtful if even three judges can wisely be empowered to adjust without appeal all the differences that arise between workers and employers, determine industrial conditions and fix wages and profits. Labour, as the experience of New Zealand and Australia has demonstrated, will find a way to escape compulsion. It cannot be made to work if the disposition is to do otherwise. So Capital, deprived of a legitimate return, can find many methods to make unjust regulations ineffective and abortive.

One begins to think that excessive governmental interference in industry is not favourable to industrial stability. It does nothing to improve relations between employers and workers. A peace compelled is not a peace that is likely to endure. Machinery to ensure publicity is valuable and arbitration is often effective. But it is certain that in many strikes there is a deliberate intention to compel governments to interfere. Possibly settlements would be effected more quickly and often more justly if they stood aside. One remembers when it was generally believed that under "public ownership" strikes would seldom, if ever, occur. But experience seems to show that services under public control are natural breeding-places of industrial unrest and that the infection spreads to private industries. One doubts sometimes if the sense of equity in governments is stronger than in organized Labour or among private employers and if that be true industry could wisely be permitted to settle more of its own quarrels.

There is much to be said for minimum wages for women and children and perhaps under exceptional circumstances for some classes of unskilled labour. Nothing that the State can do to ensure continuous employment may be neglected. But here again workers and employers in sympathetic co-operation can settle many of their own problems. The trouble is that no general laws can be made to fit all conditions. A measure which can be safely applied to one set of industries would be mischievous and even destructive in its effects upon other industries. We will gain nothing if we make workers and employers dependent upon parliaments and throw every industrial dispute into the arena of party conflict. Many of the measures which are necessary in war lave no natural application in peace. War requires autocracy in government. In peace neither Labour nor Capital will have autocracy. But many politicians do not seem to recognize that the war is over or that the masses of the people have determined to resume control over their own affairs.

In Great Britain, where there is more statesmanship among Labour leaders than in any other country, for the British people understand freedom as do no other people in the world, "direct action" has been repudiated. Even in Australia "Go Slowism" and "direct action" fall into disfavour. Mr. F. W. Birrell, President of the Trades and Labour Council of South Australia, declares that the One Big Union "has crumbled like a house of cards". It is apparent that "the outlaws" in the United States cannot prevail. Canada has had its tragedy and its lesson. No democracy, as has been said, will submit to autocracy either of Labour or of Capital, and the impression deepens that the statesmen of Labour and the statesmen of Capital can best settle their differences without excessive interference by governments. For they must co-operate in their own interest and neither element submits easily or finally to governmental compulsion.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

REYNARD THE FOX

By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HIS is a full and resplendent picture of an English fox hunt, with all its colour, its brilliance, its action, its social lights, its background of tavern, stables, horses, hounds, wenches, parsons, squires, soldiers, churls and radiant youth — astride and afoot—all eager for the great work of being in at the death. One must confess to some limping lines, but there are so many delightful passages, the work must be judged as a whole. We like descriptions like this one of the parson who did not talk of churchyard worms:

"He liked to see the foxes killed;
But most he felt himself in clover
To hear "Hen left, hare right, cock over,"
At woodside, when the leaves are brown
Some gray cathedral in a town
Where drowsy bells toll out the time
To shaven closes sweet with lime,
And wall-flower roots drive out of the mortar
All summer on the Norman Dortar,
Was certain someday to be his.
Nor would a mitre go amiss
To him, because he governed well.
His voice was like the tenor bell
When services were said and sung.
And he had read in many a tongue,
Arabic, Hebrew, Spanish, Greek."

Then came:

"An old bear in a scarlet pelt
Came next, old Squire Haridew,
His eyebrows gave a man the grue
So bushy and so fierce they were;
He had a bitter tongue to swear.
A fierce, hot, hard, old, stupid squire,
With all his liver made of fire,
Small brain, great courage, mulish will.
The heart in all his house stood still
When someone crossed the squire's path.
For he was terrible in wrath,
And smashed whatever came to hand.
Two things he failed to understand,
The foreigner and what was new.

. . . . . .

"The next to come was Major Howe
Driv'n in a dog-cart by a groom.
The testy major was in fume
To find no hunter standing waiting;
The groom who drove him caught a rating,
The groom who had the horse in stable,
Was damned in half the tongues of Babel.
The major being hot and heady
When horse or dinner was not ready.
He was a lean, tough, liverish fellow,
With pale blue eyes (the whites pale yellow),
Moustache clipped toothbrush-wise, and jaws
Showed bluish like old partridge claws.
When he had stripped his coat he made
A speckless presence for parade,
New pink, white cords, and glossy tops,
New gloves, the newest thing in crops,
Worn with an air that well expressed
His sense that no one else was dressed."

And, later on:

"Behind them rode her daughter Bell,
A strange, shy, lovely girl whose face
Was sweet with thought and proud with race,
And bright with joy at riding there,
She was as good as blowing air
But shy and difficult to know.
The kittens in the barley-mow,
The setter's toothless puppies sprawling,
The blackbird in the apple calling,
All knew her spirit more than we
So delicate these maidens be
In lovely helpless things."

There are dozens of equally effective pieces of description in this volume of 166 pages which ends, after "The fox came home and went to ground", with this stanza:

"The beech wood gray rose dim in the night
With moonlight fallen in pools of light,
The long dead leaves on the ground were rimed.
A clock struck twelve and the church-bells chimed."

SOME OF US ARE MARRIED

By Mary Stewart Cutting. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THERE are fourteen stories in this book—most of the stories are about the same people. The people are pretty much even as you and I, decent people, ordinary people, gay and good people who have learned to think of income more as something that develops ingenuity than as something that guarantees a satisfactory living. They are the kind of people for whom a trip to Aunt Kate's funeral, involving a sleeper, raises financial problems hardly to be borne. The women in the stories are cosy, homey, dancy, well-dressed, frivolous, profound, and interesting, silly sometimes over the purchase of three cents worth of peppers in the market, curiously and intricately competent sometimes in the matter of husband-psychology. The men go into town to business, skip away of an afternoon for golf or a tango party, love their wives dearly but nevertheless have certain problems to work out in connection with their relations with femininity in general. One man who feels that dancing helps him to be a good architect has a wife who doesn't believe that sort of thing. One woman who runs a house and relatives (when they don't run her) has a husband who has developed the knack of being able to go happily on a holiday without her. So the stories go. They are cleverly worked up and brightly told and there are deft turns to their climaxes.

Domestic infelicity of the excruciating type doesn't figure in the stories—there is no analytic going down deeper and deeper into the strange, stained, and twisted whorls and involutions of morbidity in these stories. Beside them, Joseph Conrod's story "The Return", is like a weird, old, leaf-choked, abysmal woods-pool when compared with a shining open puddle in the sunshine.

There is a place for such stories as these. They are about as profound as ordinary people are when viewed casually without the microscope. Just as the time for summer reading arrives, and just after Canadians are through with the heavy grind of their winter reading, they appear opportunely. There is no excessive sex zest nor wild romance in them; neither is there any difficulty or weight of thought.

*

TALES OF CHEKHOV

By Anton Chekhov. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is doubtful whether these stories if offered in the first place to a public composed of readers in English would be acceptable. They are not stories according to our standards. Rather are they studies or mere incidents. "The Chorus Girl," for instance, is an account of a visit of a wife to the home of her husband's mistress, where, within hearing of the husband, who is hidden, she begs the mistress to give up the presents the husband, as she imagines, has heaped upon her. The mistress, who actually has not received any presents of much value, disclaims any such possessions, but at length, in view of the entreaties of the wife, who arouses her pity, takes from a chest a diamond brooch, a coral necklace, some rings and bracelets. The wife protests that she has not received all. With that the mistress impulsively throws out from the chest several other articles of value, but insists that not one of them was given to her by the husband. Then the wife ties the lot up in a handkerchief and departs without a further word. As soon as she has gone, the husband comes in and upbraids his mistress for humiliating his wife. Then he also goes away, denouncing her as a low creature.

> "Pasha lay down and began weeping aloud. She was already regretting her things which she had given away so impulsively, and her feelings were hurt. She remembered how three years ago a merchant had beaten her for no sort of reason, and she wailed more loudly than ever."

"The Bishop" is more satisfactory as a story, although it is really a des-

cription of the depressing routine of a provincial bishop's life, of the awe in which he is held by the people, especially his own relatives, and the impoverishing effect that resultant ostracism has upon himself. Nevertheless they are interesting tales, and are notable for their many poignant passages.

*

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN

By F. P. A. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

MAUD MULLER sighed, as she poured the gin,
"I've got something on Whittier's heroine."
"Thanks," said the judge, "a peppier brew
From a fairer hand was never knew."
And when the judge had had number Seven
Maud seemed an angel direct from Heaven.
And the judge declared "You're a lovely girl,
An' I'm for you, Maudie, I'll tell the worl'."

There is sense as well as nonsense in this book of parodies and careless rhymes. Under the gay cloak of motley parody F. P. A. often carries a real seriousness, a purpose that has a thrust ready for modern peccadilloes and vices and strutting clamours.

College and high school students who are in the throes of translating Horace's Odes should get inspiration for freedom in translation from the first part of this book which is given up to the translation of some dozen of the Odes. Horace was notoriously a bit of a blade. Here in F. P. A.'s rendering of that Ode, Book III No. 15, which begins: *"Uxor pauperis Ibyci, Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae"*:

"Chloris, lay off the flapper stuff;
What's fit for Pholoe, a fluff,
Is not for Ibycus's wife—
A woman at your time of life!
Ignore, old dame, such pleasures as
The shimmy and the "Bacchus Jazz";
Your presence with the maidens jars—
You are the cloud that dims the stars.
Your daughter Pholoe may stay
Out nights upon the Appian Way;
Her love for Nothus, as you know,
Makes her as playful as a doe.
No jazz for you, no jars of wine,
No rose that blooms incarnadine.
For one thing only are you fit—
Buy some Lucerian wool—and knit!"

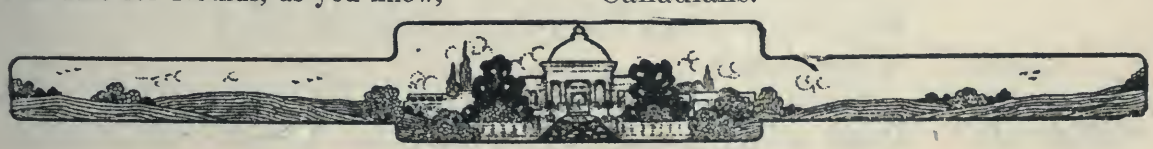
There is a certain dark professor of Latin in one of the colleges of Toronto University, who, if memory serves aright, would enjoy these sallies of F. P. A., and probably use them in his classes as of real teaching value in giving to a sleepy Latin period that awakening excitement of modernity which it was always his knack to invoke.

*

A STRAIGHT DEAL

By Owen Wister. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ALL who are interested in the controversy now going on regarding the sympathies of the United States and Great Britain with each other just now should read this book, which is being discussed perhaps more than any other book of recent publication. The writer, who is American, the author of that enlivening little book, "The Pentecost of Calamity", does not spare all those of his own countrymen who speak with contempt of Great Britain or rather flaunt their own imagined exploits to the belittlement of their English ally. He rates all who have boasted of what the American navy did in transporting 2,000,000 men overseas, when as a matter of fact, as he points out, not one man could have been transported safely if it had not been for the British navy, which actually transported sixty per cent. of the American troops. While it will be hard for Americans to accept gracefully this scoring by one of themselves, it is nevertheless a book that will be read. It refutes many absurd claims that they, mostly in ignorance, have been making, and therefore it should be read as well by Canadians.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE SOURCE

Small Fry

SMALL fish, so small indeed that the word fry scarcely would cover them, used to frequent in springtime a rivulet that came mysteriously out of the hillside, where it supplied cold water for the village, and then trickled on down to join the greater stream in the meadow. As youngsters not yet fit for school, we used to catch these little creatures and sport them in bottles taken secretly from a supply my father kept for dispensing various concoctions known as bitters and tonics. The elation that accompanied each capture was as great, I feel sure, as the satisfaction that comes to all anglers whenever they succeed in outwitting some elusive trout or in dropping the fly on the very spot where a moment ago the tail of a lusty salmon has flashed above the water.

Water, no matter where found, is for man an attractive element, and for little boys a rivulet has all the fascination of a brimming river. The rivulet that I recall to my memory was scarcely big enough to babble, nor had it any chance to meander. For it went straight down by the roadside, shining, nevertheless, on sunny days and watering withal the cress that grew in abundance throughout its course. And although it was insignificant and could lay no claim to fame, it served its purpose in quickening, as flowing water always has quickened, man's genius for adventure. It led on from its own humble estate into the greater realm of the greater stream and presented to the imagination of childhood, even at the confluence, some of the visions of men who have become renowned as discoverers, who have added to the sum of human knowledge.

The confluence was at a point just above the bridge, above the poplars, whose roots at the bend were revealed in the water and whose leaves fell and were carried away on the bosom of the stream.

The Leaves of the Poplar

We did not always wait for the leaves to fall, for we would stand on the railing and pluck them, just for the sensation

of seeing them flicker down upon the shining surface, take the swirl at the bend and then float on, like valiant argosies, under the alders and through the rushes into the unknown. And we wondered, as mankind always must have wondered, whether we too might not float away as they floated, whether we might not construct some craft and thereon ride forth triumphantly into the great world beyond.

Like Valiant Argosies

But the great world beyond was only a part of the mystery, for while the stream had many of the best qualities that nature gives to its kind, babbling here and meandering there, in those fine days before the vandal man dug it out and made it straight, it also, back the other way, far back where the woodland guarded its secrets, had in all certainty a beginning, a place where it started—a source.

It was then, and always has been, one of my ambitions to follow that stream to the source. I have started to do so many times, but it is a journey that presents a succession of distractions and supper-time always has come too soon or night has taken me by surprise.

In those far-off days the stream meandered naturally either way from the bridge, and under soft green banks it provided hiding-places for the sucker and the chub. It was not a deep stream. A little boy could wade it anywhere, and if he knew a trick or two he could catch with his bare hands, in those very hiding-places, the unsuspicious minnow or the overconfident trout. The trout, in fact, for some reason unknown to me, was a rare creature in those waters, and to catch one was therefore an achievement as well as a delight. But we shall concern ourselves now with a tiny fish whose name I do not know, for it was this humbler denizen that oftentimes distracted us from our original purpose, delayed us so cunningly that we never have reached the source.

The source as a matter of course, and as we always suspected, could be found in the gravelbeds beyond the back acres of my grandfather's farm, where, in that forbidden region, the black bear might be encountered, where the wily lynx found his favourite haunts. It could be found there, of a certainty, for one might traverse the next concession and the adjacent sideroad and not find any stream crossing either of these highways.

But for the present we are wading in the real stream as it meanders through the field just above the bridge. The water, cold no doubt when it gushed forth at the source, has been tempered by the sun so that it caresses one's bare feet but does not

Tempered by the Sun

As clear as Crystal

chill. It is as clear as crystal, except in our wake, and the pebbles on the bottom look smooth and clean, just like all well-placed pebbles should look. With the pebbles there are stones, some a fairish size, and here and there one big enough to hide a ten-inch sucker. Amongst the small stones and pebbles can be seen tiny fish with most beautiful green and red markings, and, try as we may, we cannot catch one. Many a half hour have I passed in the hope of adding one of these elusive little creatures to my score of conquests, but they are extremely wary, and they move with the suddenness and darting swiftness of the humming-bird.

Although I never have known the name of these beautiful little finsters, being held more by their beauty than their identity, I know of but few larger fish that equal them in sheer splendour of colouring. Of all things in nature the opal comes nearest.

The opal was my grandfather's favourite stone. A splendid specimen, one that was three times removed from being inconspicuous, he wore in his necktie, and perhaps for that reason he took a keen delight in watching with me the deft movements and iridescent coating of these handsome little fish. Several times he made a determined effort to catch one, and once during haying-time he devoted a whole afternoon to this fascinating adventure.

But you must see this grandfather as I saw him. He was in size medium to small, but there was in his bearing a confidence so fine and a joviality so rare that one accepted him as being larger than he actually was. His voice was full, deep and resonant, and he could use it to excellent purpose. For him farming was monotonous, so that he grasped eagerly at other interests and diversions. He was part owner of a grocery store, took stock in the grist mill, and, if I might whisper it, owned some shares in a brewery. Therefore he was a man of some importance as well as of mettle, and whenever he arrived in the village, either afoot or behind a dashing span of roadsters, his presence generally was soon felt. For one thing, his voice carried easily from the tavern at the foot of the hill to the graveyard at the top. And even if he chose to be silent, which, of course, never was his choice, the blue tops of his top boots were enough to betray him. These things marked him, even if one could have overlooked his great gold watch-chain, which dangled a fancy gold key for winding the watch, and the great opal pin in his cravat. A hale and hearty, ruddy, jolly, free-spoken old sport was this grandad, and he was not above trying his luck at the elusive game of

A free-spoken Old Sport

catching tiny, iridescent creatures on the bottom of the creek. *Iridescent Creatures*

We used to call it the "crick". Tennyson calls it "The Brook". As such he has immortalized it. Or has "The Brook" immortalized him? The poem itself, perhaps for some of us, would be more attractive if it were less radiant, more impressive if less blithe. But notwithstanding any carping of the critics, it contains a number of penetrating lines. One for instance:

"To join the brimming river".

A simple verse, one quite properly might remark, and yet it suggests much. Perhaps Tennyson did not intend to observe a condition in nature that is, if not peculiar to England, at least characteristic of the British Isles. For there the rivers and streams are brimful—replete—and they "go on forever". With us in Canada that condition, unhappily, does not prevail, except perhaps on the wilds and in the hinterlands. Our streams, overflowing in springtime, become woefully shrunken by midsummer and thousands of them entirely disappear. Our great, majestic rivers—the Yukon, the Mackenzie, the Fraser, the Bow, the Saskatchewan, the Red, the Nipigon, the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, and the Saguenay — pass through deep gorges, chasms, channels and ravines, with high upright, overhanging, precipitous and even mountainous embankments. Notable exceptions appear in the St. Mary, the St. Clair, the Ottawa, parts of the St. Lawrence, the St. John, and the Miramichi. Still we have scarcely any brimming river such as Tennyson saw, whether he saw the Thames, the Stour, the Avon or the Ouse, the Liffey, the Afton or the Nith.

Another passage that sets us thinking is:

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Here we have the almost inconceivable facts of time and space and man's mutability visualized in a stretch of running water, transfixed in a simple couplet.

These things were not coursing through my mind that sunny afternoon when my grandfather attempted to catch the wily sprite. Nor do I believe that the old gentleman himself was thinking of them. His language, free and expressive at all times, was now more picturesque than poetic, stronger indeed than many grandfathers use within hearing of the third generation.

For the small creatures that with me he was trying to capture evaded us as if they were but shadows. We could hear the hum of the mower in the field hard by, but that was the only sound. And once, when my grandfather stood upright, *They were but shadows*

We could see the Village

to ease his back, we could see the village, placid upon the hill, with the tavern at the foot, the cider mill on the right, and the grist mill on the left.

"A man might as well try to catch the devil himself," said the old gentleman, as he wiped his brow and rolled his shirt sleeves higher. "But I'll get one yet, even if I stay here till Doomsday." And, so saying, he again applied himself to the task.

The stream babbled at our feet. Tennyson, or even Thomson, would say that it bickered. In any case it did not gurgle. The gurgle is soft, soothing and rare. The first time I ever heard it was in the west highlands of Scotland. I was walking up the glen from the village of Kilmartin one night, not late, but long after everybody else was abed and all glims doused, when I heard a sound that was musical, dulcet and soothing. I leaned over the stone fence that confined the roadway on the glen side and looking down and across I saw the stream shining silvery in the moonlight. I looked and listened, with a feeling that it was fairyland; and, to complete the enchantment, as I turned and looked over the other fence, up the hillside into a dark copse, rabbits came out and bobbed hither and thither, dim ghosts in the shadows of the trees. Nothing made sound but the brook. Nothing moved but the rabbits. An old stone tower in ruins, like an ancient keep, rose up against the sky, and behind it lay the sleeping village.

It seemed a long way back to that little stream which only babbled or, as Wordsworth might say, only rippled. And it set me thinking. There was I, an alien, but with Scottish blood in my veins, listening to a Scottish burn gurgling in the moonlight, with dour Scottish souls asleep under the thatches and rabbits scampering on the hillside. I thought of that little stream in Ontario and pictured my grandfather in his blue-topped boots squandering with me a sunny afternoon. I thought also of the source, a futile thing, after all, and still I wondered just what it would look like at the very spot where the water gushed forth from the earth. I knew no more, actually, about the source of that stream than I knew about the source of the burn in Scotland. For, indeed, and we might as well come to that now, we never can know actually the source. As far as we can tell, there is not anywhere any source—no beginning, no end. We can imagine a source, just as in those faraway days, as little boys, we imagined a fearsome place favoured by the black bear and the crying lynx. That is all.

No beginning, no end

GRANDMOTHER AND CHILD

From the Painting by
John Russell.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy of Arts.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, AUGUST, 1920 No. 4

BLANCO REY

BY BILLEE GLYNN

SHE came from Eastern Canada—a very unusual type for such a politically dignified section. The fact that she was convalescing from a severe attack of pneumonia blurred temporarily, perhaps, the complete richness of her temperament, but in any degree of herself she appeared wholesomeness and quality through and through. Her father was a mining man who had wandered much but finally struck his pick into fortune in Colorado. Then he had gone over into New Mexico and bought this rancho—to which the girl was now en route, accompanied by a trusted mulatto maid—with probably the idea of owning something he could roam on, quartz rock not possessing that characteristic.

That a man of his nature should have settled in Montreal is best explained in the intelligence that the girl's mother came from there, and died there about seven years before this story opens. Besides, Montreal is not so far from the jungles of Gotham Greatness where he hunted on the stock market and where the girl usually spent her winters.

This was her first trip into the West, and she fell in love with it by degrees beyond the capital of Kansas. It was strangely impressive, this brown, endless sweep of plain, silvered with alkali here and there, with countless tops of tumbleweed at chase on dry buffalo grass, and scary prairie dogs, coyotes, and sandhill cranes—queer, parched, flat hamlets, and little, lone cabins seemingly lost between horizons; then Pike's Peak, star-flung, and the blue ridge of the Rockies, and the kaleidoscopic panorama and marvellous colouring from the creeping foothills. Enthusiastic as only a girl can become she made side trips and wrote letters home about it.

Yet it was not till one day when she stood on an apex of this celebrated range and looked both ways that she realized the sublime bigness and breadth of this continent. The smoke of a dozen cities curled like pot wraiths beneath; and mile on

mile, whence she had come, the infinite plains, blue and brown, billowed in deepening colours to horizons that could not limit them. To the west, soul-calling, in sheer and delicate hues, alluring and subtle as a woman's smile, tremendous valleys lunged and groped to other faery ranges. The girl's heart caught in her throat at the unexampled wonder of it, and she felt singing in her veins the spirit of the argonaut.

Dropping from mountain heights the journey was a little less picturesque, but of unceasing interest in its difference of life, and showing in patches truly Mexican. Then other ranges caught them up flinging them to the valleys of the Pueblo people. At length beyond San Antonio, beyond Isleta, and San Jose, at a very small station at the end of a spur track, the girl and her companion reached destination, and found Don Fontana awaiting them with saddle horses. And they rode into the fifteen-thousand-acre hacienda in which the Don had bought a quarter interest from her father, and was given over with grand courtesy at the ranch-house to Senora Rita, the Don's charming Mexican wife and to a welcome known only in a Spanish or Mexican heart.

"I feel that I am dead," she breathed before dinner. "But I know that after all I've seen, I am a much better woman."

During the next couple of days she did nothing much but rest and learn to love Rita who quickly became mother and friend. She loved the splendid Don, too, with his white mustachios and his look of dignity befitting a man who managed an estate as large as lots of ducal kingdoms. She recalled the story her father had told her about this man saving his life, and how when he had offered him a share in the rancho to get him to manage it, he had insisted on buying.

How delightful the big adobe house and its furnishings—the quaint, seclusive furniture, valuable Indian weaves scattered about, priceless Navajo blankets on the beds, odd pottware, Mexican modellings, the low-raftered roof, and deep long windows, with a clear New Mexican day burning steadily outside, and behind the house a sort of plaza filled with trees, flowers, and shrubs—an exotic garden spot abloom in endless, rolling, implacable brown!

She liked the coloured costumes of the Mexican riders who passed the door, and others quite as picturesque according to their pursuit, sometimes with the skins of animals thrown over their shoulders or on their saddles, the tall, lank cowboys in leather "chaps" and sombreros who worked on the rancho and appeared as nonchalant and deep-lifed as the cactus or cottonwoods.

Rita had told her of an Indian pueblo only thirty miles away and a distinctively Mexican hamlet about half that distance. She also regretted that Senor Wentley had ridden to Cubero. He was her husband's assistant, foreman of the vagueros, and he would be back the second day following. He would show the Senorita around, also he was young and good-looking.

The Latin woman's instinct for romance came out in the suggestion. But the girl was a different type, blithe and wholesome, but, maybe, to some degree blasé. Civilization in crowded and moneyed environments has a mental brand difficult to escape, a brand of the perennially artificial. Yet there was certainly a zest in these curiously new quarters, in this country that gave little yet caught both eye and heart, whose hospitality was as free and full as the laughing life of spring waters. Hilda thought she had never met a man as fine and big-natured as the Don, a woman as gently and considerately a lady as his buxom wife, who had never lost, though her waist had grown stout, the shining youth of her dark eyes. Yet all this, and all around that

seemed to emulate and pertain to it, had apparently been bred out of a parched and alkali country! Wonderful, wasn't it?—something scarcely to be understood.

The third day after her arrival Hilda asked for a mount. She felt entirely rested and thought a gallop would be refreshing. One of the cowboys, a silent fellow, deeply burned as leather, brought her the mustang on which she had made her advent and gave her also some general directions. She had ridden for half an hour and stopped to fasten her hair from the breeze, but when she urged the pony to move on he stood stock-still refusing to budge. Then a crackly sound in the buffalo grass directly in front, and she saw a rattler reared and ready to strike. She sat regarding it, strangely attracted by the liquid sinuosity of its head. Then she heard hoofs from over the hogback she had begun to climb and the rider came into view straddling his horse in careless fashion. His eyes seemed to take in the situation in a glance. He whipped out a Colt, fired as he drew it down, and the rattler's head disappeared from its body.

"You might have gone around it," he said, approaching her.

"You're a pretty good shot," she laughed. "Do you belong here?"

"I assist the old Don on the ranch here. My name is Wentley."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of you. I am Hilda Bracken from down east. Father and the Don are partners, you know."

He lifted his hat and saluted with particular grace, horse and all. He was slender, brown-haired, broad-shouldered and probably thirty-two, and in spite of the West his voice carried the soft drawl of the East.

"I guess I'll ride back with you," she suggested. "We might as well get acquainted—I believe they have picked you out to show me around. It may take you a little while to get used to me."

He smiled but made no reply as they started their animals toward the ranchhouse. "I have been to Cubero," he said, after a while. "Sometimes I go there."

"To see a woman, of course—that is, I have no doubt." This sort of suddenness had always pertained to her.

"Why 'no doubt'?" he asked serenely, but without looking at her.

"Because somehow you are a woman's man. However that has no bearing on me, for I am going to be married."

His cheek turned toward her seemed to take the aspect of marble. She wondered beyond the light perversity latent in her why she had said something so absolutely uncalled for, and they rode on in silence till they dismounted. Then, with a bow as much Virginia as New Mexico, he took her mount with his own and left her standing there looking after him.

She did not see him all next day till suppertime, when he entered the big dining-room with the other men. There were two tables, at one of which sat the five cowboys, and, at the other, the Don with his wife, and Pablo, a grandchild, an orphan boy of six, whom he was bringing up, and usually Wentley, with whom the Don liked to discuss the business of the day. This evening, however, Wentley had evidently given orders to one of the Mexican maids to seat him with the men, and he was just taking his place after bowing to the other table, when Rita, noticing the swift look of disappointment in the girl's face, called him and asked that he sit with them.

The meal proved entertaining. The girl had an adventure in real Mexican chili con carne, so much hotter than its many imitations, which caused everyone to laugh, even the cowboys at the next table. Rita undertook to explain to her the customs and life of the Pueblo Indians. The Don and Wentley were called upon for a remark here and there. The girl's mulatto maid was seated with them, too, freer now than she had been since

her employment for her mistress had forgotten to require anything of her.

When it was over and while they were alone for a moment, the girl suggested to Wentley that he take her to see the Indian village on the morrow. There was a flash of almost real fire when he refused, claiming that he had to attend to some branding.

"You don't act very much like a ne'er-do-well and a Southerner. That's what Rita told me you were," she flung. "But she said you were nice and I don't agree with her."

"You have the ne'er-do-well dope right, anyway," he smiled.

"Then you should do what a lady asks when she asks it. You could put over the brandings well enough till Thursday."

"I suppose—but I shall not. There are times when I don't run true to form."

She pouted all the next day and scarcely noticed him when he came in at night.

The next morning he brought her horse to the door for her already saddled. "We can make that little trip now," he suggested.

"I did not tell you I wanted to," she rejoined. But she hesitated only a moment.

On the road she said to him: "I think you have it in for me for what I said the first time I met you. Of course, it is true that I am engaged, but I guess there wasn't any need of putting it so."

"I had forgotten it," he returned, "because it was true."

And she looked at him not knowing just what he meant.

They spent practically the whole day at the Indian village and fortunately it was the beginning of a fête. Possibly he had known this, she thought, when he had refused to take her the day before, guessing that she would be interested in the quaint ceremonies and dancing. Up a pathway of rock worn by centuries of footsteps they climbed to the plaza flat as a plate on the limestone dome, surrounded on all sides by tall house-walls, and on all the housetops in coloured, gala array, like perched butterflies, a thousand aboriginals, both sexes, all ages, watching a curious spectacle beneath. About thirty bucks, faces painted, stripped to the waist, with eagle feathers, and every assortment of weapon, took part in a leaping, rhythmic, terrible and tireless grand march without end and accompanied by the chant of a chorus and the mad tom-toming of several drums. Besides fancy buckskin shirts to the knees, and here and there wonderfully beaded leggings, they were bedizened with jewellery, mostly silver and turquoise; bracelets, earrings, rings, and coral necklaces.

This strange scene held the girl for more than two hours, then they wandered about the cliffs picking up pieces of turquoise, while Wentley told her the remarkable history of these cliff-dwelling people.

It was thirty miles back home and they made it in a lazy gallop, unable to say very much but with now and then—a look.

The next morning when Wentley was about to start on his rounds the girl came up mounted and ready to accompany him.

"Now you see why I got up so early," she smiled.

He demurred a little but she put it all aside. "I want to see my father's property," she stated.

There was no gainsaying this, so they rode on together. And thus it was she learned how he spent his days, novel enough for her, but, surely, month by month, weary for a ne'er-do-well. Yet there was a feeling among foothills and cattle, and an ever clear, painfully clear, sky, breeding reptiles underfoot with the dart of death in their glands.

During the day Wentley killed, with a skill that seemed to her marvellous, two coyotes, several rattlers, and a large bush spider that came hideously hopping at the girl in quick

lifts. But in spite of these two days' association, she had not yet got behind his reserves. The laconic mask he wore was new to her, interesting, and aggravating. Her precipitation that flattened most things had not yet even pierced it.

"Have you ever been married?" she asked suddenly on the way home.

"No."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"I don't know what it was."

"Was it a woman ruined you?"

"No, women ruin only good men."

"Are you a bad man?"

"Not exactly—according to Western ideas."

What was the use of trying to know a man who answered like that?

Later she turned to him precipitately. "I am going to raise the boys' salaries twenty dollars a month each."

"Will your father let you?"

"He always does what I ask of him and I'll not ask him first. The Don will not have to stand for any of it, either."

He smiled. "Now I am really beginning to like you. But mine will remain just where it is."

"It will not."

"It will."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because I never let a woman do anything for me."

"I think," she threw, "I actually dislike you." And as they were near home she had no need to say anything more. For at least twenty-four hours she was merely civil to him.

Sunday came with an unusual mellow quality in the air, and at Rita's suggestion and her own Wentley took the girl to church at the Mexican hamlet twelve miles distant. She went into ecstasies over the quaintness of it all — the big adobe building with murky arches and short steeples, and square, high windows cut through a four-foot depth of wall; flickering candles on the altar, pictures of saints and religious chromos, round, reflecting vigas and brackets overhead, the deep-voiced padre and ghostly, gray-haired sacristan! the flashing Mexican women in bright tapalos and shawls, in costly corals, turquoise, and silver beads, the masculine gender almost as picturesque in bandanas and sashes, and a silent, awe-eyed sprinkling of wondering Indians.

Wentley, of course, had to answer a thousand questions, and he did so politely and kindly, that was all. She had a feeling that he was treating her much as he might a man, some young fellow who had never been anywhere or seen much. And she asked herself if the fact that she was her father's daughter had not, probably, something to do with his attitude—but decided quickly that all the respect he had for money you could put in the eye of a needle and still thread it.

That evening she led him into the plaza of flowers and shrubs behind the ranchhouse, which the Don kept so carefully in bloom. Surrounded by a sort of low palisade, the place appeared delightfully seclusive. Two Mexicans happened to wander by with guitars, and he called them in and had them play their wonderfully soft songs of love. Meanwhile the stars came out one by one, and the moon rose.

"You know," she said, when the music had ceased, as if remembering music, "I usually spend my winters in New York."

"I fancied so."

"Why?"

"Because you are so well dressed."

"Were you ever there?"

"I left ten thousand dollars on Broadway."

"Did it leave you penniless?"

"Not exactly, but it made my old man disown me and decide to trust his estate to someone else."

"I am sorry."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Who did you spend it on?"

"So far as I remember she was a 'show girl'."

"I am not sorry now—it served you just right."

"It was merely a kid's first champagne case."

"So you've had a past!"

"I'm telling only the foolish part of it."

"But you've spoilt my evening. I always did hate 'show girls'."

"They are rather a poor lot," he agreed. "But this one had a specialty—she danced stunningly."

"Oh, that was it?" She had already started for the house and did not say good-night.

The four days following she did not see him at all. There was work to do at the farther side of the rancho, and he and the men took provisions and blankets and slept there. She, on her part, found a great deal to interest her in the Mexican village and had Rita go with her once to explain things about which she was curious.

When the men came back it was with a tale of wild horses. The white stallion, Blanco Rey, was down again from the government hills leading his following of mares and keen as ever to danger.

The girl listened with eager eyes. "Oh, catch him for me, please," she asked of Wentley.

The men laughed and so did Rita and the Don.

"Mi caro," advised Rita, "you do not know that el Blanco Rey, the White King, has evaded capture season after season for years."

And the girl excused herself for the impossible request. She felt, however, she would like to glimpse this White King of the plains, and, with that idea in view, accompanied Wentley next morning.

They had, perhaps, ridden twenty miles, when Wentley pulled up suddenly at the mouth of a deep gully. He pointed with his gloved hand to the other end of it, and, two thousand yards away on the mesa, she saw a stallion white as foam, his head reared like a wave. He expressed such untouched freedom, grace, and life, poised apart a little from his mares, that even at that distance it caught the breath.

Her quick exclamation Wentley cautioned to silence. Then he lifted his hat with the salutation she had come to know. "Ride back to the house," he said. "I am going to try for this fellow." And he turned his swift bay animal into the lower level of the incline topping the gully, thus riding in the direction of the prize but unobserved. She turned away, for the quarry appeared to be taking fright. A minute later she heard their hoofs and spurred to the top of the gully to watch the race. But Wentley seemed too far behind that throbbing, free flash of white, springing as if it disdained the rods it threw back at him.

She did not tell them when she reached the house, or later in the evening when the men returned, the impossible conquest Wentley had attempted. She felt certain that he would fail and she fancied the men might find a jest in it. So she merely stated that he had said he might not come in that night.

It was late the next afternoon when he arrived, and he led by an ingenious halter and a sort of hobble that permitted trotting but no real running, the white wonder of the plains, Blanco Rey. His own bay looked as though it were done.

Despite the hobbling it took him an hour to get the stallion into the corral and by this time everyone on the hacienda had gathered.

To the hundred questions flung at him, Wentley answered simply: "Just run him till I got him into a tight place. Really more luck than anything else."

But the girl did not think so and tried to tell him. "The men say they don't see how you did it," she announced. "The Don thinks it marvellous and so do I. But I wanted him and you went and got him."

"Oh yes," he replied, "just as I might an orange or lemon, but not any of the stars or the moon."

Undoubtedly she was a little hurt. But he went to bed and slept for twelve hours.

In the corral of evenings he and the other cowboys broke the animal in about two weeks. He was a truly marvellous conception in horseflesh —matchless perfection in grace and life; the trembling, springing, lightning speed of him, the flung head, and fine eye, the rippling, rapid beauty of line, combined with nervous tension and power that made one wonder the corral held him. It was fitting, indeed, the cowboys called him Blanco Rey. The Don avowed again and again he had never before seen such a horse. Then one evening the girl succeeded in riding him in the corral.

"I am writing home and telling papa all about it," she breathed, delighted.

Later when she and Wentley met in the plaza, he said: "I may, perhaps, be going to Cubero next week."

She looked at him. "I do really believe you go there to see a woman."

"No, just provisions—but I wouldn't mind if it were true. It gets monotonous here month after month."

"One doesn't love because it gets *monotonous*."

"Most people do not love anyway."

"That's true"—then impulsively—"I do not love the young man to whom I am engaged. But I am rather fond of him and he has an unusual position and wealth—and these are things a girl must marry."

"You are entirely right."

"Yes, and you are entirely matter-of-fact. Yet you seem, somehow, to suggest sentiment. Most women would look at you twice."

"And then no more."

"Perhaps not — after they found you out."

"I guess that's right, too."

"Are you really deep?"

"I don't know—I reckon, as deep as the average woman."

She gave him one of her swift penetrating glances.

"I think, for instance, this night here and the stars and you are something that I shall not forget quickly." It was about the first compliment he had paid her.

"I am going home in ten days, that is, I am going to stop over for two weeks at Santa Fe."

A cloud came into his face which she noticed.

"And I am going in now," she added wickedly." Then, turning away—"Aren't you going to say good-night?"

"I have nothing to say and you going home so soon."

When she reached the bend in the path she turned and saw him sitting there with his chin in his hands, a lonely figure in quickly gathering night.

If his spirits were downcast, however, he did not show it during the days leading to her departure. Neither did he express a wish that she extend her visit. There was something only of deeper reserve in his manner toward her, with now and then a break of rollicking humour that aggravated her.

She had evidenced so much interest in how and where he had captured the stallion that he consented at length, to take her out to the place and show her. They did this the day before she was to leave. It was a wonderful morning on the mesa and the girl looked like a flower in it, a golden flower with a dewy charm of frankness in her eyes.

They had taken a northwestern direction off any of the accustomed trails, and they rode for more than an hour with only an occasional word. Wentley seemed wrapt up in his mood and yet he expressed silent enjoyment.

"Blanco Rey," he suggested, at length, "should create quite a sensation on Broadway." It had already been arranged that the horse was to be shipped so as to reach destination about the same time as the girl herself, allowing for her stopover in Sante Fe. "I hope," added Wentley,

"that your future husband will like him."

"I don't care whether he does or not," she rejoined, a little exasperated. They had ridden nearly twenty miles—with her leaving in the morning—and he had not even fringed on sentiment. Not that she would have let him, she said to herself, but then—— Another half mile of silence sped by.

"You will probably be here when I return in a couple of years."

"No, I am apt to hit the trail any day."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I suppose I shall remember you sometimes."

"And I shall probably read of you in the society columns and remember you."

She felt like swinging her horse right there and going back to the house. Instead she lashed it rather savagely, her thong hitting the foreleg. It reared, and, leaping forward as it came down, its front foot went into a sand pit and it fell, throwing the girl clean over its neck.

She fell heavily but without losing consciousness and lay perfectly still with closed eyes. To all appearances she had fainted. Wentley flung himself from his horse and caught her up in his arms. Then he pressed her to him passionately, kissing her lips again and again, and holding her face to his with his hands crushing the golden beauty of her hair.

Her eyes opened and she smiled at him. "I caught you," she said.

"Yes, I love you," he admitted, meeting her look.

"And I am going home to-morrow," she answered in a definite way.

He kissed her again and she returned the caress fully, her arms caught about his neck and holding him to her. Just after she made a movement to be free, and he let her go.

"I was not a bit hurt," she stated dusting herself. An unusual joy sparkled like wine in her.

The mustang, which had quickly righted itself, stood waiting guiltily. They mounted again and rode on wordless for perhaps the space of a minute. His face was set straight ahead while she watched him beneath her lashes. Then she pulled up her horse, and he, likewise, and they sat with knees touching.

"It's a pity you're a ne'er-do-well," she said, with mixed tenderness and frankness. "I am going to confess—I love you, too."

He leaned toward her, his hand covering hers on the saddle, an intensity of pleading in his whole expression that swept the colour to her cheeks. For the first time she saw the depths to which he could go.

"No—we musn't—I can't," she breathed, controlling herself mentally "I've set my mind on certain things and I wouldn't be satisfied. You see, I am only a woman. Of course the other will be a tragedy."

He turned away, placing his rein.

"I hope you don't despise me?"

"No, I understand you," he answered simply enough. "A man has a right to have enough to support the woman he loves according to her station and the times. I wonder only at my being tempted."

"Now you are getting proud again." She leaned over and lifted his hand to her lips. "We will just remember each other and dream a little always."

He touched his animal with the spurs and they proceeded leisurely. They mounted a foothill which let down into a basin, narrowing to a ravine which crept smooth-trailed between heights.

At the entrance to this he got down and she followed him over to a point of jutting rock. A boulder, newbroken, probably a ton in weight, lay at their feet.

"This is the place," he explained. "I had chased and crosscut him for nine hours, then run him through this ravine and with the last spurt that was left in my horse got the rope on him by a lucky throw just before

he reached this end. He turned so sharply into the basin that the line caught and pulled down this boulder. In the open here with the rope on him, the rest was easy, of course."

"If you want to belittle yourself," she advised, "at least, don't slander Blanco Rey, too. It must have been some struggle when it started by pulling down such a rock."

"The most of it was out already waiting for time to finish the job. That sharp, deep side of it was merely caught in slated strata. I am sort of a "nut" about them. I worked for a while as assistant expert for the U. S. Government. Peculiar formation, isn't it? Rocks have a language, you know." His eyes met her aggrieved ones, smiling a little.

"I am glad I made you take me anyway"—with a look of not caring what he said. "I am sure it was perfect drama from beginning to end and this basin was an ideal stage for the climax."

He shrugged his shoulders, stooping to pick up a small piece of rock, which, with other loose fragments had come down with the boulder. Then she spoke. Her eyes melted and there was a tremble in her voice.

"Honey, I want this half hour to be full. Don't spoil it for me—I want it to remember. I want you to hold me in your arms again and kiss me. Perhaps that is the reason I asked to come here to-day. I am going to do a mercenary thing because I have somehow got to do it—but I love you—and I shall regret it—and you never can tell what may happen."

He leapt from her at the hole out of which the boulder had come, scraping, prying, and digging into it with a knife he carried at his belt.

She eyed him dumbfounded and angry, kicked fiercely the débris at her feet, and then sat down on the boulder frowning.

He changed his attack to other portions of the cliff, twenty, thirty, forty yards away, still working with the frenzy and speed of one actually possessed. He had told her he was a "nut" on rocks and certainly she believed him now. It was really funny that should be his hobby, though nothing could be funny at a time like this. She had made the greatest and only love speech of her life and it had not been deemed worthy of a reply.

In ten minutes or a little better he returned to her, and, kneeling before her, placed in her lap a piece of rock. "Take this," he said, smiling, as a memento of my heart for you."

Every feather was ruffled—she gave him only a glance. "I am so glad now," she flung, "that I am not going to marry you."

"But you are," he corrected, "at the Mexican church to-night. It doesn't matter what time we get back."

"Oh, doesn't it!" She was too angry for words.

"No, you will do it in spite of yourself."

"Oh, will I, indeed? Marry a heart of rock?" Had he let her she would have flung to the winds the pseudo memento in her lap. Her voice had a break in it close to tears. She endeavoured to rise but he held her back. "You've spoilt the day for me," she added with difficulty, "and I wanted to make it beautiful, something to have always."

"You have made it beautiful and so is the memento. If you just scrape that rock you will see it is clear jewel. You have helped me discover a wonderfully rich turquoise mine. There is only one other that I know of—at Chalchuiti—I worked in that one for two years. That is the reason I know absolutely what I have found here. This is government land, too, and the claim is ours. El Blanco Rey has left us the treasures of his domain."

She looked at him too much given to surprise and joy to say anything. Then she drew his head in her lap weeping over it.

"I had such a narrow escape, didn't I," she breathed.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

"LUCK!" a man's voice shouted. Another's breath doused the big oil lamp's light. In the quick, following blackness a revolver spat, its momentary flame lighting fitfully the cabin's single room.

Darkness again——the dead hush of tense, horror-frighted air——then, after a breathless second, the soft slithering of unsteady moccasined feet on rough plank floor, and quick in the wake of this the sound of striking inert body, a hollow, heavy thud, gruesome in the silent blackness of the room. Almost in unison came the padding of another pair of moccasins, barely audible, yet clearly conveying the direction of their owner's steps. Only a moment this continued, dying in the faint click and jarring slam of a door, swiftly opened and closed.

*

Corporal Morton snapped closed the last metal clasp of his hip-length bearskin coat, pulled down tight the matching fur cap, drew on his mitts, and, thus attired fully prepared against the cold of the northern winter night, paused, eyeing regretfully the comfort of his quarters.

The big tin arctic heater, now tight-dampered, hummed softly. From the stove's rounded black side and low, conical top wave on wave of heat atoms shimmered upwards in an endless succession of tenuous rippling lines, no longer colourless, but tinged faintly golden under the play of yellow rays from the kerosene lamp. The room was somnolently warm; the air still strong with the fragrant incense of fresh pipe smoke from a tobacco redolent with much *perique*. A rough table occupied the centre of the room; on it, face down and open, a magazine lay close to the zincware lamp. Beside the table stood the corporal's just vacated chair, a plain arm one, its harsh outlines, however, almost completely hidden by shrouding coyote pelts, and a big cushion of goose feathers, covered by coarse, brown twill. Despite the roughness of the furniture, the log walls and the board-made bunk in the corner farthest from the stove, there was an attractiveness about the room, a certain indefinable something portraying more surely than words that its solitary occupant was a home-loving body.

"My, I wish the regulations would let me have him here with me," he voiced aloud, his eyes passing swiftly from object to object till finally they settled upon the magazine he had reluctantly put down the minute before, right in the middle of an interesting story. "Now, I wanted to finish that," he went on, still speaking aloud after the fashion one much alone falls into, "but I guess I had better slip down to the settlement and see if brother's all right. Now, if I could only keep him here with me, I'd be able to watch over him a little better." He shrugged his shoulders; tried to smile impatiently at his own fears; then growled: "Getting to be a regular old woman, I am—a regular old woman."

But his face did not clear. Leaning over the table he blew out the light, crossed the room and stepped out into

the early born night, where the Northern Lights had just begun their dancing. Across all the expanse of sky they were, and wide; a shimmering sheen, disporting on the vast blue bowl of heaven in multi and varicoloured brightness, softly brilliant, radiant, though subdued. Moving in wonderful array, this driving host of hyperborean space ran in an undulating ribbon on the breast of night, then retired to rush forth and back again in ceaseless play, while below, the gray wilderness, crouching there under the frost and the snow, listened grim and silent to the sounding of their dancing, at first but faint, weird rustling like gently crushed and bruised silk, then louder, till all the sleeping winter world became alive with tiny cracklings, as the simultaneous snapping of the lashes of a million million toyish whips.

Yet the esthetic soul of Corporal Tenner Morton—usually most responsive to all things beautiful—refused now to thrill at the sight, one often seen, and until now never fully without charm. To-night, however, his eyes travelled straight to where two hundred yards away, the dozen cabins and three stores of Pelican Settlement lay dark against the snow.

Morton's cabin—known officially as Pelican Patrol Headquarters, one of the many lesser Mounted Police posts in Division "N"—lay on the side of a hogsback ridge perhaps a hundred feet higher than the settlement snuggling in the valley below, giving Morton a bird's-eye view of the entire place.

From several cabin windows came squares of light glowing softly through the crepuscular night; and out of every chimney the smoke, in slow, thick columns, climbed straight up, strangely like solemn, snow-shrouded conifers painted in mid-air by some fantastic artistry of the frost. And seeing this last, Morton knew how bitter was the cold, without consulting the thermometer at the side of his door.

A moment his gaze took in the whole scene, then his eyes came finally to rest upon the cabin nearest him, one lying back and a little apart from the rest. He eyed it frowningly.

For years he had covered the four hundred odd square miles comprising his patrol, till now he knew every water-course and trail, and the white and halfbreed trappers and small-farming squatters, in ahead of the survey, that dwelt within the land. Yet it was only lately that worry had come with its hurtful strain and rust to rasp his nerves.

This was not caused by trouble within his district — for Pelican Patrol was a fairly crimeless one, no different from most northern ones — but through the coming, in the late Fall, some three months previously, of his brother, Charley, now aged twenty-two.

Charley, ten years his junior, had been shipped post haste from the effête East, three thousand miles away, by his frantic parents, after the boy as assistant teller in the Merchants Bank had gambled two thousand dollars of the institution's money. To make this good, Morton Pere had hastily placed a mortgage on his corner grocery store, thus saving Charley a term in jail and the family name from disgrace. Then, with that fanatic faith and hope common to all parents, they had shipped Charley to his brother in the North, in the fond belief that a few years spent where no temptations could harass might bring him to the age of riper judgment, when he might once more with safety return to the places of crowded things.

Corporal Tenner Morton, being a good son, clean-living, and straight, and fonder of Charley than brothers sometimes are, had accepted the burden gladly. And, being a general favorite with all the community, it had required but little importuning on the part of the mounted policeman to place his brother as bookkeeper and general store assistant to Ginger Smith, a veteran trader of the northland. Smith ran a string of small trading-posts throughout the sur-

rounding territory with a headquarter one at Pelican. Finding his new assistant extremely competent, he had, for the past two months, left everything in Charley's hands at Pelican while he spent most of his time at the other points where his stores were situated and where business was alwas brisker with the deepening of winter.

This, while highly gratifying to Corporal Morton, had only increased his worry, for once again Charley, young of years, and childishly headstrong and reckless, was placed in control of a large sum of money for days and weeks at a time, and Pelican Settlement, wilderness spot though it was, was yet perhaps a more dangerous spot than even a great city to one possessed of the gambling mania which was the blight of the younger brother's life, for in the silent places time often hangs heavy on men's hands, and unafforded the same clean, sane and natural pastimes which civilization offers, those of weak wills and tendency to sinful traits, fall the more easily into the ungodly ways of drinking and high play at cards, as a manner of breaking the monotony which marks their days.

In Pelican lived Piano Jack, a disreputable character, and at the moment proprietor of the big cabin which Corporal Morton's eyes now rested upon. Within this cabin a card game went continually on. Here, too, Piano Jack sold whiskey, the same being forbidden north of fifty-three, but though Corporal Morton had twice raided the place in the past year, he had either come at the wrong time, or Piano's cache was too cleverly concealed, for never once had he found a drop of incriminating liquor on the premises. As for the card game, he was helpless; for regarding such a matter the Canadian law is intricate and in its ruling goes rather to help the gambler than the upholders of the law. Thus, while Morton knew that within Piano Jack's cabin there went on continually a card game—from which the proprietor derived a fat living in the form of "rake-off"—the mounted policeman knew that until such a time as he could induce two competent witnesses to swear to the existence of the "rake-off", it was useless to proceed against Piano. The mere fact that cards were played upon the premises did not constitute an offence against the law—the taking of a "rake-off" had to be proved by at least two witnesses, and so far Corporal Morton had been unable to find two men willing to play stool pigeon on Piano Jack. The gambler's continued operations grieved Morton, for, while he held no malice against the cabin's proprietor, Corporal Morton was a thorough policeman, holding duty first at all times. Too, with his brother Charley's arrival, Piano Jack's place became a spot with new and personal menace in the officer's eyes, standing as it did a continual temptation to the boy's gambling-loving nature.

As yet Corporal Morton had no proof his brother had ever entered Piano Jack's; several times late at night he had dropped down unexpectedly to Ginger Smith's store, always to find Charley at home in the little back room. Still, despite this evidence of good behavior, the Corporal was worried for he, being often away days at a time on patrol duty, Charley had ample opportunity to frequent Piano Jack's place without his knowledge.

So now to-night—though but a few hours before he had returned from a hard three-day trip — the Corporal was deserting the comfort of his warm room, book and pipe to satisfy himself again that Charley was all right.

Then, just as he went to step upon the trail, and while his eyes still lingered on the light shining from the cabin window of Piano Jack's, the gleam winked out. Almost with it came a revolver's detonation, the sound hollow and muffled, but still plainly audible to the alert policeman in that frosty air.

Every instinct of police nature aroused, Morton broke into a run. With half the distance still to cover he saw the light flare out once more;

but, the entrance door being on the side away from him, he could not see whether anyone left the building.

Fully conscious of the value of even seconds if a murder had been committed and the killer escaped, Morton ran his best, bringing up panting before the door. Not knowing what to expect he drew his gun, then, pulling the latch string, threw the door open and sprang into the room, covering its occupants as he did so.

His action was all quite unnecessary; and, seeing, Morton put away his gun, crossed the room to a round table near the farther side of which and standing a little back therefrom were half a dozen halfbreeds staring stolidly at two white men leaning over a still form on the floor in front of them.

As Morton came forward the white men rose, giving him full view of the fallen one. It was Piano Jack.

"Well?" Morton said, interrogatively eyeing the two.

Neither spoke for a moment, then, Dutch Webber, an independent trader said: "He's dead."

"Damn it, man, that's evident!" the policeman snapped angrily at the fatuity of the remark. "But how did it happen?"

Instead of replying, Webber turned his gaze upon the other white man, his partner, Durant, in his eyes a queerly fearful light. Following his glance, Corporal Morton fastened his eyes on Durant's face; but Durant too remained silent, dropping his head to avoid the look, and uneasily shuffling his feet.

Now thoroughly exasperated at this continued silence on the part of two men with whom he had been on the friendliest terms for years, the policeman said harshly: "If this is murder, and you are stalling to let the murderer get away, so help me, I'll arrest you as accessories, if you don't speak up."

But even this threat elicited no response. Furious, Morton turned his attention to the halfbreeds. "You—Johnny Boileau," he said, fiercely pointing a menacing finger at a swarthy youth, the most intelligent-appearing of the group—"tell me who shot Piano Jack?"

A moment the boy hesitated, his eyes dropping as Durant's had done. Then, suddenly brave, he blurted out: "Charley keel heem; your brudder Charley."

"Great God!" Very low, very hoarse, his tone like a stricken animal's cry, Morton breathed the words. He shrank a step back, and in the pained hush that followed the announcement there came floating through the open doorway the momentary ecstatic yelping whine of sleigh dogs when first taking to a trail.

At that sound, Morton's official self leaped back into active being. The personal equation of brotherly love, all ordinary feeling that had swayed him for the moment became secondary, without weight or power now to stem or stay his answering to the call of duty. He stood no longer individual, no longer as a distinct entity capable of controlling and guiding his actions along any personally desired groove in the scheme of things, but as the law incarnate, a man apart, different from all these others, a mere flesh and blood cog in a vast organization that, like a perfect machine, moved relentlessly, though without fear or favour, demanding always from each and every part of its human mechanism unswerving loyalty, unquestioning obedience, and prompt and unfailing action against all those who offended against its tenets and decrees.

So, after a moment, turning once more directly to the white men, Morton said: "Tell me about it, Durant—just as it happened."

"Well, all right." Durant replied, and plunged into the story: "Charley found Piano cheating. You see, the two of them been playing almost without a break for two days now, with Piano winning steady." He waved his hand to the pile of bills littered on one side of the table, and went on rapidly. "Dutch and me wasn't in it. We'd only dropped in a little before the shooting from our store, being kinda

interested in the game. You see, we was in it when it first started the night before; but them two, Piano and Charley, was like two strange bulldogs, eternally going after each other. They never give Dutch or I much play when we got a hand, just seemed to want to buck each other. You know how some fellows get in a poker game. So we just naturally dropped out. Well, when we come in to-night, I guess Charley was feeling pretty mean from the bad whiskey he'd drunk, not sleeping and always losing. They was setting opposite each other, and the breeds was standing a little back watching. They was playing stud. The two chairs Dutch and me had set in the night before was still in the same places, so we dropped into them, figuring maybe we'd take a hand after while, if they was agreeable. But they went right ahead never paying any attention to us, more'n to give a nod.

"Pretty soon after we come in they gets into an awful big pot—it's there on the table yet, must be over two thousand in it easy. With three cards showing, Charley has a pair of kings and an eight spot. Piano has got a four, an ace and queen. Well with three cards showing they raised back and forth right smart, fifty and a hundred at a clip. The reckless way Piano bets makes me think Piano has got an ace buried. I thought then maybe Charley had two pair; but, judging the play now, I guess Charley had been getting suspicious through the last few hours, and right here seen a chance to satisfy himself. Well, it's up to him again to bet. And he sticks in every last nickel, a little over four hundred bucks. Piano's dealing, and I seen him kinda glance down at the cards, an with his thumb he slipped the top card back ever so little, as though to make plumb certain what he expected was beneath it *was* there. Then he makes the last call. He did his thumb work awful smooth and quick. I don't think Charley seen him. Anyway, Piano sees the bet, but doesn't raise. Then he deals the last card, a deuce of spades to Charley an ace of clubs to himself. Of course, Charley having no more money, it's a show down. 'Wat you got?' said he. 'A pair of bulls,' says Piano turning his hole card up. It was a measly ten of spades.'" Durant stopped abruptly, eyed the Corporal searchingly as if to make sure of his hearer's understanding, then, concluded with righteous ire: "Well, you or I, or any other man that plays stud poker and is in his right mind, knows that there isn't a man in the world with only ace high in his hand is going to spend four hundred bucks for a last card chance of getting a ace, when the other man is already showing a pair of kings, with maybe another pair behind it. He might do it figuring the other fellow for only a pair of kings and with a chance to bluff it through afterwards in case the last card wasn't a ace. But with Charley setting in his last dime before that, the only thing Piano could get was a show down, all of which must have cinched Charley's suspicions that had been growing maybe for hours, that Piano knew the backs of them cards pretty near as good as the front.

"'You win,' Charley says, very quiet, 'all I got's kings,' and he shoves back his chair. 'But you lose,' he adds and laughs kinda queer. I looked at him sharp, and his face was strange like a man gone mad for a minute. Then his hand went down as he half riz up—Piano seen the move and his face went white, for gun play wasn't in his line. But though I hollered to him to duck, the fool riz up, shoving back his chair. Just then Dutch—he's sitting right next the big lamp—sees a chance yet to spoil the play, an blows the glim. But the kid still shot, and even the dark didn't spoil his aim. Piano's plunked right through the heart. And — well, you know the rest." Durant caught his breath, then added deprecatingly: "Of course, he oughtn't to have done it; but, what with being full of bad whiskey, and madder'n hell, there's some excuse. Piano wasn't much account anyway.

and Charley's such a kid, you ought to make allowances for that. We could make it suicide if you say so, couldn't we, Dutch?" he finished, winking humorously at his partner. Dutch nodded eager, vigorous assent.

Morton shook his head, and moving over to the table, gathered quickly the cluttered bills. Methodically he counted them, made note of the amount in his book, dropped them into his pocket, then turned once more to the waiting men. "You can take care of the body; there'll have to be an inquest sometime later to conform to the law." He wheeled about sharply, went out into the night, and toward his cabin, there to make ready for the stern hardships of a winter chase.

Even an inexperienced man may travel in the winter northland provided he has food and proper clothes; but he will not cover ground so quickly as one learned in the ways of the trail, and the superior handling of that most temperamental of all beasts, the northern sleigh dog.

Thus early on the third afternoon after leaving Pelican, Corporal Morton, driving his three splendid police huskies judged from the trail he followed that Charley was only a matter of some two or three hours ahead. What puzzled the policeman was the oddness of his brother's actions. Out of Pelican Charley had driven north straight down the river. Then, when halfway to Old House, some sixty miles farther on, he had left the ice and turned east for a day, then south —a direction which would bring him out to civilization near Northtown city, some three hundred miles away. And the Corporal knew that this route could not be chosen through ignorance, for, with Ginger Smith, Charley had made several trips in the district, and so now must know that the way he was trending would bring him out to civilization. Too, though Charley drove five dogs, the Corporal had overtaken him even more rapidly than the boy's trail inexperience warranted. In fact, in the past two days the Corporal had noted many things that pointed to an entire lack of haste on the part of the fleeing one; an action that led to only one conclusion: Charley did not expect pursuit.

It was nearly five o'clock and the early falling dusk of the northern winter regions had begun to turn to soft dark when Corporal Morton brought his dogs to a halt upon the top of a fairly high ridge.

He was travelling through a rolling, lightly timbered country. Now ahead, through the dark, the tiny flare of a fire twinkled up at him from the bottom of a little draw perhaps a quarter of a mile farther on, where another small coulee met the valley of the ridge upon which he now stood.

Quickly he turned the dogs loose from the toboggan, set it against a tree, hung the harness high out of their reach and threw them their feed. Then he slipped off along the ridge top toward where the flame of the campfire glowed like a tiny beacon through the night from the coulee bottom below.

The snowfall had been particularly light, and Morton moved carefully forward, reaching a point on the ridge directly above the camp he went creeping soundlessly down through the trees until he was within a dozen yards of it.

Charley, supper over, was lying on his blankets before the fire smoking, his back toward the approaching man. Foot by foot, feeling out every step to avoid the snapping underfoot of hidden twigs, the policeman came on stealthily, cat-like, at last swinging out from behind a tree not ten feet from where his brother lay.

"I got you covered, Charley," he called sharply, "don't try to draw!"

His fears were needless, for at the sound of his voice the reclining youth turned over to face him with a look startled, that quickly gave place to unbelieving wonder. Then as the corporal reached his side and stood staring down at him, the boy found his tongue to gasp in tone still questioning and unbelieving: "Why, what do you mean?"

"I've come to take you back to stand trial for shooting Piano Jack."

"You've come to take *me* back!" He spoke as one suddenly hearing the unbelievable.

"Of course; what did you think?" This with sad grimness.

A grieved look came into the boy's eyes. He drew himself up to a sitting position, raised his effeminate face, a little rough now from five days' growth of beard, and, gazing up with almost petulant air, replied: "What did I expect?—Why, that you'd hush it up—a perfectly natural feeling, wasn't it, considering our relationship?" He smiled tolerantly, and his weak face, that of a thoughtless, headstrong and selfish child, grew almost insolent with the sureness he felt at changing the other's resolution.

But to his astonishment the Corporal shook his head. "I got to do my duty," he said, very simply; and there was a queer huskiness now in his voice.

Like a rat at bay, the boy's whole demeanour changed. "Duty!" he hurled out the word with scornful bitterness. "Does your oath of office take the place of greater things? Would you sacrifice me to official tradition?" Under the sway of varied emotions of scorn and fear, his voice rose a shrill treble, almost girlish, grotesque, a mingling of whining appeal and growing contempt.

With eyes now dumb, but unflinching, steady, the Corporal gazed. How like Charley, he thought, to wax theatrical and fine of phrase in this hour of extremity. How often as children together this boy had won his childish way by action similar. But coldly now he said: "I've got to do my duty. It's greater than you or I."

At this, the hope, still faintly lingering in the boy's eyes went out. His features, almost womanish in their fineness, became distorted into the twisted mass of a raging child, a mad fury at disappointment at failure where an easy victory had been expected. Then, all hope gone, but still true to the feminine streak in his queerly complex nature he flung out tauntingly: "I'd hate to be you—I'd hate to have your soul. Nothing counts with you—ties of blood, family name — you'd even break your mother's—" he stopped short, startled, surprised; for at this last word his brother recoiled, his gun went down, while there came to his eyes a strange new light.

Always from that first moment he had taken up his brother's trail until now, the long ruling official part of self had been uppermost within him. It had conquered his personal feeling; triumphed over his brotherly love for Charley. But never once in all that time had his thoughts gone farther—through those last long hours of torture, as he followed the trail, he had dwelt upon the crime only as related to himself and Charley, to the exclusion of those distant ones; a peculiar single point of view that had marked his psychological workings all through life.

But now, with the boy's last uttered words striking like a blow in the face, all in a moment he was no longer the officer or the brother with single point of view, but a man fired with the realization that upon him a greater duty lay.

Impulsively he threw his gun away. "Yes; boy, you're right—a mother's heart is too precious a thing to break, even for the sake of duty." He walked over to the fire, now but glowing embers from inattention, and stood for a long moment thinking. At last he came back again to the boy still seated upon his blanket, stopped before him to remark shortly: "Tomorrow you be on your way to the outside, and go home—surely now you'll be good."

"And you?" Charley's voice was interestedly questioning.

"I'm going back to turn in a report of suicide on Piano Jack. The boys are pretty good friends of mine; they already offered to do this; they'll see me through on it now. And then," his voice was suddenly listless, "I'll resign. I couldn't go on upholding a law that I myself had broken."

BELLA MATRIBUS DETESTATA

From the Plaster cast by
A. Laliberté.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

THE VALLEY OF OBLIVION

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHARDT

"SHE was a dear," Mrs Osborne said, dealing the cards with a twist of deft white wrists, "but so casual about her clothes. The artistic instinct, I suppose. All the Nettletons are dowdy. I met her at Capri, before the return of the Prodigal Husband, and she looked like an Englishwomen en tour, which is the last word. But the whole story is thrilling and unusual, and Olive Nettleton was faithful enough to deserve to be happy. It is over to you, Caroline."

The girl across looked at her cards languidly. She was a very slender girl, with level brows and a direct gaze. She named a trump at random, and put down her cards with a little sigh of relief. Past Mrs. Osborne's carefully *coifed* head, past Leila Dixon's satirical smile when she saw the exposed cards, she looked through the long French window to where the passing clouds cast their shadows on the hills, and down in the valley a loaded hay wagon creaked along the road.

Up here on the hill-top there was little enough air stirring. The card table had been moved to the music-room for coolness; and in the shadows of the alcove beyond a man in white flannels picked querulously at a guitar, striking an occasional impatient note on the piano as a guide. His eyes sought the girl persistently. Mrs. Baxter, a languid shadow of some brilliant and devastating yesterday, had been "sitting-out" the rubber. She picked up her heavy jeweled purse and trailed toward the man in the shadows.

"It is profanation to gamble or to gambol—in a room like this," she said, looking down the length of the music-room to where a sudden buzz of conversation showed the end of the rubber. "A music-room without music is a body without a soul. I feel as though I am being facetious in the presence of a corpse."

"It is pretty bad, isn't it?" Osborne Kingsley said idly, watching Caroline Summers's white-clad figure as she rose and went to the window. "The solemnity of those marble heads, and that funereal procession of black chairs against the wall—four chairs and Brahms, four more and Chopin, four more and Liszt."

"High against the wall, with all their poor weaknesses written in their marble faces for the ages to see, instead of being allowed to rot respectably in their graves. Ah, me. And speaking of marble, how do you progress with Caroline?"

"I hardly see——" he began rather stiffly.

Mrs. Baxter laughed. "Caroline is a husk," she declared. "She's a sort of frozen fire, King. Whatever happened to that man—a year ago, wasn't it?—whether he died or was kidnapped or voluntarily effaced himself, everything that was worth having in Caroline Summers went with him."

"Think of it," Mrs. Baxter persisted. "The bridesmaids and men, the bishop, everybody—well, 'Waiting at the Church!' Bella Severance was there, and she said she never put in such a half-hour. Mrs. Summers in hysterics. Every one but Caroline sure he had funked it at the last minute."

The man rose suddenly and the guitar sent a sharp discordant jangle of piano keys through the room.

"I would like to shoot him—for her," he said.

Mrs. Baxter smiled. "Don't threaten," she observed drily. "You might happen to run across him, you know. Look at the Nettletons! Greg Nettleton is lost in New York, searched for from Alaska to Brazil, and is picked up in Rome, looking as if riotous living agreed with him. Oh, it's a mean little world after all, King, and it shrinks every year. Look how the splendid isolation of twenty gives place to the rubbing of elbows of sixty."

"And from that"—King caught her mood—"it is the merest step to the funeral urn of seventy, I suppose. Jolly, aren't we, this afternoon.

"I cannot think of you matrimonially, King," said Mrs. Baxter. "What kind of a husband will you be? Will you be like the rest, or—will you be as you are now, just a little different?"

"I will love and honour the woman I marry," he said stiffly.

"And marry a woman you love and honour! But you will be a loving husband, King, and the marriage will be most successful, because in every happy marriage there is one who cares, and one who does not care—so much."

"And I will be——"

"The one who cares."

Tea had come in, but no one wanted tea. There were decanters and tall glasses and ice, and the bridge game had given way to scraps of gossip. Mrs. Baxter got up and walked slowly down the room. Near the table she turned.

"Caroline is on the veranda, King," she called back. "I am sure she wants her tea."

"Caroline is hopelessly temperate," Mrs. Osborne sighed as she put in the cream. "I do not know whether I am wicked or merely self-indulgent; although I suppose we are always self-indulgent when we are wicked."

"I don't agree with you," Leila Dixon said acidly. "I think it is a lot of trouble to do what we ought not to do."

"You would, naturally," agreed Mrs. Baxter, nibbling at a stalk of mint. During the ominous pause that followed, the small woman in blue, who had made the fourth at the table, took up the thread of conversation.

"We were talking about Olive Nettleton——" she began, but Mrs. Baxter raised a warning, slender forefinger.

"No scandal until King gets out," she objected. "He has not yet learned that our feminine gossip is precisely the same as his masculine sense of humour—both treat of the other person's misfortunes. Only we take seriously what men treat as a joke."

Outside on the wide stone veranda Caroline was standing with her slender arms behind her, erect, poised, outwardly cold and self-contained. If the question in her eyes was almost an appeal, as she stood there alone—if there was tragedy in the corners of her mouth, there was an instant relaxation when she heard King's step behind her.

"The mater sent out some tea," he said, "and she says you look tired and are to be sure to drink it. If you don't care about it, I can pour it over the rail. Shall I trouble you if I stay here?"

"You are a friendly light chasing away shadows," she said slowly. Kingsley stood by, made absorbedly self-conscious by the unexpected reference to what was always in his mind. The girl sipped her tea slowly, looking down the straight path with its flounting borders to where the pergola, wreathed with trumpet vine and creeper, framed the valley below.

"Dear hollyhocks and four o'clocks," she rhymed, "and the lady slippers and larkspur, and salvia—each one as prim and spruce and bright as a little New England lady in her Sunday gown. Do you know," she said whimsically, "I am an

anachronism. I am not a Californian, King; not a truly bred-in-the-bone one at all. I belong here in the East, I am sure. I have the Puritan conscience."

"Then I like the Puritan conscience," he said, smiling at her.

Some one's voice was raised in the music-room.

"Four years missing, my dear," the voice said, "and Olive Nettleton wandering over the continent, looking into people's faces on the street, everywhere; Rome, St. Petersburg, Cairo! Oh, it was creepy!"

"Well, it is Olive's affair," Mrs. Osborne's comfortable voice put in, "and they seem to be beginning things all over again. But suppose she had married again!"

"Olive had the Puritan conscience," came Leila Dixon's thin, clear voice. "She would never have married again, unless she had known he was dead."

Caroline had been listening, her head slightly bent. Now she looked up suddenly at the man beside her.

"I wonder if you understand King?" she said. "It's psychology, I suppose; the problem of a small soul, at that. But—I am like that—woman they are speaking of."

Kingsley took the cup and saucer from her and put it carefully on the rail. Then he sat down somewhat awkwardly beside her.

"I'm glad you've given me a chance to speak," he said. "I'm not very agile mentally, and I can't fence with shadows. But I think I know how you feel. It's the not knowing how or why—it's a sort of wound to your pride that won't heal. Don't tell me you still love him. I don't believe it. I don't want to be brutal, but people don't love the dead; they remember them—you know that, Caroline—and everything I know of that awful time points to the one thing."

"That he is dead!" she breathed. "But—I want to know; I'm like my old nurse at home, when her boy was drowned. She didn't cry; she just stood by the river bank and waited, day and night, until they found him. And then she cried, and they knew her mind was saved."

King leaned over and took one of her cold hands between his warm, brown ones.

"You said a little while ago that I drove away the shadows," he said earnestly. "Caroline, can't we face this thing together? I love you—God knows. I don't want to divide you with any one, not even a memory; but it's come to the point where I'm almost ready to throw myself on your pity. Caroline, let me drive the shadows away, always."

The girl dropped her chin into her two palms and stared frowningly ahead.

"You are like him," she said at last, "and he loved me, too. Oh, yes, whatever people may think, nothing can take that away from me. He loved me, King; and what if he should come back and find that I have not been faithful? In there"—she nodded toward the house—"they have been talking of some woman who haunted the continent, looking into the faces of the people she met. I sit here and look out over the hills, and I say, 'Which way? Which way?'"

The young man had folded his arms, and leaning back he, too, gazed over the hills. He was baffled, discouraged, but not beaten. "If you cared for him, Caroline," he said, after a silence, "he was not a scoundrel. I accept that as I accept the ghost that stands between us. But suppose I can lay the ghost? Would there be a chance for me?"

"Could you save my faith?" she asked sharply, turning to him.

"I will try," he pleaded solemnly.

Mrs. Baxter came languidly to the window and held the curtain aside with a sweeping gesture.

"Dear me, how intense you look!" she mocked. "Caroline, you have lost thirty dollars, and Carrie Osborne says your last make surely lost the rubber."

"I am coming in," the girl said wearily, and rose. Mrs. Baxter looked past her at King's face.

"Don't come," she said more gently. "I'll take it in for you. Sit down like a good girl and make that gloomy person beside you happy."

As Caroline opened her gold purse, something dropped to the floor and rolled under a chair. With a little cry the girl picked it up and clutched it jealously. Mrs. Baxter's smile was inscrutable as she turned back into the room, and through the open window came again the voice of the little woman in blue. Not a word was lost to the two on the veranda, who listened because they must.

"I shall always call it the greatest event I ever lived through," she said, "and when you remember that I was only an onlooker, you can understand the emotional pitch. Here was poor Olive Nettleton, in the heaviest kind of crêpe, rushing all over Europe after exhausting America, looking for a husband who had absolutely dropped out of existence, without leaving a trace. You know what Olive is, very much like Caroline Summers"—she dropped her voice a little—"very. Well-poised and self-reliant, so you can only guess what she feels. There must have been lots of rows when Olive's emotional temperament tried to climb the fence of her hereditary conscience. You know Cassidy, the Irish artist, who tried to make her marry him, whether poor Nettleton was dead or not? Well, she stuck it out and was faithful, and lost her good looks, partly, and all her cheeriness—an attractive woman trying to be faithful to a memory has a hard time, anyhow.

"Olive had been touring the Riviera in a car, and Adelaide and I were to meet her at the Grand Hotel in Rome. The day before she was due there came a cablegram for Olive, and Adelaide opened it, for fear it was urgent. Adelaide read it and fell back in a chair, and it was a full minute before she rallied enough to give it to me. It said: 'Sailing next steamer. Explain everything. Love,' and was signed Gregory Nettleton. My dears, if Greg Nettleton had risen out of his grave and fired his headstone at me, I should not have been more shocked."

As the voice paused for greater effect, Caroline turned to King. "You see, he came back," she said.

"Olive stayed longer at Naples than she meant to, and it was not until the day Greg was due that she came to Rome. Adelaide and I had talked all week of how to break it to her best, and Adelaide, who has more diplomacy than I have, suggested we work her up to it gradually—telling her first that there was news, and then, while Olive was thinking it was Helen—that's the child, you know—and that maybe she was dying, then we could spring Greg's cablegram, working her through one emotional climax to another.

"But you can't do those things by rule. Just as Olive drew up at the Grand Hotel in her muddy car, with her face perfectly covered with dust and her hat on one side, of course, a carriage dashed up and Greg Nettleton jumped out. What did they do? My dears, it was the most disappointing thing I ever heard of. She didn't even faint. I think she had felt all along that some time she would meet him face to face, just as she did. In that instant she lost the queer, questioning look she had had for so long, and when she found Greg had little Helen in the carriage, she was illuminated! So Adelaide and I missed it after all. But we went around with Olive and helped her get some respectable gowns and sell her crêpe."

"What an alluring story!" Mrs. Baxter said lightly. "And how did handsome Greg account for his four years' defection?"

The lady in blue hesitated.

"Well, he did explain," she said apologetically, "but it was not what a more worldly woman would have called an explanation. He said he had lost four years, that was all; dropped them out of his life. That the last he remembered was of walking across

the links at the Country Club with a caddie and a bunch of clubs. You know that's where he was last seen. And the next thing he knew he was on a train in California, with his mustache gone and a ticket for Los Angeles in his pocket. And it was four years later."

"All the women loved Greg Nettleton," commented Mrs. Baxter, with a drawl. "It would be interesting to know if he had married in the interval."

"There *was* something queer," confided the narrator. "He was sitting with little Helen on his knee, and Olive beside him—he wouldn't let her move out of his sight—when he showed it to me. He gave it to Helen to play with while he told us, and it seemed incongruous, somehow. It seemed that he found on his finger one of those heavy old Egyptian rings with a dull red stone sunk in it, and a 'C' cut into the stone. It was strange to know that he didn't remember at all where he got it."

The girl on the veranda had sat through it all, and King had lost no single expression on her face. She sat quite still after the story was finished, then she turned to him suddenly and held out the hand that had been closed. On its palm lay a heavy gold ring of Egyptian workmanship with a dull red stone sunk into the metal.

In an instant something had gone out of the girl's face, and her mouth had lost its tragedy of uncertainty.

"I—have buried my dead, King," she said at last.

THAT YOU DIED FOR DREAMS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

YOU'RE quiet, forgetful of the blind disaster
That laid you here. You're quiet. Shall I tell, then,
At Whose word you went out saying, "O Master!"
And with what strange beauty your dying blessed your men?

You're quiet, oh, so still and pale and quiet!
You who were ruddy, and the quickest, and so strong;
I shall tell them, I think, after this riot,
That you died for dreams because the world is wrong.

THE GERMAN LOYALIST IN UPPER CANADA

BY LORNE A. PIERCE

IN order to appreciate the advent of the German branch of the Loyalist settlers in Upper Canada, one must go back to the year 1661, when Louis XIV became master of France. At last he could truthfully boast "L'etat; c'est moi!" His bigotry, narrow-mindedness, commonplace arrogance, his insane and insatiable vanity knew no limits. At once he set himself to raze everything that challenged his supremacy and destroy everything that did not contribute to his glory. He must accomplish the suppression of Spain, secure the succession to the Spanish throne for a French princeling-parasite, seize the provinces of Castille and Aragon besides the great possessions in the New World. But this was not enough. The Treaty of Breda gave him the opportunity for which he had longed and of which he fully availed himself in 1667. His preparations were minute, his thrust sudden and unexpected and his success complete. But his spectacular progress produced other results. The appearance of his victorious legions on the Rhine caused consternation and panic in parochial and lethargic England. Charles forgot his vanities for his own security, and hastily consummated with Protestant Holland and Sweden a Triple Alliance designated to curb and humiliate Louis of France.

About this time there came out of Holland a mere youth, yet a shrewd observer of men and movements and an honour graduate in the school of practical experience. He was not brilliant but he possessed a genius for painstaking perseverance. He was not spectacular but he was dauntless. Moreover he was endowed with a genius for defeat. From this rare faculty he extracted his most enduring victories. And above all, he was a nobleman (of the old school) a seer and a born statesman. William, Prince of Orange, was destined to be the undoing of the presumptuous Louis Quatorze. He was largely instrumental in forming the Treaty of Nimeguen (1678), with Louis, but while this restrained the grasping monarch, it still left France dominant. Louis's arrogance was still colossal and unbounded. The peace meant nothing more to him than an opportunity for studied insult and swaggering braggadocio. Lorraine was subjugated, Genoa bombarded, the Pope humiliated, the imperial fiefs in Elsaas seized and the Huguenots persecuted.

Treaties could not eradicate from the ambitious mind of Louis his dream of making the Rhine the Eastern boundary of France. To this end he compelled the people to work and save, declaring that the last louis d'or would tip the scale of victory in the favour of France. To this end he also raised, equipped and provisioned an army variously estimated between two hundred thousand and half a million. He also built a fleet that

could challenge the naval forces of Holland and England. And being mediocre himself he gathered around his person able advisers, shrewd and capable statesmen, and trained, expert generalship. One of his generals, Turrene, laid waste the Palatinate, which Louis immediately claimed for his brother Philip.

The Palatinate was independent, proud and prosperous. Its capital was Heidelberg, citadel of learning. Mannheim and Worms were among its cities. The Palatines could boast with justice that they were citizens of no mean State. And besides, being in close proximity to Witemburg and Geneva the influence of Calvin and Luther made a marked impression on its people. They espoused the cause of the Reformation, embraced the new faith, and championed religious tolerance, freedom of thought and utterance and non-conformity in all its forms. The Electors of the Palatinate were fearless champions of Protestantism, the single exception being John William, and his attempt in 1690 to urge a return to the old faith ended disastrously for himself. The Palatinate continued solidly and stubbornly Protestant.

In 1686 the princes of Germany bound themselves together against Louis in the League of Augsburg. The soul of this movement was Prince William of Orange. His ambition was to consolidate Protestant Holland, Germany and the Palatinate against the aggression of the Roman Catholic French monarch. England was indifferent, besides the sympathies of the King of England were with Louis. Louis's reply to the presumption of the League was to again over-run Protestant Palatine under the pretext of punishing them for their open hospitality towards the French Protestants who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Prince and peasant, statesman and vine-dresser suffered alike. Many perished, but, as Macaulay has said: "Enough survived to fill Europe with beggars who had once been prosperous shop-keepers and farmers."

Terrible as had been the blow to the Palatinate it proved to be, ultimately, the means of their deliverance. The rumoured birth of a son and heir to James of England was only too true. This infant Prince of Wales sealed the doom of the Stuarts and finally of Louis in France. The rule of James had been intolerable to conscientious Catholic and Protestant alike. Parliament had been insulted, the people systematically plundered, justice raped, learning prostituted and the royal palace made a reeking nest of bastard aristocracy, scheming Jesuitry and fawning, vascillating, arrogant misgovernment. James produced proof of the legitimacy of his heir. England saw in him the perpetuation of all the loathsome and hateful régime of his father, and secretly the Protestant Lords sent an invitation to the Prince of Orange, urging him to intervene and save England. William accepted and hastened to make the necessary preparations.

Just then the impending storm breaks in Europe. France attacks. Here Louis made the great error of his life. He directs his operations first against Protestant Germany and not Holland, leaving William free to cross to England, an event fraught with grave consequences for the ambitious Louis. William anchors on the fifth of November in Torbay with thirteen thousand men. The Protestant Lords rally all England to his banners. The King's army scatters from Salisbury without giving battle. William's triumph is instant and complete. James is openly assisted to escape and embarks December the twenty-third for France. By the Declaration of Rights in Whitehall February the thirteenth, 1689, William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, were declared King and Queen of England.

In the meantime Louis completed the capture of the whole country west of the Rhine. His armies overran the Palatinate and penetrated as far as

Witemburg. But James's arrival caused the invader to fall back on a war of defense. Brutal and inhuman were the ravages perpetrated in his retreat from the Rhine. The Palatinate was again turned into a desert and a smoking ruin. The palace of the Elector of Heidelberg was sacked and the venerable tombs of the emperors at Speyer mutilated and outraged.

William became firmly established in England. Trained on the battlefields of Europe, he perfected the power that was eventually to emancipate that Europe from the impudent serfdom of Louis, sweep the fleets of France from the seas and scatter the enemies of England where ever they were found. It is true that during the wars of the Spanish Succession the Palatinate was again invaded and spoliated, but the great Marlborough showed that France was not invincible. He made England a name to conjure with. Culprit kings quaked at the thought of an indignant England. He caused the oppressed of every nation, and harassed of every colour, the distressed of every cult and creed to feel that they had an asylum of hope and a refuge in Mother England. During his time the Naturalization Act was passed, promising a home in England or her colonies to refugees from France or any other country where life was made intolerable, guaranteeing not only protection of their life and property but safeguarding their civil and religious liberty as well.

The spring of 1708 saw the first fruits of the act, fifty-two Palatines led by their Lutheran minister, Joshua Kockerthall, land in England. They at once petitioned to be sent to America, the Mecca of colonists, adventurers and traders. Each settlement in the New World was inspired and promoted by impulses widely variant from the others. While some indeed seemed identical in that their raison d'etre was a desire to escape from religious or political persecution or to better their material conditions, yet there were great differences of another nature. The settlements were divided by many years in point of time. The lands from which the settlers originally haled were widely separated and widely variant. They were of a different race, worshipped at other shrines, possessed political ideals that were diametrically opposite and expanded and developed according to their own inherent genius. The English Protestants located in Massachusetts and Virginia, the Dutch in New York. The continental catholics settled in Maryland and the Germans in Pennsylvania. Consequently the Board of Trade recommended "that they be settled on the Hudson River in the Province of New York, where they may be useful, particularly in the production of naval stores and as a frontier against the French and Indians". They were accordingly sent out under Lord Lovelace, Governor of New York, given agricultural employment, and located on Quassaick Creek where Newburgh now stands, so named after the then reigning house of the Palatinate.

About the month of May, in the following year (1709), the highways from the Rhine to Rotterdam swarmed with eager hordes of pilgrims on their way to London and to liberty. The hospitality of the people of Rotterdam was severely tried by this vast army of voluntary exiles. The British ministry had committed itself in legislation, it was now compelled to put this proferred hospitality into effect. Therefore they consented to receive 5,000 and provide transportation for them. But by June of the same year the 5,000 had become 7,000! Queen Anne and her government became gravely concerned. The stream of pilgrims flowed on with a suggestion of endlessness. Nothing could stop them. They were an army of indomitable and optimistic Calebs and Joshuas. Agents were hurriedly despatched through Holland, sent up the Rhine and even rushed to the court of Elector John William of the Pala-

tinate in a wild but futile attempt to stay the flood-tide bearing Eastward. By October there were 15,000 in England.

What was to be done? They were no ghost army, no phantom troopers to be banished with an august wave of the hand, a petulant gesture, but a tangible, palpable and a disquieting fact. Hundreds and thousands of facts, hungry too and without clothes and shelter. Their general misery and helplessness, and the fact that they were from the Palatinate, and therefore staunchly and notoriously Protestant moved the "Good Queen Anne" with tender sympathy and compassionate humanity. She was not alone in her charitable resolve. Behind her stood the mighty and unconquerable Marlborough, the polished and gallant statesman Sutherland, and the tolerant and courageous churchman Gilbert Burnet, Lord Bishop of Salisbury. Each pilgrim from the Palatinate was to receive a daily allowance in money of nine pence, not much, it is true, but yet adequate for their few simple necessities. Besides this the Queen ordered army tents from the Tower, and set aside all government warehouses not in use to shelter them from the inclemencies of the English autumn until more permanent arrangements could be devised.

Finally it was decided by the Board of Trade that some should be settled within the United Kingdom. To this end £5 for each immigrant was offered to those parishes who would receive and settle them. Some became finally absorbed in this manner and proved clever craftsmen and worthy citizens. But, as was to be expected, the lives of many were made intolerable once the government largess had been received, so once again they were compelled to plod the weary way back to Blackheath. Numerous schemes were attempted to dispose of them. About 4,000 settled on farms in Munster and became efficient and wealthy. The Carolinas, partially colonized by French Huguenots, absorbed about 100 families. Another futile attempt was made to settle 600 on Scilly Island, the experiment costing about $7,000,000. A contract to place 500 on the Barbados evidently got no further than the speculative stage. About 750 were repatriated, several hundreds enlisted in the British army and Death, that tireless reaper, claimed about 1,000.

Deliverance came from a totally unexpected quarter. Peter Schuyler and Col. Nicholson were on a mission to the Court of St. James with four Mohawk chieftains. During their stay they were taken to Blackheath to see the strange people that had migrated there, the unhappy colony being regarded as one of the "sights". Their wretchedness prompted the Mohawk braves to offer the Palatines homes and lands in hospitable America, and to render their promise practical and effective they give Queen Anne a really royal grant of land on the Schoharie. In the month of March, 1710, Governor Robert Hunter set sail with ten ships and about 3,500 Palatines for America. Nine of these reached New York in June and July. One ship, "The Spectre Ship" or "The Palatine Ship" was lost on the Long Island coast, its fate being shrouded in mystery.

The Schoharie "reserve" is, therefore, the original colony from which the German loyalists of Canada came. Miscellaneous additions were made up till the end of the War of Independence, but they were infrequent, and of an entirely individual character. It must be remembered further that these Palatines are not to be confused with the colony brought out in the *New Netherland* by Skipper Cornelis Jacobs of Hoorn, "mostly of Walloons" and landed on Castle Island and the island of Manhates (New York). Those who survived the ocean voyage were housed on Nuttan Island for half a year while farms were being marked off for them and surveyed. In the meantime a great many of the orphan children found employment in New York.

Misfortunte and disappointment awaited the remainder. Governor Hunter purchased 6,000 acres of land east of the Hudson River and placed many of the refugees there to manufacture pine tar for the British navy. Some occupied the huts that were hastily constructed and commenced work. Many enlisted in the ill-fated expedition of Sir Hovenden Walker against the French in Canada. As the summer wore on the workers grew discontented. Many threw up the pine tar business. They had been for generations men of the soil and they wanted farms of their own. They were ill fed, scantily clothed and poorly paid. The Governor temporarily pacified and intimidated them, but the power to spell-bind soon forsook him. The whole venture failed, the tar project was abandoned and the unhappy Palatines once more left to drift and shift for themselves. Some sought employment with New York and New Jersey farmers. Some few remained on the Hudson River estate. About three dozen families moved south and founded the town of Rhinebeck. Others still moved to the estate on the west bank of the Hudson. But by far the largest number defied the order disallowing them, on pain of being treated as deserters, to leave the province, and dispatched seven deputies to report on the lands of the Schoharie granted to their people by the Queen. A small party sets out in the winter of 1712-1713, the heralds and forerunners. The hardships and privations they experienced were unknown even in the Palatinate. The Dutch befriended them and the Indians taught them how to live in the wilds, to protect themselves against the bitter weather, wild beasts and discover food in unsuspected places. The spring saw about 100 more families arrive. But the Governor forbade them to settle and the great landowners denied them farms, and so began a struggle, bitter and intense, that lasted for upwards of a decade. Some bought farms, others became tenants and the rest moved to Mohawk lands. Here for almost half a century they lived peacefully. The desert blossomed as the rose. The lands they chose were the fairest and most fertile in all the Mohawk Valley, and under their thrift and indomitable perseverance the fields that gently sloped to the Hudson soon resembled the smiling gardens among the vine-clad cottages in the old Fatherland on the Rhine.

Other immigrants came to America from Germany but the unsavoury history of the New York Colony prompted them to seek homes elsewhere. It is due to the enterprise of Governor William Keith of Pennsylvania that his province became the haven of hordes of prosperous Palatines. While attending a council of Indians in 1772 at Albany he was struck with the misery and discontent of the German colonists and offered them all "freedom and justice" in his province. We are told that about two-thirds accepted. At last they were happy, and it is cause for no surprise that when the War of Independence broke out three years later that the Palatines of Pennsylvania, about 200,000 strong and almost one half the population, either took arms with the rebels or else remained coldly neutral. However, many years later, hundreds of Germans, who had grown tired of republican government, emigrated to Upper Canada there to enjoy again British institutions, dwelling chiefly in the vicinity of fortified posts on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

But what of those that remained? The great final struggle that had been brewing between ambitious France and anxious and jealous England finally broke upon Europe in all its fury. In November, 1757, Belletre with a mob of drunken and infuriated French and Indians swept down the valley of the Hudson and only those who crossed to the south and entered the fort escaped with their lives. But every building was burned, forty were killed and more than 1,000 taken as hostages. Next year the south side met the same fate, with the exception

that there was greater material damage and less loss of life. The English alliance with the Indians and also the Palatines as fostered by Sir William Johnson, a man of exceptional astuteness and farsightedness, turned the scale in favour of England. It is true that the Germans were somewhat divided, but it is also true that the majority remained loyal, and this in spite of a concerted effort on the part of France for years to disrupt those settlements favourable to England, by seditious rumours of every kind. French officers, flushed with wine, had openly declared that though the English were in a great majority, they were too slow and that they (the French) intended to take the Ohio Valley and "by God to keep it".

France received her answer in September, 1759, when General James Wolfe wrested Quebec from The Sieur de Montcalm. "Egad, they give way everywhere!" Parkman, speaking of the victory says: "With it began a new chapter in the annals of the world." Green, in his "History of the English People" affirmed—"with the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States." John Fiske wrote that "the triumph of Wolfe marks the greatest turning point as yet discovered in modern history". This importance was due to the fact that the brilliant coup d'etat decided forever for North America that her civilization should be English rather than French.

For a decade afterwards the Palatines enjoyed peace. December, 1775, saw the hostilities renewed against them. Philip Schuyler with 4,000 New England troops descended upon them to seize their arms and demand from them assurances of strict neutrality. Everything asked for was granted, but to make the pledge still more binding numerous hostages were carried off to Connecticut. However in spite of this, on a mere pretext, the soldiers fell upon the defenseless colonists and plundered and ravaged everywhere. Even the vault containing the remains of Governor Sir William Johnson was violated and the leaden casket melted and cast into bullets. Schuyler received the approbation of Congress for his "gallant" conduct. Insults, violations, raids, outrages of every kind and intensity now became common and even habitual. Only one thing was left to be done, flight, and that without any delay. Sir John Johnson heard of the new indignities that were in store.

Hurriedly burying his private papers and trusting his treasure to a faithful negro slave, he mustered 200 friends and followers and hastily departed, by a secret route for Montreal. After suffering untold agony from hunger, and exposure, many falling from sheer exhaustion, they reached the city the next day after it had been entered by Sir Guy Carleton on the heels of the rebels. Caughnawaga Indian scouts were immediately sent out to rescue those who had fallen en route, and also to the Mohawk to escort other malcontents and loyalists to British posts.

Sir John Johnson, son and heir of the great Sir William, on July 7th was granted the privilege of recruiting a battalion among his followers and the Loyalists around Johnstown on the Mohawk. The battalion was called "The King's Royal Regiment of New York" or "The Royal Yorkers" or "Royal Greens". In the fall the battalion was complete. Yet another was formed in 1780. The majority of these regiments were, strangely enough, Palatines, who, though they had felt the rigour of war and bivouac yet had no military training. There were many Palatines too in Butler's "Rangers". It is not known how many died in the various campaigns of the six gruelling years of border warfare, in the numerous perilous enterprises of the "Royal Yorkers", or how many died from exposure in prison or were executed by the foe. The number must have been great. When peace at last settled over the land again a thousand or more of German Loyalists from these

various units settled in eastern Ontario.

The government in Canada set about almost immediately to make proper provision for these Palatine Loyalists to the British Crown. In the spring of 1784 the regiments were broken up and settled along the St. Lawrence River from Glengarry to the Bay of Quinte. The Highland Scotch Roman Catholics were placed farthest east by their French co-religionists, then the Scotch Presbyterians, next the Palatines and lastly the English to the west. So was laid the primitive foundation of Ontario. Differing in race, speaking in different tongues, worshipping at other altars, yet they possessed a common bond, an overmastering love of freedom and of tolerance, and an enduring pride in and affection for British institutions. And this bond of unity was no fleeting or ephemeral thing, for the sons of those who once sacrificed lives and all for a "United Empire" but yesterday poured out a costly sacrifice with their French, Scotch and English brothers and compatriots on those historic battlefields of Europe, and within sight of the ancient cradle of freedom, the Palatine on the Rhine.

The forests of Upper Canada were cleared and upon the banks of the ancient and majestic St. Lawrence again appeared the fields of smiling plenty of the fertile valley of the Hudson, and the vine cottages that nestled along the banks of the Rhine. Here towns were built and flourished, monuments to the enterprise and integrity of those whose forebears had caused Mannheim and Worms to spring like fairy tents from the wilds of northern forests. And here upon the banks of the St. Lawrence was built by the Lutheran Palatines the first Protestant church in Canada. The first pastor was the Rev. Samuel Schwerdfeger, who had been terrorized by the rebels, humiliated, plundered and imprisoned all because he continued to be loyal and to exhort his scattered flock on the Mohawk to be faithful in their allegiance to the British sovereign. A country founded on such devotion and loyalty, and permeated from its very beginning by a genius and a passion for political and religious liberty, ever possessing the elements of permanent worth, cannot fail to achieve a high and holy and an honourable destiny, standing as a monument and a living memorial to the zeal, the character and the vision of those who "bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke".

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

XI.—BISHOP BALDWIN

AN orator, whose brilliant powers of speech, were unquestioned, was that phosphorescent expression of eloquence, spirituality and lovability, Dr. Maurice S. Baldwin, third Anglican Bishop of the diocese of Huron, in the Province of Ontario. Bishop Baldwin was connected by both blood and genius with the famous house bearing his name, a house which for several generations has furnished jurists for the bench, leaders for the bar, orators for the public platform and the forum, statesmen and lawmakers for the legislative chamber and the senate house, divines for the pulpit, and incumbents for other positions of influence and authority.

Maurice Scollard Baldwin was born in the City of Toronto on the twenty-first day of June, 1836. In Canada we have not yet learned to ascribe much reverence to those uninviting piles of faded brick and crumbling mortar which bear some association with the introduction of genius to our planet; consequently Baldwin's birthplace has been swept away in the onward rush of a highly developed modern progress. His parents were people of considerable means, of excellent education, and of a high social standing. The son therefore was enabled to obtain an education quite independent of the ordinary public schools of the land. As a youth he attended Upper Canada College, and during a portion of his stay in that institution, was brought into contact with other youths, who, like himself, were destined to figure conspicuously in the future history of Canada. The Blakes, the Harrisons, the Camerons, the Cockburns, and many other men, on whose careers Fame was yet to set heavily her mark, were contemporaries of Baldwin at Upper Canada. From there, he went to Trinity University to fit himself for the work of the Anglican ministry. His college career was not very eventful, although he stood high in his classes during the years he spent within the Gothic walls of noble Trinity. He appears to have been in his youth what he was in later years, endowed with a large amount of ordinary common sense, without any of the variable eccentricities of precocious genius.

In 1859 he graduated from the University as Master of Arts, and in the following year he was ordained a deacon of the Church. Two years later he became a curate, and was placed in charge of the Anglican Church of St. Thomas, in the southern Ontario city which bears the same name. He remained in St. Thomas for but a short time, after which he was placed in charge of St. Paul's Church in Port Dover. This pleasantly situated harbour on the shores of Lake Erie was at that time a village quite extensively renowned for the trade which it carried on in the twin industries of lumbering and fishing. Since that era the vast and

valuable forests of America have disappeared before the altogether exaggerated demands of commerce, and the saw-mills and lumbering camps, which for several generations picturesquely adorned the banks of many a rushing river upon this continent, have vanished, never again to return. The occupation of fishing is still carried on very actively in the neighbourhood of Port Dover; for although the relentless axe has robbed the country of its timber, no art of man that has yet been discovered and no vandalism in the disguise of an imperative commercial exigency, can impair the apparently exhaustless treasures of the mighty inland seas of North America.

Among the inhabitants of Port Dover Baldwin laboured for a little less than two years. In that time he had won the hearts of the people, by reason of his gentle disposition, which seemed to fairly sparkle in the merriment of his eye, and also by reason of his oratorical powers, which were fast reaching a golden maturity. His sermons were human even beyond the ordinary; and he attained heights of eloquence, which, although not aimed to ascend above the intellectual comprehension of the simple labourers who formed such a large part of the population, were quite uncommon in one of his ability, who had been placed in his rather limited and not too promising surroundings. Although his stay in this new sphere was of brief duration, he left an impression upon the people which has descended almost undiminished to a different generation, and is still sweet and fresh in the minds of some of the venerable residents of Port Dover.

In 1865 Baldwin was removed to a larger arena of activity. He became Rector of St. Luke's, one of the largest Anglican Churches in Montreal. There he won the reputation of being a versatile and eloquent preacher, and many people, neither members of his church nor of his religious denomination, flocked to hear his earnest preaching and to profit by his accomplished oratory.

One of the greatest pulpits in Canada—Christ's Church Cathedral of Montreal—afterwards became vacant, and to it Baldwin went in 1870 as its pastor. There his ministrations both among the people and as a preacher were repetitions of his previous successes in western Ontario. His efforts produced noticeable and speedy results, and his congregations rapidly became more numerous. Other eloquent preachers were there in his neighbourhood, but he easily satisfied the exacting demands of the worshippers, and held his own in the face of all possible rivalry. In 1871 he was created a Canon of the Cathedral, and when, in the following year, the Very Reverend Doctor Bethune passed away, Baldwin became his successor as Rector. This position he held until 1879, when he was appointed to the responsible office of Dean of Montreal. This dignity he retained until 1883, when the command came to him to cease his labours in the commercial capital of Canada accompanied by the invitation to ascend to a still higher post of honour and usefulness.

In 1883 Baldwin was consecrated Bishop of Huron, in Ontario, and in consequence was required to forsake Montreal for his new residence in London. Before leaving, however, he was given a princely farewell at the hands of the entire population of the City, where he had lived so long, and where he had unconsciously grown to be universally beloved and honoured.

In London, Baldwin found himself not very far from his birthplace, and within range of his early surroundings. There he spent the useful remainder of his life, which continued for another score of years. While residing in London, he preached, lectured, and spoke extensively, and increased his already established reputation as an orator. He rapidly as-

cended to a foremost place in Church circles, while in all the philanthopies of western Ontario, he was an acknowledged leader. He speedily won the hearts of the people of his diocese, and as a master of the noble art of the public speaker, he had few rivals between Toronto and Detroit. He took part in many of the great events which occupied the attention of the Anglican clergy during the momentous years which followed his consecration. He attended and participated conspicuously in the famous Lambeth Conference in England, which was held in the year 1887, and again in the following one at the same place in the succeeding year. There his voice mingled with the voices of the illustrious divines of England, and he surprised some of the rather less informed delegates to that ancient assembly who were not acquainted with the fact that Upper Canada had ceased to raise buffaloes and red Indians, and was intent on raising scholars and orators. Not only did he display, before those bodies of famous men, an eloquence which brought the look of amazement to the faces, and the burst of applause from the lips, of those who had been charmed and stirred by the mighty oratory of Gladstone, of Bright and of Beaconsfield, but he contributed useful information to the discussions, and wisdom to the conclusions of the conferences. He taught the people of England, that when the sun went down each night upon the glory of European civilization and happiness, it did not slip into an Atlantic Ocean of boundless desolation, but that it merely set upon the British Isles to rise in all its luminous splendour upon a Dominion beyond the Seas where newer hopes were blossoming, where vaster ideals were developing, where old world errors were disappearing, and where a brighter future for humanity was slowly evolving into being. He confirmed the notion which was fast spreading over England, that a new British Empire was unfolding upon the Continent of North America, where statesmen, preachers, orators and thinkers were striving with many complex problems, and wrestling with much darkness, in the hope that the western hemisphere would one day perform its serious part in establishing a millenium upon this earth.

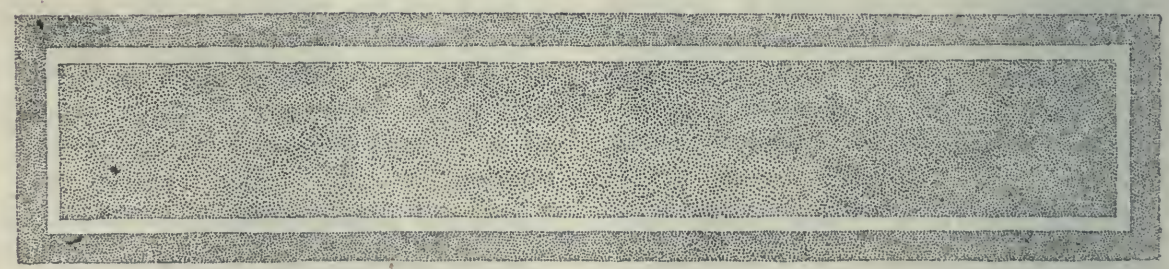
In 1890 Bishop Baldwin was sent as a delegate to the Union Conference of the Territories, held in Winnipeg, then rapidly growing to be a fit custodian of the countless interests which were arising and developing on the extensive plains of western Canada. He brought to that city of the sunset enthroned upon the harvest gilded plains of beautiful Manitoba, a touch of old Ontario's eloquence, to delight those who still bore some remembrance of an art which thrilled and inspired them, in the years before they had turned their eyes towards the visions and the promises of the prairies. There as in England, his oratory and his earnestness enchanted and convinced thousands of eager and delighted listeners. In 1896 he was appointed to represent his diocese at the Epworth League conference in the great capital of the vast American Republic. For generations the splendid and polite City of Washington had echoed with marvellous oratory; Webster and Sumner, Phillips, and Everett, Calhoun and Douglas, Conkling and a hundred other orators had left their echoes ringing in her thousand assembly halls. Yet in that city of eloquence and of memories, Bishop Baldwin's stirring oratory captivated the hearts of thousands to whom the potency of the human voice was both a vision and a reality. As he had revealed the American continent to Englishmen ten years previously, so at this time he revealed to the world's greatest republic the existence of an erudite and cultivated Dominion of Canada which lay, throbbing with life and possibility, a little to the north of New York and Pennsylvania, and stretching beyond cities,

towns and farms until its loveliness was lost in the frozen sea.

Bishop Baldwin was also honoured in many ways during his years of residence in London. He was elected President of the Lord's Day Alliance, a society which has done much to snatch the Sabbath from the desecrators of its sanctity; and he was also for some years President of the western branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He was chairman of local charities, and held other prominent and helpful offices in a number of important and beneficial organizations. He preached constantly, with his customary simplicity, his genuine zeal, and his unfaltering eloquence. He also constantly maintained an appreciation of the fact that men and women persistently hungered for something new, and he strove at all times to supply this very necessary demand. His great Church in London was ever well attended, and the spell of his rich and passionate eloquence spread not only over his congregation, but also over London and much of western Ontario.

In 1908, advanced in years, but yet with his whole being in close contact with every throb of the social and spiritual, as well as the intellectual needs of his swiftly moving age, he died, preserving to the last his splendid powers, and retaining to the end the love and veneration of thousands to whom he was as a protector, a guide and a father in the land. The lines which Virna Sheard wrote about that time as a tribute to the fame of the great English impersonator of human emotions and passions, Sir Henry Irving, may be fittingly applied to one, who, though no impersonator, yet gave every evidence of knowing human emotions and passions to the very depths:

No more the sea of faces turned to thine,
Swayed by impassioned word and breathless pause;
No more the triumph of thine art,—no more
The thunder of applause.



WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
Paul Barnard Earle.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

McKILLIGAN'S BRIDGE

BY LOUISE RICHARDSON RORKE

"LANDON, have we a man named McKilligan on this division?"

It was Thomson, the new Divisional Superintendent who asked the question, his hand covering the mouth-piece of the telephone. The Divisional Engineer looked up from his blue-prints.

"The men say—", he began.

"What has he to do with McKilligan's bridge?"

"Everything. He built it.

"What! Old Pat McKilligan!" But this man says—It's Jimmy Kinelly. Hold the line a minute, Jimmy—says there's something wrong at the bridge—wants me to send out Jeffrey with the repair gang, and—no, listen, Landon! He says *Pat McKilligan told him.*"

"What!" exclaimed Landon. He sprang up and passed around the table to Thomson's side, "Let me talk to him," he said.

"Hello, Kinelly! Landon speaking. What's wrong at the bridge? . . . . . *You don't know!* . . . . . Only fifteen minutes ago; wasn't that late? . . . . And couldn't find anything? . . . . . You've been drinking, Jimmy. You *must* be drunk! Go home and go to bed, man. We'll put Williams on your beat . . . . What? . . . . Oh, nonsense!"

Landon rang off uncertainly, but as he turned away the telephone bell clanged out sharply, and he re-possessed himself of the receiver.

"Hello! . . . . What! Who's speaking? . . . . Hello! . . . . Hello! . . . . *Who's* speaking? . . . . He's gone! . . . . We've lost connection! My God, Thomson, where's Jeff? I must find him."

He turned to confront the young engineer himself.

"Jeff," he cried, "What used McKilligan to call you?"

"That engineerin' shtep-son o' me own," said Jeffrey.

"Yes, yes," Landon cried, "that's what he said just now, now, over the telephone. 'Send the bridge repair gang down to the Little Devil—Jeffrey with 'em, that engineerin' shtep-son o' me own'."

"Landon, what do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"He spoke to me, I tell you," cried Landon, "Old Pat himself. There's something wrong with his bridge."

Jeffrey strode across the room and grasped the chief engineer by the shoulder.

"Are you drunk," he said, or crazy? You know McKilligan died six years ago."

Thomson's hand flew to the telephone. "Give me Kinelly," he said hoarsely.

Half an hour later Kinelly came, white-faced and eager. At first he told his story incoherently in answer to their questioning; then, his eyes on Jeffrey's face, he started again, telling him the tale in his own way. These two had worked together under Ould Pat on the Mountain Division—Kinelly a "rough-neck" on the heavier construction, Jeffrey a cub engineer getting his first breaking in. Both knew well the pride of the old Irishman in the bridge which spanned

the Little Devil Gorge—"McKilligan's Bridge" it was called for the length of the line. Both remembered the terrible spring freshets of 1910 when all the force of the Little Devil raged against the huge abutments, flinging upon them battering-rams of forest giants and attacking them by means of insidious sappers in the form of swirling currents and treacherous back waters. In the struggle which saved the bridge—the only bridge left on a hundred miles of the Mountain Division—both had had their part. Side by side, waist deep in the swirling water, they had fought the overwhelming tyranny of the flood; side by side they had struggled vainly to aid their chief, swept, stunned and helpless, into the foaming torrent in the ruin of his improvised breakwater. And when the flood had sunk again to its old levels, together they had followed the sullen river and found at last the big brave body in which the kindly Irish heart had ceased to beat. . . It was to Jeffrey as to a comrade that Kinelly told the story.

"You know, Mr. Jeffrey, the wee bye's been sick-like for days—that fretful an' shtrange that it's all the missis can do to mind him. An' tonight she got some sort of quare notion that the little chap 'ud maybe be slippin' away—she's half sick wi' worryin'—an' she was feared to be left alone wi' him—an' so, God forgive me! whin I came just to the end o' McKilligan's Bridge, sor, an' cud see the thrack all shtraight an' safe for miles ahead in the moonlight, I knows it must be right, an' back I turns, me heart inside me sore wi' worryin' over the wee lad. An' while I was thinkin' o' the lad an' herself there, alone an' afraid—an' before God, niver a thought o' nothin' else—I heard him call me back. Yis, sor, he called me—Ould Pat McKilligan himself. 'Kinelly! says he, an' I turned, an' there was the thrack an' the moonlight all shtill-like—so I knew I was dramin' in me mind an' I wint on—ten fate or more—till he called me, sharp-like.

"'Kinelly!' says he, an' when I turned, 'Jimimy Kinelly,' says he, a-swearin' promiscous, like he always did, 'For what did I brow-beat ye, an' lick ye to shape?—to be walkin' short o' yer bate?'

"Yis, sor; an' back I goes. Afraid? No, sor, not of Ould Pat McKilligan. But I knows—I knows, Mr. Jeffrey, though I can't tell ye why, that there's something wrong with the Ould Man's bridge. An' back I goes, an' down, an' around it all underneath at the fill an' out to the 'butments. The water's higher, sor, but not more than a foot, not within twenty inches of whin the bridge was built, just they're lettin' more over the dam at the big mill. The fishplates are tight an' all the shpokes are driven, an' iverything's in line—an' I can't find it. Mr. Jeffrey, the bridge is as right as the thrack forninst this window—an' he won't let me go! There's something wrong I can't find! An' whin he found I cudn't find it—an' he shwore at me for fair—a damned stupid gomeril an' worse!—Oh, I never *heard* him, sor; I knowed all the time he was doin' it—somehow I knowed it. An' thin says he—an' I cudn't make it out at first—an' me shtandin' down there by the 'butment in the moonlight an' thryin' to get it, —an' thin, shure like a flash o' God's light I knowed; 'Jeffrey, Jeffrey, Jeffrey,' says he, 'that engineerin' shtepson o' me own.' An' whin I ran, sor, for the tillyphone he never called me back. And I got 'em here, an' —shure there's something wrong with his bridge, an' the ixpress comin' by in an hour! 'Havers,' ye're sayin'. 'Tis not, sor. 'Twas Ould Pat McKilligan as tould me. Come on, sor, an' bring the men;—shure they're half at the roundhouse yet.

"Yes," said Jeffrey dazedly, half convinced.

Landon spoke.

"You called Mr. Thomson," he said, "and then I—"

"Thin ye wudn't belave me, an' rang off, an' thin—thin I shtarted back for the bridge an' Scottie came

runnin' from the section house in a minute sayin' ye wanted me, an' now"

But Landon had ceased to listen; he was giving curt eager orders to the round-house. At his first word Jeffrey had turned from the room. "Come on, Kinelly," he cried.

"You fellows are all crazy," said Thomson.

Landon, white-faced, looked at him across the table. "Thomson," he said, "as sure as I'm here Ould Pat McKilligan spoke to me on that 'phone to-night."

"Nonsense," said Thomson, "one drunk Irishman sends you all insane. You, in your sober senses claiming a telephone message from hell! Is this a figment of Kinelly's Irish brain, or has it foundation in established superstition?"

Landon admitted the latter. Men had reported Pat in charge of his bridge more than once. It was current talk that the old engineer himself walked it in every storm. After the "big snow" when the road from Domrey to St. Hubert's was buried in drifts and the ploughs took twelve hours to get through to Arkwright McKilligan's bridge was clear — a trick of the wind, of course; but Quinlan said—"

An engine puffed up from the yards, and Landon, ceasing abruptly, turned to draw on a coat from the peg behind the door.

"Coming?" he asked.

"No," said Thomson shortly, yet he, too, rose and walked to the platform. The engine with the auxiliary attached was panting excitedly. Young Marsh was in charge, for McDougal, whose regular she was, had gone up to the boarding-house. Workmen, a dozen or so, were gathered in the caboose and among them Thomson saw Landon and Phil Jeffrey still in his shirt-sleeves. As he watched Willett gave the signal and the engine pulled out, gathering speed as she went. Thomson swung himself aboard.

It was barely a ten-minute run to the bridge, and for the most part it was made in silence. The men, having just come in from a long shift, either "groused" in an undertone or smoked stoically. Kinelly and Jeffrey conversed in low tones at intervals. Thomson caught McKilligan's name a dozen times and Kinelly's "D'ye raymimber?" For the most part, he noted, Jeffrey was silent, Landon had picked up a paper and appeared to be reading: It was a morning *Globe* with a date that was three weeks past.

The engine slowed down, perceptibly. "Phwat's this?" said Kinelly and Jeffrey answered laconically, "Bridge approach". The men stood up and reached for coats and caps. The door opened and the cool night air blew in. Landon threw down his paper with relief. As he swung from the caboose he was greeted by a vista of silent moonlight and silvery track stretching unbrokenly eastward.

"What fools we are! What fools we are," he said.

He stood uncertain watching the others. Thomson had paused to light a cigar in the lee of the train, and the men had fallen into an uncertain group waiting for orders. But the young engineer, with Willets the foreman of the bridge gang, and Kinelly, and Maclin from the section station a few rods away were already crossing the bridge. Landon watched them walk to the end and return slowly. At the near end they separated and disappeared under the bridge. The minutes lengthened. Somebody in the gang had a deck of cards and the men moved back to the caboose to play. Thomson, walking gingerly along the yielding ballast of the fill, strolled up to the engine and began to talk to the engineer. Landon joined them, but he stood silent, scarcely listening to Thomson's banter and Marsh's boyish replies.

The long fill shone gray-golden in the moonlight, blotted here and there with the sharp black shadows of the pine trees on the opposite slope toward which the moon was sinking.

The engine had crept up to within a few rods of the bridgehead and Landon watched the long uncertain shadows of the smoke uncurl and glide down the steep sides of the big fill and lose themselves in the blackness of the shadow below. The night was intensely still. In the pauses of the conversation he could hear the voices of the men working below the bridge, a subdued murmur mingling with the incessant voice of the river. A big owl whirred from the pines and was gone. Across the gorge a nighthawk followed its prey, the harsh stridency of its swoop made musical by distance. Back in the caboose there was a ripple of laughter and sudden voices breaking the silence.

Landon strolled away toward the bridge. For the convenience of the trackmen rough steps had been placed in the side of the fill and after a moment's hesitation he followed these to the level of the river below. Under the bridge the group of men, weirdly lit by the lanterns which they carried and fringed by their own long goblin shadows, stood for a moment inactive, nonplussed. Landon could hear the chuckle of the Little Devil among the rocks at his feet.

Jeffrey, catching sight of the Divisional Engineer, detached himself from the group and came over to his chief.

"Everything's all right, sir," he reported, "as far as we can find, and yet—" He hesitated.

"Everything in line?" asked Landon.

"Yes, sir. But I wish you'd go over it with me."

The two men climbed the steps in the fill and slowly crossed the bridge. Landon's eyes were on the rails.

"O. K. there," he said.

They turned down into the darkness of the gorge, Jeffrey leading the way. "No," he said, "there's nothing wrong, and yet—". He did not finish his sentence. In the deep blackness at the bottom he led the way along an uncertain footpath to the river, striding forward glumly, his head down and his hands buried deep in his pockets. The lantern he carried swung an oscillating disc of light in which the bracken took strange and weird forms and into which the cement pier loomed abruptly, huge and gray, out of the night. Jeffrey paused, his hand against the pier.

"I wish I could get at it," he said. "He was *great* to me. He taught me more than I ever learned back at school—not just knowledge, but enthusiasm. He was my first boss. For those days—even yet—this bridge with the long fill and the Little Devil to fight was no mean piece of work; he had every reason to be proud of it. An he *was proud.* It isn't easy to put these things into words—I can't begin to tell you, but to me then and always since, the splendid thing about the old man was that he was so *loyal* to his work. I've always felt he gave his life for it. He just wouldn't see the danger. Or perhaps he did see it, but the bridge must be saved at all hazards. And now—now there's something wrong and we fellows that he taught and trusted can't find it out for him. . . . . Oh I know how this must sound to you, Landon, but I'm not crazy. It's just the night — and the moonlight — and Kinelly. . . . . Let's go back."

In the darkness under the bridge the swirling water sucked and eddied about the great pier. Landon fancied that he heard again that malignant chuckle.

The abutment proper rested on a huge concrete block or foundation which in its turn was supported by piles driven deep into the river-bed on the stream side and shoreward into the bank itself. Sometimes when the river was low Landon had seen the tops of the piles exposed, but tonight they were fully twelve inches below the level of the water. This foundation-block or base rose some four feet above the water-level and extended eighteen inches or less beyond the base of the pier.

Jeffrey drew himself up on this narrow ledge and setting down his

lantern began to make his way slowly along it until he stood on the front or river side of the pier. A sudden fear gripped Landon's throat.

"Be careful," he warned.

Jeffrey laughed an "All right", but Landon, who had moved away, turned back toward the pier. It was only a few steps from where he stood and he could have touched the lantern with his hand. Suddenly without the slightest warning it slid from the ledge where Jeffrey had placed it, and dropped to the rocks below. As it fell it flared up wildly and went out. Landon had a fleeting vision of Jeffrey on his knees on the ledge at the front of the pier above the river. He was eight feet at least from the falling lantern, the full width of the pier base.

"Jeff," he called uncertainly.

There was an answer which he did not catch. Then he heard Jeffrey's feet on the ledge, heard him creep back along the side of the pier and drop to the ground on the shoreward side. He was fumbling for a match when Jeffrey's fingers closed on his arm.

"A light!" he cried, "for God's sake, a light! The pier is settling!"

Landon stooped and tore up a great handful of bracken. At first the match refused to ignite in his trembling fingers; then the light flared up suddenly.

"It was just on the edge," said Landon, "a little wind—"

"I felt it give," Jeffrey insisted. "Can't you see—"

But the flare was gone.

A moment later in Landon's hands it blazed again. Its brilliance found the eyes of both upturned to the bridge above them, for in the moment of darkness had come the unmistakeable creak of strained and settling timbers. Jeffrey found and relighted the lantern. The glass was broken and the light flared weirdly. The two men turned toward the pier.

"It's settled," said Landon breathlessly, "it must have dropped six inches on the stream side.

"Yes," said the younger man," the piles must be at fault. She was just ready to go and my weight out there on the edge started her. We'll get the men at this right away." There was relief in his voice. "I wonder what's the damage on top. A cant of six inches isn't enough to wreck Ould Pat McKilligan's bridge; but there must be a frightful strain on the plates. Here's Kinelly. What's he found?"

"Hold on, Kinelly! Coming."

He turned to meet the excited Irishman who was plunging wildly down the bank.

"Mr. Jeffrey, sor," he was crying, "Come yerself up, an' look at the Ould Man's bridge."

In the light of an early daybreak Landon, Thomson and Jeffrey, sitting over steaming cups of coffee, held their breath while the westbound express crept over the bridge. She had been delayed five hours and the repair gang were still working below.

"Nonsense. It's easily explained," said Thomson. "Kinelly is a conscientious beggar. It's quite natural that the first time he didn't walk his beat he'd be haunted by a feeling that there was something wrong. He'd have felt just the same last week or next. That and the superstition of the men was quite enough to set his Irish eyes to seeing ghosts;—and, by the way, he never did really see the old man, only knew that he called him."

"He got his orders somehow, all right," said Landon. "Besides—"

"Your telephone message? But, Landon, you must know that couldn't be! How could it?"

"I'll tell you," said Jeffrey. "Kinelly says he rang you, Thomson, and then Landon came, but naturally neither of you believed him; and when Landon rang off he says—"

He walked to the door and swung it wide. "Marks," he called, "ask Kinelly to come here. Kindly, tell Mr. Landon what happened at the section station after he rang off."

Kinelly cast an apologetic look in the direction of the Divisional Engineer.

"Shure, sor," he began, "I cudn't make yez belave me—shmall wondher, an' it such a wild tale! But, see, sor, I *belaved mesilf,* an' I was half crazy, for the ould man had sent for Mr. Jeffrey an' I cudn't get at him; an' when Mr. Landon rang off I was just wild-like. I didn't think o' doin it—shure I must ha' been possessed! for I niver *waited* to think. The ould man's words were ringing in me ears an' I just reached out an' rang in the call agin like a flash, an' sez I—an' I cudn't belave me ears it were me, for before God it sounded so like Ould Pat himsilf! The words of him were ringing in me ears an' sez I 'Send down the bridge repair gang to the Little Devil, Jeffrey with em', that engineerin' shtepson o' me own.'"

"An' Ould Pat sez, sez he, an' right be me shouldher, like, sez he, "Ring off, you fool. An' I rang off, an' shtarted back to the bridge."

"There," said Thomson, "that explains it."

"Maybe it does," said Landon doubtfully.

Jeffrey and Kinelly were silent.

AGAIN

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

JUST to live under green leaves and see them moving,
Just to lie under low stars and watch them wane,
Just to sleep by a kind heart and know it loving,
Again——

Just to wake on a sunny day and the wind blowing,
Just to walk on a bare road in the bright rain.
These, O God, and the night and the moon showing
Again!

HIS FATHER'S HOUSE

BY JOSEPHINE DASKHAM BACON

CAROLINE stopped abruptly at the edge of the little pine-encircled glade that edged the pond-lily pond and waved her hand in warning.

"Hist! there are human creatures there!" she whispered loudly.

It would be evident to anyone not absolutely stone blind that she was a fairy. A lace-edged, snowy night gown was caught up by a sky blue ribbon about her hips, trailing gloriously behind her over the grass; two large wings artfully constructed of wrapping-paper flopped behind her surprisingly bare shoulders—the nightgown was decidedly *décolleté*, and had been made for a person several sizes larger than Caroline.

"Hooma keecha da!" crooned the General. His conversation was evidently based on the theory that the English language is a dark mystery, insoluble by system, but likely to be blundered into fortuitously, at any moment, if the searcher gabble with sufficient steadiness and persistence. His costume, consisting merely of the ordinary blue denim overalls of commerce, would have been positively commonplace were it not for the wings of bright pink tissue paper, which he wore with a somewhat confusing obstinacy, pinned firmly to his chest. Miss Honey assisted his wavering footsteps rather sulkily; she longed for the white and lacy draperies in front of her, and regarded her ballet skirts of stitched newspaper with bare tolerance. It is true she wore a crown of tinfoil and carried a wand made of half a brass curtain rod; but her laced tan boots, stubbed and stained, showed with disgusting plainness, and nobody would take the trouble to make her a newspaper bodice.

"If you don't stop tickling me with that arrow, Brother Washburn, I'll go back!" she declared snappishly.

The fourth member of the crew, whose bathing trunks and jersey, fitted with surprisingly lifelike muslin wings, pointed to Puck, though the quiver slung across his shoulder woke conflicting memories of Diana, chuckled guiltily and took a flying leap from the big boulder into the center of the glade. His wings stiffened realistically, and as he landed, poised on one classically sandaled foot with arms outspread, the picnic party before him started violently, and one of them clutched the other's sleeves with a little cry.

"What the—oh, it's all right! He's the real thing, isn't he, now?"

The young man patted the girl's shoulder reassuringly and chuckled as the rest of the crew emerged from the pines and peered over the boulder.

"They're only children," he said.

She dropped her eyes and tightened her fingers around the shining drinking-cup.

"Why, yes, they're only children," she repeated carelessly.

Now, each of these picnic people had said the same words, but it was entirely obvious to their fascinated audience that the words meant very different things. For this reason they sidled around the young lady im-

personally, avoiding with care the edges of her pale-tinted billowy skirts, and lined up confidently beside the young gentleman.

Not that he controlled the picnic. It was spread out in front of her, bewitching, intimate, in its suggestion of you—and—I; two shiny plates, two knives, two forks, two fringed and glossy napkins. A dark red bottle was popped upright between two stones, a pile of thin, triangular sandwiches balanced daintily on some cool lettuce leaves, and a fascinating object that glistened mysteriously in the sun held the platter of honour in the middle.

"The Honourable Mr. Puck," suggested the young man, in the tone of one continuing an interrupted conversation, "is figuring out how the chicken got into the jelly without busting it—am I not right?"

Brother grinned, and Caroline moved a little nearer. Miss Honey stared at the young lady's skirts and glistening yellow waves of hair, at the sweeping plume in her hat, and her tiny high-heeled buckled slippers.

"I am obliged to admit," the young man went on, slicing into the quivering aspic, "that I don't know myself. I never could find out. Perhaps the young person in the—the not-too-long skirts waved her wand over the bird and he jumped in and the hole closed up? He slipped a section of the bird in question upon the lady's plate and held the red bottle over her cup.

"There was hard-boiled eggs stuck on those jelly things at our wedding," Brother remarked, "on the outside, all around. But they were bigger than yours.

"I don't doubt it for a moment," the young man assured him very politely.

"Have you been married long, may I ask? And which of these ladies—"

"Brother doesn't mean that *he* was married," Miss Honey explained, "it was his oldest sister. She married a lawyer. I was flower girl."

"Ima fow guh," murmured the General, thrusting out a fat and unexpected hand and snatching from a hitherto unperceived box a tiny cake encased in green frosting.

"Oh, dear, it's got the pistache!" said the yellow-haired lady disgustedly.

Miss Honey flew after the General, who, though he was obliged to wear whalebone braces in his shoes on account of youth and a waddling and undeveloped gait, scattered over the ground with the elusive clumsiness of a young duckling. Brother blushed, but scorned to desert his troop.

"He's awfully little, you know—he doesn't mean to steal," he explained.

"Twenty-two months," Caroline added, "and he does go so fast." She smiled doubtfully at the lady, who selected a cake covered with chocolate and looked at the young man.

"Don't forget that Mr. Walbridge wants to use the car at six," she said, "and you have to allow for that bad hill."

He looked a little uncomfortable. "Don't you want to speak to the children, Tina, dear?" he asked, dropping his voice: he sat very close to her.

"They have both spoken directly to you, you see, and children feel that so—not being noticed. They're trying to apologize to you for the cake."

She bit her lip and turned to Miss Honey, who arrived panting, with the General firmly secured by the band of his overalls. An oozy green paste dripped from his hand; one of the pink wings intermittently concealed his injured expression.

"That's all right," she said, "don't bother about the cake, little girl, the baby can have it."

Miss Honey sniffed.

"I guess you don't know much about babies if you think they can eat cake like that," she answered informingly.

"Hush, now, General, don't begin to hold your breath! Do you want a nice graham cracker? It's *so* nice! It really is."

"*So* nice!" Caroline repeated mechanically, with a businesslike smile at the General, helpfully champing her teeth.

The General wavered. He allowed one sticky paw to be cleaned with a handful of grass, but his expression was most undecided, and he was evidently in a position to hold his breath immediately if necessary.

Miss Honey nodded to Caroline. "You've got 'em, haven't you?" she asked.

Caroline fumbled at the interior of the nightgown and produced a somewhat defaced brown wafer.

"General want it?" she said invitingly. There was another moment of disheartening suspense. Brother assisted gallantly.

"They're fine, General!" he urged, "try one!" And he, too, nodded and chewed the empty air. Instinctively the strange young gentleman did the same.

The General looked around at them cautiously, noted the strained interest of the circle, smiled forgivingly, and reached out for the brown wafer. Peace was assured.

"If you could only see how ridiculous you looked," the young lady remarked, wiping her shining pink finger nails carefully, "you'd never do that again, Rob. Have a cake?"

He laughed, but blushed a little at her tone. "I suppose so," he admitted. "No, thanks, I'll pass up the cake. Isn't there enough to go 'round perhaps?"

He examined the box.

"By George, there are exactly three left!" he said delightedly. "Will the fairy queen hand one to her brother—the big brother—and one to—to the angel?"

Caroline moved firmly to the front. "I am the Queen," she explained, "but I let Miss Honey take the crown and the wand, or she wouldn't be anything. Brother isn't her brother—that's just his name. Brother Washburn. The General's her brother. I'll take that strawberry one. We're much obliged, thank you."

The cakes vanished unostentatiously and the young gentleman filled his cup and disposed of it before anyone spoke.

"We were such a big family, you see," he explained to the pursed red mouth beside him, "and I know just how it is. You never get enough cake, and never that dressy kind. It's molasses cake and cookies, mostly.

Brother moved nearer and nodded.

"Well, but you can have all the cake you want, now, thank goodness," said the lady, glancing contentedly at the tea basket, complete with its polished fittings, at the big box of bonbons beside her, and the handsome silk motor coat that was spread as a carpet under her light dress.

"Oh, yes, but now I don't want it," he assured her. "I want—other things." He flashed a daring glance from two masterful brown eyes, and she smiled indulgently at him for a handsome, spoiled boy.

"Am I going to get them?" he persisted.

She laughed the light laugh of the triumphant woman.

"My dear Bob," she said ,"anybody who can buy all the cake he wants can usually get the—other things!"

His face clouded slightly.

"I hate to hear you talk like that, Christine," he began, "it's not fair to yourself——"

"How'd you know I was Puck?" Brother inquired genially. He made no pretense of including the lady in the conversation; for him she was simply not there.

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant as I look," the young man replied. "I don't believe you could stump me on anything you'd be likely to be—I've probably

been 'em all myself. We were always rigging up at home. Didn't you use to do that, Tina?"

The lady shook her head decidedly.

"If I'd ever got hold of a—well, if I'd had a chance of things as nice as that biggest one's dragging through the dirt there, I'd have been doing something very different with it, I can assure you, Mr. Armstrong! I'd have been saving it."

"But at that age—" he protested.

"Oh, I knew real lace from imitation at that age, all right," she insisted.

"But you don't think of those things—you go in for the fun," he urged.

"It wasn't exactly my idea of fun."

"No?" he queried, "why, I thought all children did this sort of thing. We had a regular property room in the attic. We used to be rigged out as something-or-other all day Saturday, usually."

"What were you?" Brother demanded eagerly. Unconsciously he dropped, hugging his knees, by the side of the young man, and Caroline, observing the motion, came over a little shyly and stood behind them. The young lady raised her eyebrows and shot a side glance at her host, but he smiled back at her brightly.

"Well, we did quite a little in the pirate line," he replied. "I had an old Mexican sword and Ridgeway—that was my cousin—owned a pair of handcuffs."

"Handcuffs!" Brother's jaw fell.

"Yes, sir; handcuffs. It was rather unusual, of course, and he was awfully proud of them. An uncle of his was a sheriff out in Pennsylvania somewhere, and when he died he left 'em to Ridge in his will. That was pretty grand, too, having it left in a will."

Caroline nodded and sat down on an old log behind the young man. A long smear of brown, wet bark appeared on the nightgown, and one end of the blue ribbon dribbled into a tiny pool of last night's shower, caught in a hollow stone.

"It was a toss-up who'd be pirate King," the young man went on, smiling over his shoulder at Caroline, "because I was older than he was, handcuffs or not, and after all, a sword is something. This one was hacked at the edge and every hack may have meant—probably did—a life."

He paused dramatically.

"I bet you they did!" Brother declared, clapping his hands on his knees.

"Weren't there any girls?"

Caroline slipped from the log and sprawled on the pine needles.

"Dear me, yes," said the young man, "I should say so. Four of them. Winifred and Ethel and Dorothea and the Babe—about as big as your General, there, and dreadfully greedy, the Babe was. Winifred had the brains and she made up most of the games: I tell you, that girl had a head!"

"Just like Caroline," Brother inserted eagerly.

"Probably," the young man agreed. "She was pretty certain to be Fairy Queen, too, I remember. But Thea sewed the clothes and begged the things we needed and looked after the Babe."

"And what did Ethel do?"

"Why, now you speak of it, I don't remember that Ethel did much of anything but look pretty and eat most of the luncheon," he said. "She used to be Pocahontas a good deal—she's very dark—and I usually was Captain John Smith. Ridge was Powhatan. And Ethel's married now. Good Lord! She has twins—of all things!—and they're named for Ridge and me."

"I'm glad General isn't twins," said Miss Honey thoughtfully, pulling her brother back from the fascinations of the tea basket and comforting him with the curtain-rod wand.

"Still, we could do the Princes in the Tower with him—them, I mean," Caroline reminded her, "and then, when they got bigger, the Corsican

Brothers—don't you remember that play Uncle Joe told about?"

The young man laughed softly.

"If that's not Win all over!" he exclaimed. "She always planned for Ridge to be Mazeppa on one of the carriage horses, when he got the right size, but somehow, when you *do* get that size, you don't pull it off."

"I did Mazeppa," said Brother modestly, "but of course it was only a donkey. It wasn't much."

"We never had one," the young man explained. "Nothing but Ridge's goat, and she was pretty old. But she could carry a lot of lunch."

He turned suddenly on his elbow and smiled whimsically at the lady.

"Come on, Tina, what did *you* play?" he asked.

"Is it possible you have remembered that I still exist?" she answered, half mockingly, half seriously vexed. "I'm afraid I'm out of this, really. I never pretended to be anything, that I remember."

"But what *did* you do when you were a youngster?" he persisted, "you must have played something!"

She shook her head.

"We played jackstones," she said, indulgently, after a moment of thought, "and then I went to school, of course, and—oh, I guess we cut out paper dolls."

Caroline looked aghast.

"Didn't you have any dog?"

"I hope not, in a four-room flat," the lady returned with feeling. "One family kept one, though, and the nasty thing jumped up on a lovely checked silk aunty had just given me and ruined it. I tried to take it out with gasoline, but it made a dreadful spot, and I cried myself sick. Of course I didn't understand about rubbing the gasoline dry then; I was only eleven."

The children looked uncomfortably at the ground, conscious of a distinct lack of sympathy for the tragedy that even at this distance deepened the lovely rose of the lady's cheek and softened her dark blue eyes.

"But in the summer," the young man said, "surely it was different then! In the country——"

"Oh, mercy, we didn't get to the country very much," she interrupted. "You know July and August are bargain times in the stores and a dressmaker can't afford to leave. Aunty did all her buying then and I went with her. Dear me," as something in his face struck her, "you needn't look so horrified! It's not bad in New York a bit—there's something going on all the while; and then we went to Rockaway and Coney Island evenings, and had grand times. To tell you the truth, I never cared for the country—I don't sleep a bit well there. Of course, to come out this way, with everything nice, it's all very fine, but to stay in—no, thanks."

"I know what you mean, of course," he said, "but the city's no place for children. I'm mighty glad I didn't grow up there. And I've always had the idea the country would be the best place to settle down in, finally. You can potter around better there when you're old, don't you think so? I remember old Uncle Robert and his chrysanthemums——"

"Dear me, we all seem to be remembering a good deal this afternoon!" she broke in. "Since we're neither of us children and neither of us ready to settle down on account of old age, suppose we stick to town, Bob?"

There was a practical brightness in her voice, and her even white teeth, as she smiled persuasively at him, were very pretty. He smiled back at her.

"That seems a fair proposition," he agreed. He reached for her hand and for a moment her soft, bright colouring, her dainty completeness, framed in the green of the little glade, were all he saw. Then as his eyes lingered on the cool little pond and the waving pine boughs dark against the blue sky, he sighed.

"But I'm sorry you don't like the country, Tina, I am, truly," he said

boyishly. "I've had such bully times in it. And I—I rather had the idea that we liked the same things."

"Gracious!" the young lady murmured, "after the arguments we've had over plays and actors!"

"Oh, well, I suppose girls are all alike. But I mean other things——"

"Where did you do the Pirates?" Brother inquired politely.

"What? Where did I—oh, to be sure," he returned good-naturedly. "We had an enormous cellar, all full of pillars, to hold it up, and queer little rooms and compartments in it; a milk room and vegetable bins and a workshop. You could ride on a wheel all round, dodging the pillars. There were all kinds of places to lie in wait there, and spring out. Win told us an awful thing out of Poe that had happened in a cellar and Thea would never go there after four in the afternoon.

"It was a jolly old place," he went on dreamily, "I can't keep my mind off it this afternoon, somehow, since I've seen you fellows rigged out the way we used to. And there was a pond back in the Christmas Tree Lot like this one. Ridge and I built a raft out there and stayed all day on it. It was something out of one of Clark Russell's books, and Win pushed a barrel out and rescued us. She was a wonder, that girl."

He chuckled softly to himself and then proceeded:

"We tried to stock that pond with oysters once, and Ridge and I printed invitations for a clambake on our hand press, on the strength of them, but it was a dreadful waste of money. When we found it wasn't working, Ridge nearly killed himself diving for 'em, so we could get some good out of 'em. There they lay at the bottom, showing just as plain as possible, but it was no use. Poor fellow, he'll never dive any more."

"Is he—did he—" Caroline had crawled along till her head lay almost on the young man's knee, her eyes were big with sympathy.

"Lost his leg," he told her briefly. "Vimy Ridge. Above the knee. He ran away from college to go. He had the fever badly, too, and he'll never be fit for much again, I'm afraid. But he's just as brave about it——"

"Oh, yes," Brother burst out eagerly, "I bet you he is!"

"We had such plans," he said softly, "all of us, you know, for coming back to the old place and ending up there. Win says her kids shall stay there if she can't."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, she's 'most anywhere. Her husband's in the Navy — Asiatic Squadron—and she hangs about where he's likely to strike the country next. She was in Honolulu the last I heard. So she's not likely to do much for the place, you see."

"Where's Thea?" Miss Honey inquired.

"Wha tee?" mimicked the General, with an astounding similarity of inflection.

The young man threw his light cap at the baby's head; it landed grotesquely cocked over one eye, and the General, promptly sitting upon it to protect himself against further attacks, fell into convulsions of laughter as the young man threatened him.

"Thea's out West, on a ranch just out of Denver. She was married first, and her boys have ponies now—broncos. Of course it's fine for them out there, but she says she won't be happy till they can get East for a year or two. She wants them to see the place and grow up a little in it. She wants 'em to see the attic and poke about the barn and the stable and climb over the rocks. You see they're on the ranch all summer and in school in Denver all winter, and Thea says they don't know the look of an old stone wall with an apple tree in the corner. She says the fruit's not nearly so nice out there."

"Where is the place? Near here?"

"No, not so very. It's in the Berkshires, just out of Great Barrington. Father's practice was there, and

grandfather's, too. Grandfather built it."

"That's where Lenox is, the Berkshires, isn't it?" the lady inquired with a yawn.

"Heavens, it's nothing like Lenox!" he assured her hastily.

"No?" she moved slightly and scowled.

"My foot's asleep! That comes of sitting here forever!"

She got up slowly and with little tentative gasps and cries stamped her prickled feet.

"Aunty has several customers who go to Lenox"—a vicious stamp—"it must be grand there, I think. One of them, a regular swell, too—she thinks nothing of a hundred and fifty for a dress"—a faint stamp and a squeal of anguish—"told her that property was going up like everything around there. You could probably"—a determined little jump—"sell your old place and buy a nice house right in Lenox."

The young man sat up suddenly. "Sell the place!" he repeated, "sell the place!"

He had been watching her pretty, vexed contortions with lazy pleasure, noticing through rings of cigarette smoke her dainty ankles, white through the mesh of the thin silk stockings, her straight slim back, and the clear flush that deepened her eyes. But now his face changed, and he stared at her in frank irritation.

"Sell the place!" echoed Brother and Miss Honey in horror, and Caroline's lower lip pushed out scornfully.

The lady stamped again, but not wholly as a therapeutic measure.

"Well, really!" she cried, "anyone would think that these children were your friends, and I was the stranger, from the way you all talk. What is the matter with you, anyway? What are you quarreling about, Rob?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, appraisingly.

"I don't think we're quarreling, Tina," he said, "it's only that we look at things differently. And—and looking at things in the same way rather makes people friends, you know."

He glanced down at the children, close about him now, and then over appealingly at her. But she had moved to a rock a little away from them and now sat on it, her face turned toward the road, leaning on her pale pink parasol; she did not catch the glance.

"What became of the Babe?" Caroline suggested suddenly.

"Babe? She's—her name's Margaret—at school now. She's growing awfully pretty."

"And is she going back to live at the place, too?" queried the young lady sharply.

"Babe's going to capture a corporation or a trust or something, and have oceans of money and build on a wing and a conservatory and make Italian gardens, I believe," he answered, pleasantly enough.

"But I'd just as soon she left the gardens alone," he went on, "the rest of us like 'em the way they are. There was one separate one on the west side, just for Uncle Robert's chrysanthemums. He used to work all the morning there and then read in the afternoon. He'd sit on the side porch with his pipe and Bismarck—he was an old collie—and he did tell the bulliest yarns. He helped us with lessons, too. I don't know what we'd have done without Uncle Rob. Father was so busy—he had a big country practice and he used to get terribly tired—and we went to Uncle Rob for everything. He got us out of more scrapes, Ridge and me——

"There were tiger lilies in the south garden and lots of clumps of peonies. Grandmother put those there. And fennel and mint. Mother used to like dahlias—it seems as if she must have had a quarter of a mile of dahlias, but of course she didn't—all colours. That garden ran right up against the house and directly next to the bricks was a row of white geraniums. They looked awfully well against the red. It's a brick house and the date is in bricks

over the door—1840. Of course it's been rented for ten years now, but we have our things stored in the attic and the people are careful and—well, they love the old place, you know, and they keep up the gardens. They wanted to buy when father died and again after mother——

"But Ridge and I just hung on and leased it from year to year. We always hoped to get it back. And now to think that I should be the one to do it!"

"How are you the one?" Brother inquired practically.

"Why, Uncle Wesley, that ran away to sea—I used to have his room, just over the kitchen, and many a time I've climbed down the side porch just as he did, and ran away fishing—Uncle Wesley died in England, last year, and left me considerably more than he'd ever have made if he'd minded grandmother and studied to be a parson. It seems Uncle Rob knew where he was all the time, and wrote him, before he was sick himself, to leave the money to the family, and by George, he did.

"Lots of the old stuff is there—the sideboard and the library table and grandfather's old desk mother kept the preserves in.

"I used to lie on an old sofa in the dining-room all hot afternoons, waiting for it to get cool, reading some travel-book, eating summer apples and listening to Win and Thea practising duets in the parlour. Lord, I can hear 'em now! I'd look out at the brick walls, hot, you know, in the sun, and the pear tree, with the nurse rocking Babe under it, and old Annie shelling peas by the kitchen door, and it all seemed so comfortable——"

His eyes were half closed. The children listened dreamily, huddled against him; low red rays crept down from the west-bound sun and struck the little pond to copper, the nickel dishes to silver, the lady's skirt to a peach-coloured glory; a little sudden breeze set the red bottle tinkling between the stones. But to the group entranced with memories so vivid that reality blurred before them, the peach and copper glories were ripe fruit against an old brick wall, the tinkle echoed from an old piano in a dim, green-shuttered parlour, and the soft snoring of the General, asleep on the silk motor coat, was the drowsy breathing of a contented little fellow in knickerbockers dreaming in a window seat.

"Did you ever go to Atlantic City?"

The lady's voice woke them as a gong wakes a sleeper. "Now, that's my idea of the country!"

He stared at her vaguely.

"But—but that's no place for children," he protested. He had hardly grown up at that moment himself.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It's not exactly necessary to have six children, you know," she said. "and then you needn't be worried over a place for them, and can afford to think a little about the place you'd like for yourself."

The sun was in her eyes and she missed the look in his as he jumped up from the astonished group and seized her wrist.

"Christine, you simply shan't talk that way!" he said. "I don't know what's the matter with you to-day—why are you so different? Are you trying to tease me? Because I might as well tell you right now that you're succeeding a little too well."

The pink parasol dropped between them. Her eyes met his squarely, though her voice shook a little.

"Let my wrist go, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "you hurt me. I assure you I'm not different at all. If you really want to know what the matter with me is, let me ask you if you saw anything out of the way before your friends there interfered?" she pointed to the little group he had left. "We seemed to be getting on very well, then."

His face fell, and she went on more quickly and with less controlled tones.

"You are the one that is different! I have always been just the same—just exactly the same! Ask anybody if I've changed—ask Aunty! 'Tina

has the best temper of any girl I know', Aunty always says. But it's just as she warned me. Aunty always knows—she's seen lots and lots of people and plenty of swells, too—it isn't as if you were the only one, Mr. Armstrong!"

He looked curiously at the flushed, lovely face: curiously, as though he had never really studied it before.

"Perhaps—perhaps it *is* I," he said slowly, "I—maybe you're right. And of course I know—" he smiled oddly at the pretty picture she made—"that I'm not the only one."

Something in his tone irritated her; she unfurled the rosy parasol angrily.

"Aunty said from the beginning you'd be hard to get on with," she flashed out. "She said the second time you came to the house with Mr. Walbridge for his sister's fitting and asked Kitty and I for a ride in the machine, 'I'm perfectly willing you girls should go, for they're both all right and I think the dark one's serious, but ——'."

"You discussed me with your aunt, then?"

She looked at him in amazement.

"Discussed you with Aunty? Why certainly I did. Why shouldn't I? How do you suppose I'm to get anywhere, placed as I am, Mr. Armstrong, unless I'm pretty careful? I've nothing but my looks—I know that perfectly well—and I can't afford to make any mistakes. And Aunty said, 'I think the dark one's serious, Tina, but, I don't know, somehow, I'd keep in with Walbridge. He may not have so much money, but he'll be easier to manage. Armstrong seems like any other gay young fellow, and for all I know he is—he's certainly generous—but I'd rather have you Mrs. Walter Walbridge and lose the family custom, than have you tied up to an obstinate man'."

"And—excuse me, but I'm really interested," he asked, "could you be Mrs. Walter Walbridge?"

"Yes, I could," she answered, "he asked me when he lent you the machine. I suppose he thought you might," she added simply.

He drew a long breath.

"And you answered——"

"I said I'd think it over," she said softly. "I—are you really angry with me, Rob? We're friends, aren't we? Friends——"

Her eyes lifted to his. "You see, Rob," she went on, still softly, "a girl like me has to be awfully straight and pretty careful. It's not easy to go to theatres and suppers and out with the machines and keep your head—you can't always tell about men. And I've cost Aunty quite a lot, though of course, my clothes were the cheapest, really, all made in the house. I had two good offers to go on the stage, but she wouldn't have it. And even if Mr. Walbridge's mother did make a fuss, she can't help his getting the money. Of course I told him I'd think it over, but I always liked——"

"And now you've thought it over," he interrupted quickly, "and you've found out that your remarkably able aunt was right. You're a wise little girl, Tina, for if I know Walter, he *will* be easier to manage! He's a lucky fellow—always was. But he'll never get his car at six to-night."

He plucked out his watch and strapping up the tea basket began to push the things hastily into it.

She stared ahead of her, her chin shaking a little, her eyes a little dim and most beautiful.

"I—you don't—you're not angry, Rob?" She leaned over him.

"Tina, if you look like that I'll kiss you, and Walter will call me out!" he said lightly. "Of course I'm not angry—we're as chummy as you'll let me be. Come on and find the choo-choo car!"

He slipped his arm through the basket handle and made for his coat. The children scrambled off it apologetically; they were not quite certain where they stood in the present crisis. But he smiled at them reassuringly.

"We'll have to meet again," he called, already beyond them, "and have

some more of those little cakes! Good-bye till next time!"

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" they called, and Miss Honey eyeing the pink parasol longingly, ventured, "Good-bye, Miss Tina!"

The lady did not answer, but walked slowly after the young man, shaking out her billowy skirts. Soon he was behind the big boulder; soon she had followed him.

"Yady go!" the General then announced.

"They had a quarrel, didn't they?" Miss Honey queried. "But they made up, so it was all right."

Caroline shook her head wisely.

"We—ell," she mused, "they made it up, but I don't believe he changed his mind, just the same."

Something puffed loudly in the road, whirred down to a steady growl, and grew fainter and fainter.

"There they go!" Brother cried.

He picked up a bit of bark and tossed it into the little pool.

"I bet you Ridge will be glad to get back to the place," he said.

SONG

To J. M. G.

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

SURGES of billowing green
Break round the door,
Small magic flowers star
The world's green floor;

White blossoms wreathe the boughs,
Birds fling their song
Fountain-like to the blue,
Silver and strong.

Every voice calls for you,
Comrade of dream,
Here in the waking wood
By the bright stream.

PRISONERS OF WAR

From the Painting by F. Horsman Varley. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV

WILLARD amused himself with Clara and waited with what patience he could for the coming of John Baird. Nothing could be done until John's arrival, for John was bringing the plans. This arrangement, which had been made at the last moment, was an unfortunate setback, but Murray consoled himself with the reflection that it would have been necessary to wait for a few days anyway. Also the rest and quiet was doing him good in spite of himself. His eyes grew clear and colour came back to his face.

Clara observed the change, and she wondered. Then, coming close to him the first chance she got, she said:

"What are we staying here for? Can't we go now?" Then. meeting his look of slow astonishment, "Don't let's pretend any more! Don't look as if you didn't understand. I can't help guessing what you came here for, Murray, and—you needn't wait any longer. I've made up my mind!"

"You guessed—what I came here for?"

Willard's voice was quiet, but there was a note of strain in it which Clara caught and misinterpreted. Her cheeks reddened with an unfamiliar blush. "Silly boy!" she whispered. "Of course I guessed that you came for—me!"

"How clever of you!" said Murray. His tone was like the flick of a whip and Clara drew back as if he had struck her.

"Didn't you?"

"Aren't you enjoying yourself?" he asked, ignoring her question. "What's the hurry? I hate being hurried."

"I know, Murray, but—I want it settled. I'm not finicky, but our being here doesn't seem—nice. I want David to know. He's been pretty decent to me——"

"Oh, it's David you're thinking of!" with pretended anger.

"You know it isn't. It's you, always you! And I want every one to know it."

"And I—don't. I want things to remain exactly as they are, at present."

The "at present" was a concession, and he managed to put so much of hopeful meaning into it that the girl forgot her moment of suspicion and smiled again. To make a perfectly good job of it he kissed her.

"Little girls shouldn't dictate," he told her teasingly. "I'll go when I get ready. But if you don't want to wait——"

Clara returned his kiss with a kind of bitter passion. "I'll wait," she said, "only don't play much longer, Murray, I can't stand it!"

"Oh, the devil!" said Murray, but he didn't say it out loud. He was aware of a growing certainty that if Clara's delusions were dangerous, her disillusions would be more dangerous

still. What a fool he had been to involve himself with the girl at all! He began to positively dislike her.

Fortunately, John Baird was due upon the morrow. David had had a letter announcing his impending arrival and his hope that when he did arrive David's other visitors would have departed. To this David had replied that he had no intention of hurrying his guests' departure but that a little human society would doubtless do John Baird good. He added, in a comforting postscript, that the workshop was quite separate from the house and that mealtimes only happened, as a rule, three times a day.

John grumbled and hesitated but finally he came and, with him came Willard's opportunity.

"Here are your plans, David," said John grumpily. "And like as not you haven't even a safe to keep them in."

"But I have!" triumphantly. There's an old safe out in the workshop where they'll be as safe as in a bank."

Murray listening eagerly felt a glow of satisfaction. It was going to be easy.

"Who would want to steal old plans?" asked Clara in surprise.

"If David made them they are probably very valuable," said Miss Mattie. "Perhaps, Davy dear, we ought to get a dog."

They all laughed at this and the matter of the plans was dropped. David took John off to look over the workshop.

Clara had not another chance of a word alone with Willard all that day. It seemed to her that he deliberately avoided the possibility. Clara was not at all stupid but this puzzled her. Why should he avoid her when her company had been, apparently, the sole reason for his being there? There seemed no answer to this, unless—unless she *hadn't* been the sole reason! Clara forced herself to consider this, although the confusion of mind into which it threw her made reasonable consideration hard. If she had been mistaken, if her goal, which had seemed so near, had again eluded her, no plausible hope of ever reaching it not fair to him. You never have been She tried to be coolly confident again. She tried to be sensible.

Then she began to watch. She watched so closely that the little flash of exultation which Willard showed when John Baird produced the plans, did not escape her. But its meaning did. Of what possible value to Willard were the plans of a not yet manufactured engine? He didn't build engines, or sell them or even understand them.

Perhaps it was his uncle and not the engine which interested him? He might want money from John Baird. He might be jealous of David's friendship with the old inventor. This seemed quite likely. But though she watched very carefully all that day she detected no attempt on Willard's part to play the dutiful nephew. When John and David went off to inspect the workshop, leaving the plans on Miss Mattie's sewing-table, he did not attempt to follow them, neither did he so much as look at the envelope which held the plans. Instead, he watched Miss Mattie make berry pie, teasing to be allowed to trim off the crust. Murray in this mood was wholly boyish and delightful and more completely puzzling than ever. Perhaps he would arrange to see his uncle alone in the evening? Clara watched for that. But quite the opposite happened. Willard avoided John Baird even as he had avoided her. And his good spirits persisted. He and David behaved like a pair of children playing with Alice the cat. Clara tried to forget the pain in her heart and play too, but it was a sorry pretense.

"You look tired, my dear," said Miss Mattie. "Davy, if Clara and I go upstairs do you think you'll remember to put Alice in her basket and lock the door?"

David thought he could safely promise and the two women said good-night. But though Clara left Miss Mattie at her door, she did not enter her own room. She slipped into a dark corner of the stair and waited. John Baird was already in his room. David would stay behind to lock up. She might manage a private word with Murray as he came upstairs.

The murmur of voices in the sitting-room seemed to last for a long time, but at length she heard David push back his chair and, rising, open the door.

"You're not going out again to-night are you?" she heard Willard ask in evident surprise.

"Only to put the plans in the safe. I promised John. Better come and see that I do it properly."

"No thanks," with a yawn. "I'm for bed. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Murray was coming now! Clara ran down the steps, waiting with beating heart in the shadow of the stair.

But he did not come. He had gone into the kitchen after David. Clara tapped her foot impatiently. What was keeping him? She waited a moment and then followed. But Murray wasn't in the kitchen either. The door was open. Clara ran to it and looked out—she was going to see something at last! But all she saw was an empty garden with the workshop quiet in the faint moonlight. David and Murray must both be inside. But no! There was a moving shadow outside, under the window from which came the light of David's electric torch. The shadow lifted itself and peered in, intently watching. Then it stole quietly back across the garden. The girl, drawing herself behind the open door, saw that it was Willard. Murray spying on David? Watching in secret what he might have seen openly? Why? In a moment he passed her, going directly upstairs and into his own room. Clare waited until she heard him close the door before she slipped from her hiding-place. Her desire for a private word had quite evaporated. She lay long awake, her mind in tumult, her eyes burning in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXV.

Next day they all went on an excursion to the woods, and on their return Willard walked down to the post-office to post a letter. On the way he dropped into the telegraph-office and sent a telegram to a certain address in Toronto. The telegram had to do with the placing of a small bet. At least that is how it appeared to the telegraph clerk. The gentleman at the Toronto address read something quite different. He whistled gaily as he hurried back. He felt as if he were already safe and free. He would follow Iago's advice and put money in his purse. After that it would be his own fault if life ever caught him in such a clumsy snare again. Nevertheless when he rejoined the company he took the precaution to complain that the drive had given him a nasty touch of neuralgia.

"Nothing to make a fuss over," he explained with a deprecating air. "I often have it. A good smoke is the best thing. I'll walk up and down the garden for awhile before I turn in. Please don't let any one wait up for me."

"I'll put a hot-water bag under your pillow," said Miss Mattie, "and if you feel worse in the night you must promise to let me know."

Willard thanked her and promised. He was certainly playing in luck at last! Everybody going to bed early, tired out. No hysterics from Clara, everything lovely! Clara, in fact, was unusually silent.

Presently he heard David kiss Miss Mattie good-night. Then Miss Mattie, herself called softly to know if he was all right. "Fine and dandy," said he, "I'm coming in soon."

Through the lighted kitchen window he saw her wind up the clock and put Alice to bed in her basket. Set-

tling Alice took a long time, and there were various other last things. But at length she too went upstairs.

Willard waited a little longer. But not too long. It would be better, he thought, if some one should hear him when he came in. Presently he allowed his idle steps to take him across the garden in the direction of the workshop. The door was locked, but Willard had not forgotten to slip the key from its nail behind the kitchen door into his pocket. One moment, and he was safely inside. Another, and he had twirled the old-fashioned combination of the safe as he had seen David do. Still another, and the plans were safely in his hand. He relocked the safe door. When Stumpf's man came it would be his business to make the breaking-in look like a crackman's job. Then, smiling at the ease and simplicity of it all, he rose and turned—to find himself face to face with Clara!

The exclamation he gave was certainly not one that Clara had ever heard before!

Nor did she really hear it now. She was not thinking of exclamations.

"What the devil are you doing here?" asked Willard roughly.

The answer was so obvious that Clara did not make it.

"Go back to bed!" he ordered with a look of stinging contempt at her negligé. "Do you want to make a scandal?"

"I don't care," said Clara simply. The exact truth of this appalling statement was so evident that it took even the resourceful Willard aback. When a woman doesn't care whether she creates a scandal or not she is a long way toward being invulnerable. Murry changed his tactics.

"You mustn't stay here," he said more kindly. "See you in the morning"

"What do you want with David's plans?" asked Clara still quietly.

"What plans—what do you mean?"

"I saw you take the packet. I know what is in it. What do you want them for?"

Willard began to shake with cold rage. To be thwarted now, with freedom already in his hands, and by a girl he had despised! He came close to her. So close that she could not miss the look upon his face. But Clara who had been used to shrink before his anger, seemed scarcely to notice it. Instead, she went on in her unnaturally quiet voice. Her sentences were short and concise, very different from her usual slurred periods.

"They are all in bed," she said, "we are quite safe. I watched you come here. I watched you last night. I knew you wanted the plans. But I don't know why. That's what you've got to tell me. I don't care about you're being a thief. I don't care what you are. Can't you see that? But I've got to know what you are to me. I've got to know what you came to Milhampton for—these plans, or me?"

With a smile which he endeavoured to make natural he looked into Clara's sombre eyes and answered.

"Both!"

The eyes still questioned him.

"I should have thought," he went on easily, "that you might have guessed. These plans mean money, money means—you."

"I have never bothered you about money."

"No, but, my dear girl, one can't marry without it. Not you and I, anway."

He did this well. His manner of condescending affection was perfect. Clara caught her breath with a little gasp and all the tenseness went out of her. She might have fallen if he had not steadied her.

"You wanted it for our marriage?"

"My dear, for what else? I have enough to rub along on alone. But really, Clara, I'm awfully sorry you have come in on this. I didn't want you to know. I didn't want you bothered. The truth is, I'm broke. It was this way out, or none. These plans are worth a lot of money to me. They mean very little to David. Besides, David has my uncle on a string. He

can get all he wants from him and I can't get a penny. This engine is partly my uncle's invention, so I'm only getting a little of my own back. Don't you see?"

"I—oh, it isn't that, Murray! I don't care about that. But you've been so strange—I thought you had just been playing with me—using me as a blind—that all you wanted were the plans—I—oh!——" She broke down and clung to him, sobbing wildly.

Willard mastered his rage.

"Please, Clara—don't!" he entreated. Then, appearing still to misunderstand, "I'm not really as bad as I seem. I'm not just a common thief, you know."

The girl quieted herself enough to pour forth broken protestations. She didn't care if he were a thief. She didn't care what he was. But of course he wasn't. She knew that. As for David—oh, she would be so glad to be through with David! He could make more plans, they were all that he cared about anyway. Let Murray get the money quickly so they might go away together and be happy. And he must forgive her—oh, he must forgive her for ever having doubted him!

Murray endured this with what patience he might, biting his lips.

"Clara," he said as soon as she would listen. "You're in on this now, a sort of accessory. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. So you may as well help me a little. But you will have to control yourself at once. I'll give you three minutes.

"What if they find you out?" she gasped, shivering.

"They won't. That's what I want to explain if you'll stop shaking and listen. I shan't appear in this at all. There is a man coming to get these plans to-night. He will arrange everything to look like a safe-breaking. Then when he is ready to make his getaway I'll give the alarm. I'll be supposed to have been disturbed, you see, and to have given chase. I'll fire off Miss Mattie's old revolver that she keeps loaded in the kitchen cupboard—at the thief of course. Now, this is how you may help. When you hear the shot, run down at once, *quickly*. You will be the first down. You will see me chase the thief. You will see him get away in his car; David and the others will be aroused at once, of course, but perhaps not quickly enough to see what it is wise should be seen. Do you understand?"

"They—they might find out," she stammered.

"Look here, Clara," he said. "I want you to understand that all we need in any case is a stiff upper lip. If they do find out (and it's next thing to impossible) there is no fear of anything save temporary, and private, unpleasantness. I've got a pull over David that he doesn't dream of."

"What is it?"

"Haven't you ever guessed for yourself what it is? We are half-brothers."

"What!"

"We can't stand here all night discussing it but it's a fact. My father was married twice. David is the older son. He was adopted when he was born. And he has never guessed our relationship—some nonsense about not caring to know even his own father's name."

"Oh, Murray!" Amazement at this bit of family history, and admiration of the use to which Murray intended to put it, almost steadied Clara. Her quick wits began to put two and two together. "But Miss Mattie knows," she said. "That is why she acted so strangely when she met you first."

Willard nodded with a reminiscent smile. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her with convincing thoroughness. Then she stole back silently to her room.

A few moments later Willard, whistling softly, came in, closing the kitchen door with a slight bang. Miss Mattie heard the whistle and the bang and settled to sleep, glad that her suffering guest had recovered from his neuralgia.

Separated by only a partition, Willard sat, sunk in angry thought of the girl who dreamed so happily of him. Clara had crossed his luck! All the superstition of the gambler called down maledictions on her head. And his wounded pride rose up and taunted him. To be at the mercy of Clara Sims! It was a bitter pill for the arrogant Willard.

Anxious waiting seems to still the very pulse of time. But the pulse goes on beatitng. Half past one chimed from the parlour clock.—A quarter to two—five minutes——

Clara, motionless at her window, saw a car glide down the tree-lined street. It stopped noiselessly at the end of the lane under the trees. She did not hear Willard leave his room. The old stairs were solidly built and did not betray him. But in a moment she saw him run across the grass. The moon had set early but it was not a dark night. By straining her eyes, Clara saw a darker figure detach itself from the darkness of the trees. Then the two figures went around the corner of the house in the direction of the workshop. In imagination she followed. She knew what was to be done there. The safe must appear to have been forced. That ought not to take long.—But it seemed long—— Should she go down? No. Murray had told her not to move until she heard him call—and the shot. It was wildly exciting—like a movie show! But the beating of her heart made her feel a little sick!

There they were, now! Murray was the one in the lighter suit—pajamas, of course. He was coming back to the house. The other man moved slowly in the direction of the trees and the lane. Another breathless, sickening moment and she heard Murray call—a chair in the kitchen was thrown over with a crash—the kitchen door banged—the mock chase had begun!

Clara flew down the stairs. As she went she heard a shot, and screamed excitedly.

Willard heard the scream, also a sleepy shout from David. For good measure he shot again, laughing as he did so—the affair was really an excellent joke! He could distinguish the purr of the starting car through the trees. Clara must be just behind. She could be witness to the get-away—but what was that? Something moved in the shadow of the trees—a thin spit of fire leaped out to meet him. Murray's racing feet stumbled, he faltered, spun round like a top and fell!

The hum of the motor grew louder for a moment, then lessened. A powerful car sprang forward, swift and effortless as the wind and vanished into the night. No need to waste a backward look. Herr Stumpf had fulfilled his promise. He had sent a man who was a good shot!

Clara, running swiftly, was almost near enough to catch Murray as he fell. She was excited but not alarmed. It was all just part of his clever acting.

"It's all right!" she whispered, smothering an impulse toward hysterical laughter at the easy success of their plans. Then, as she stooped to lift him, she felt something warm upon her hands and screamed terribly.

David and John, their steps winged by the terror of that scream, arrived hot-foot to find no nicely staged denouement but the stark reality of a frantic woman desperately imploring word or look from the man who lay like dead upon her arm.

"Oh, Davy dear, what is it?" Miss Mattie had paused to bring a lantern and its yellow circle of light fell thin and clear around that tragic two upon the grass.

"It is Clara—and Murray," said David slowly. Wonder was in his voice, halting the words. And so long did he pause that John Baird pushed him impatiently to one side.

"What has happened?" he asked of Clara. "Has Willard been shot?" The dry and passionless voice controlled the girl's hysteria but she was beyond

coherent speech. It was only with difficulty that he loosened her strangling arms sufficient to answer his question for himself.

"Not dead," he said briefly, "but dying—I think. Get the brandy."

"Dying!" Clara's hysterical laugh rang out. "He isn't really hurt. It's all a game. He's just pretending—to give time—to let the man get away. Murray, tell them! Murray!" Her voice rose to a shriek.

"Just keep her quiet a moment, will you?" said John coolly. "Now then, let's try the brandy."

They forced a spoonful between the tightly closed lips and watched for a moment while life, so nearly fled, fluttered back, hesitating. Willard's eyes opened.

"See, see!" cried Clara. "He is all right now. Oh Murray, why did you frighten us so?"

"Be quiet," said Baird sternly. "Let him speak while he can."

"Let me go—he wants me! Murray—Murray!"

But the dying man's eyes moved past her with indifference.

"David!" He could only whisper the name and that with difficulty.

The others drew back in silence and David still in his maze of wonder would have answered the call but Clara, lost to all reason now, threw herself in front of him. Out of the confusion of her terror and despair she knew only one thing—David must be kept apart from the man who had wronged him.

"Don't touch him!" she cried. "You shan't touch him. He hasn't got the plans! He gave them to the man—the man in the car. He had a right to take them if he liked. Don't touch him, David—you shan't touch him!" Her hands closed in a vicelike grip upon his arm.

David's wonder suddenly left him. His mind became suffused with a wonderful, sharp lucidity. How clearly it comprehended! How plainly it saw everything! Clara and Willard—Willard and the plans! Absurdly simple. And himself—what a fool! He could almost have laughed as he gazed into the face of the man who had fooled him.

The flicker of a cynical smile twisted Willard's blanching lips.

"Clara . . . no sense . . . never had!" he murmured.

At the sound of her name she would have thrown herself upon him, had not John restrained her with his iron grip. The agony in her face might have touched any one. But not Murray Willard. In death, as in life, he sought the thing he wanted.

"David!" he said, and tried to hold out his hand, already heavy with the weight of death.

But David, his eyes frozen in his dead white face, made no motion to take the seeking hand.

"It was true—what she said?"

"I tried—other ways—first!"

From sheer weariness Willard's eyes closed, but next moment they opened sharply. In the clear light of the lantern in Miss Mattie's hand their glance was wide with a new and terrible knowledge.

"I'm dying!" Sheer surprise lent strength to the whispering voice. The wide eyes searched the circle of faces bent above him and read the truth there. Even the mightiest effort failed to lift his leaden hand.

"David!" There was fear in the whisper.

It was Miss Mattie's turn now. Down on the grass she knelt beside the boy she loved and that other whom she had forborne to judge. Her clear eye sought David's and compelled them with her kind, deep look—the look he had loved to obey when he was a little child.

"Take his hand, Davy dear," she said. "Whatever has happened, he is dying and—he is your brother."

She might as well have spoken to a stone. He had not caught her meaning. "Brother" meant nothing to him—the common uses of the term had robbed it of any intimate significance. Miss Mattie's eyes sought those of

John Baird in anxious questioning. How were they to make him understand—quickly, before it was too late?

Then Mattie out of her eternal youthfulness, had an inspiration.

"Davy," she said, "don't you remember long ago how you used to wonder what would happen if you had a brother? This is your brother—your father had a second son. And remember, Davy, you always said it wouldn't be fair to judge."

From a long way off her words beat in upon his brain, shocking it even in its cold paralysis. . . . Murray his brother? . . . Murray his father's son, that mythical scapegoat over whose fate his childish mind had agonized? What could Mattie mean? . . . The thing seemed more and more a fantastic nightmare from which he would presently awake. . . . But no! There in the lantern light gleamed the face of his sometime friend, traitor and thief; there stood John Baird grim and silent; Clara's huddled figure was there, and there beside him waited Miss Mattie, her rare tears falling fast and warm upon his hand.

"Oh, Davy," Miss Mattie was sobbing unrestrainedly now. "Don't be so hard, my dear! Remember—what if it had been you?"

What if it had been you?

It could have been but a moment, yet it seemed an eternity that David battled with that question. Then he looked again into the pallid face, dead already save for the eyes which followed him. Murray's look of surprise and fear had faded, to be replaced by a wordless, eager watching. And it, too, was fading fast.

David knelt down again, gathering the heavy hands in his.

No words, but still that eager, watching look.

"What is it, Murray?"

"Mattie says we are brothers, old chap. Did you know?"

The slightest flicker of a smile answered this.

"I wish you had told me, Murray!" David's voice broke.

Something like content stole over the dying face. The lips moved once again.

I—liked you—best—old David," they murmured.

Then the light in the watching eyes went out.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a breathless day in summer. So like was it to the day on which this history opens that Rosme, slipping through the front gate of the Widow Ridley's mansion, might well have slipped back ten years to find herself still playing in the garden.

The house drowsed in the heat; the fir tree shadows lay long and dark across the lawn: the clang of the gate was still the clang which had once awakened Aunt. Years had not changed either the shadows or the sun. But the house was changed. It was no longer the house of the Widow Riley. stared blank and lifeless.

Rosme, once the gate had clanged behind her, did not stop to notice the sameness or the change but, taking the Infant by the hand, ran with her into that other garden of more cheerful memories. Here in the warm shade, in the riot of weeds and bushes and hardy, uncared for flowers she drew a long breath. The seasons which had come and gone had left small traces here. The bees hummed drowsily. There were chirpings and whirrings in the grass. Birds accustomed here to a happy freedom hopped sedately along the old stone wall.

"Oh, I like it!" exclaimed the Infant, with an ecstatic sniff. "Is it your garden, Rosme?"

"No, but I used to play here when I was a little girl."

"Whose garden is it?"

"I don't know—the church's, I suppose."

The Infant looked puzzled; churches, she knew, did not have gardens. But God might.

"Is it God's garden, Rosme?"

"No—yes—perhaps it is, dear. But what are you staring at?"

"A man," said the Infant. "But I'm not rude because he stared first."

Rosme lifted herself from the sheltering tangle of grass. She had in that moment the odd conviction that all this had happened before; that she was living over an already familiar experience and knew exactly what would happen next. So there was no surprise, only wonder and a fluttering fear and pleasure, in seeing David's face looking at them across the wall. Then the lightning flash of memory or prevision faded as unexpectedly as it had come, leaving her to stammer a commonplace greeting.

"I thought you might be here," said David apropos of nothing.

"But you—I thought you were in Toronto." Rosme's hands strayed instinctively to her tumbled hair.

"I was," he nodded, adding obviously, "I have come back."

"What is the man standing on?" asked the Infant, in a shrill whisper.

"He is standing on a brick," answered David. "It is a very uncomfortable brick. He might slip off any minute."

"Won't you come in?" asked Rosme politely.

"I will come over," said David. "Thank you."

Rosme wished that the grass were longer or that her face were more in the shadows of the tree. She knew that her hands were trembling and that her cheeks were pink. She felt indeed, for all her involuntary joy, decidedly at a disadvantage. Since her way with David was to be the cool and sensible way of friendship it was certainly unfortunate to be caught with a handkerchief drying on the clover.

"What's the matter?" asked David. His eye had fallen on the telltale handkerchief at once.

"Nothing at all," said Rosme. "Infant, run away and play."

"Yes, do, Infant," said David warmly.

Yet when that obedient but interested child had retreated behind the nearest currant bush neither of them seemed to have anything to say.

Rosme, out of her unsought embarrassment was beginning to feel a little angry. It was hardly fair of David to come like this. It was hardly playing the game. She stole a look at him under her long eyelashes and the anger grew. Why did he look so —so satisfied? Almost happy? He hadn't looked like that when she had seen him last. Was it possible that her saintly wish had come true and that Clara was really—oh, wouldn't it be dreadful if she were!

"Is there any fresh news?" asked Rosme, trying hard to make her tone one of casual interest.

"News?" David's gaze was distracted and it was plain that her question had conveyed no meaning.

"European news," prompted Rosme.

"Oh! No—that is, yes. I mean—Rosme, you don't seem very glad to see me."

They were looking at each other now and neither seemed able to look away.

"I am glad to see you," said Rosme. She said it gravely. All at once and certainly she saw that evasion and pretense were useless and undignified. Her dream of a future which would include David—as a friend—was suddenly whisked away. Mists, when disturbed, lift swiftly.

"I—I think you had better go away!" she added. (How David's heart leapt to the little break in her girlish voice.)

But he made no movement to go. Neither did that strange light in his eyes die out.

"I can stay if you'll let me, Rosme. I want you to know, I want to tell you, Rosme—Clara has broken our engagement." Above the buzzing of the bee and the noise of the crickets she heard him say the words in a low, jerky voice unlike his own. "She never cared for me. You were right. And I—oh, Rosme!"

He had lost her eyes now. There was not even the tiniest glimpse of them visible. Shadowy lashes hid them well and the blush had faded, leaving her cheeks quite white. Panic surged on David and all his nice control went by the board.

"Rosme, look at me! Oh, my dear ——" He caught her hand, crushing it; that hand which a moment ago he would have been afraid to touch. Fear armed him with desperate bravery. What if he had been mistaken and she didn't care at all!

"Rosme!" It was not a boy's pleading now but a call which her heart must hear.

Very slowly her white lids lifted. He had his answer—all that any lover needed—before they fell again.

"I may stay then?" David's whisper was so low that the greatly intrigued Infant behind the currant bush missed it entirely. But Rosme heard. The whisper was very close to her ear.

With a swift, contented movement which set the pleasant grasses nodding she turned to him; and somehow her happy head found just the place it dreamed of—where his kiss might fall upon her hair.

The Infant behind the currant bush grew very tired of listening to people who would not talk.

"Lucie!" Rosme's bright head lifted with a start.

"I'm so hungry it hurts," complained the Infant, "and there's a boy calling 'Extry'! He's calling so loud I'm afraid he'll bust hisself."

The lovers drew apart, listening. It was odd, they thought, that they had not heard the call before. Certainly it was loud enough. Clear and insistent it shattered the beautiful silence of their enchanted garden.

"Extry! Extry! Just out. Extry!"

There were other words, indistinguishable yet. David and Rosme looked at each other with swift anxiety. Already the world had come to dread that ominous cry.

"Can you hear?" asked Rosme.

They strained their ears to catch the tenor of his distant shouting.

"It may be nothing special," comforted David. "They have so many extras."

"Or it may be good news!" Rosme found it easy to believe in good news now. More than ever the thought of war seemed foolishly grotesque.

"Listen!"

Was it her fancy or did David's arm slacken its hold a little as he waited? And his eyes—what had made his eyes so suddenly grave? Why did they look so far away?

The boy was nearer now. He was rounding the corner.

"Germany—invades—Belgium!"

Rosme felt her lover stiffen beside her. It seemed that his face grew older while she looked.

"David—what is it? What does it mean?"

"It means war, Rosme."

"But not England? Not—us?"

He did not answer. Instead he drew her closer. There was no slackening in his arm now, no far away look in the eyes which sought her own. He kissed her on her lovely, rumpled hair, on the white triangle of her forehead where it parted, on her little, pink ear half-hidden by its wave——

Rosme forgot her question. David forgot his sure conviction of its answer. The newsboy passed. His calling softened into the distance—ceased. Quiet came back to the garden; quiet and the sound of bees and little chirpings in the grass. The great world grew small—and smaller—until it held but two!

And they were happy. For though war might find them to-morrow, to-day they had found love.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

EDWARD LEVI BAUGH

IN the year 1915 Col. Stimson, a well-known stock-broker, of Toronto, entered action against Edward Levi Baugh, a mining and real estate broker of Montreal, to recover $28,000, the balance due on the purchase price of mining stock. The total amount of the purchase price was $30,000. In this action it was proved that Baugh had purchased these stocks, although he claimed that he had only taken an option and had never undertaken to purchase them. However, on the document produced the Court held that it was a straight sale and gave judgment for $28,000 with costs. Baugh appealed and the judgment was sustained. This brought the total amount of the judgment to $30,000. In order to realize on his judgment it was necessary for Stimson to appear in the Courts of the Province of Quebec, as Baugh's assets were in Montreal. About the time the case was to come up in Montreal Baugh appeared in Toronto in company with an officer from the High Constable's office, Montreal, and the latter held a warrant for Stimson's arrest and also a search warrant for the offices. The officer applied to the Detective Department here for an officer to acompany him which was granted. A number of letter books were seized and taken to Montreal. When Stimson appeared in Court in Montreal to answer to a charge of obtaining money by false pretences he was confronted by his own letter books and asked to look at some of the letters there. Although he admitted that the signatures were his, he asserted that he had never seen the letters before. These letters showed that Baugh had only taken an option on the mining stocks and had not purchased them as claimed by Stimson in the civil action. Stimson was found guilty and in order to escape the penalty he agreed to forego his judgment and this was accepted.

Stimson returned to Toronto and although he knew that he had never written the letters that showed in his books, yet he was unable to explain their presence in his books.

About six months afterwards a man named Gariepy arrived in Toronto and asked for an interview with Col. Stimson. The interview was granted, and he explained that he had been engaged in the employ of Baugh at Montreal as stenographer during the years 1914 and 1915, and was still in his employ and had just come to Toronto on a holiday. He said the reason he had come up was that he wanted to make a clean breast of what had taken place in connection with the arrest of Stimson. He told how Baugh had approached him some months in advance of the arrest and explained

how he had been fleeced by Stimson. He said that if he could get possession of the letter books of the Colonel he could show letters that would prove the original transaction was an option and not a straight sale. He then asked Gariepy to go with him to Toronto and if possible get possession of the books. The latter agreed, as he thought Baugh had been wronged.

Arriving in Toronto, Baugh registered at the King Edward Hotel in his own name, and Gariepy registered at the Hotel Mossop as J. B. Henderson, Ottawa. Baugh got in touch with one Pett, a young man who he thought was still in the employ of Stimson. The three met in Baugh's room at the King Edward Hotel and Baugh asked Pett if he had a key to the offices. The latter informed him that he was no longer in the employ of the Colonel, as he had been discharged, and was not on friendly terms with Stimson. Baugh then asked where the books were kept and the locality of the vault. This Pett gave to him but when asked if there was any way of forcing the premises he refused to have anything to do with the matter, telling Baugh that he would be committing a criminal offence by breaking into a man's office. Blocked in that direction, Baugh then wanted Pett to get in touch with the caretaker and if possible get him drunk and get the keys of the office from him. Pett, instead, warned the caretaker to have nothing to do with them. Baugh impressed Pett with the idea that the letters were in the books which would clear him. Pett did not warn Stimson of what was planned.

Next day Gariepy, who was unknown at the Stimson office, strolled through the building and learned that the vaults were in the hallway leading to the offices and next to the lavatory. He also saw that they were open, and stepping quickly into the vault he sized up the position of the books and also learned that each book was indexed on the back with the dates between which the letters were written. He then returned to the hotel and gave this important information to Baugh. He was instructed as to the dates that the letters were supposed to have been written on and asked to get the books with those dates on them. Gariepy returned to the offices and going into the vault grabbed one of the books and ran into the lavatory. Here he placed it under his overcoat and went back to the King Edward. After looking this one over Baugh expressed it to Montreal. He addressed it to an office next door to where he had his office and used a fictitious name. He then returned to Montreal but instructed Gariepy to remain in Toronto and if possible get two other books which he required to carry out his scheme. This Gariepy did and on the next day he stole the other two books. He then returned to Montreal. On the last day he was here he received a letter from Baugh, evidently written on the train, warning him to be careful and not to trust Pett, as he might post Stimson.

After he arrived in Montreal he and Baugh went over the books and in the place where the letters were which Stimson had written to him showing the sale of these stocks, he and Gariepy planned to put other ones showing that it was an option. In order that they might have sheets with the page numbers on, the same as the ones in the book, it was necessary to buy a new book. They then found that they could not purchase such a one in Montreal and it was necessary for Baugh to come to Toronto, which he did. He finally located a place on Adelaide Street where this style of book was sold and he purchased one. Again he returned to Montreal. Gariepy claims that it was about this time that he really became aware of what Baugh was planning to do but he made up his mind he would go through with it. When they came to make copies of letters similar to the ones in the book, they found it would be necessary for them to have an Un-

derwood typewriter and as the one they had was of a different make they rented a typewriter from the Underwood Company, but had the lease made out in the name of the Hygienic Ice Company, of which Baugh was the President. The tape being new on the machine, it was necessary to use it some time before it would copy letters dim enough to match the ones in the books. This took some time. It was then necessary to have the wording of the letters as near perfect, as regards the language used by the Colonel, as possible. Gariepy says they made a dozen copies before they got one that they regarded as satisfactory.

After the letters were all prepared the books were taken apart and the new letters inserted instead of the originals. They then took the books to a bookbinder named Murray and had them rebound. Now everything was in shape except for the signature of Stimson to the letters. Finally Baugh found an old cheque with the Colonel's endorsation on the back. Gariepy traced this over with copying ink and after dampening this he transferred it to the letters.

Everything was now complete and again Gariepy came to Toronto and after registering at the Prince George Hotel as Henderson of Ottawa, he proceeded to secretly place the letter books back into the vault. This he succeeded in doing without being detected. He then returned to Montreal and Baugh swore out a warrant for Stimson with the result as stated in the beginning.

When Gariepy was asked where his evidence was to back this up he showed that all the time he was helping Baugh he was double-crossing him. He produced the telegram from Baugh, and also all the different copies they had made when they were attempting to duplicate the letters of Colonel Stimson. He also had the dates they were in Toronto, and the name of the bookbinder who put the books together.

When this state of affairs was brought to the atention of the City Crown Attorney the latter ordered warrants to be issued for Baugh on the three charges. Detective Guthrie was given the warrants and instructed to go to Montreal and as quietly and promptly as possible get Baugh and have him returned here as it was thought that Baugh would make a big fight before leaving Montreal. This was attempted, but it was found that he would have to come anyway, so his solicitor, Mr. Laflamme, who had been called in, advised him to come. He appeared before me and after hearing the evidence he was committed for trial.

Baugh claimed then that it was a conspiracy to get him, but when confronted with all the documents he could not evince the jury who tried him, and he was found guilty. He appealed and was granted a new trial but again he was found guilty. He again appealed but the conviction was sustained and on February 14th, 1917, he was sentenced by his Honour, Judge Winchester, to five years in Kingston Penitentiary. This case dragged on for fourteen months from the time of his arrest.

The most extraordinary thing about the case was that this criminal, one of the most daring and cunning offenders in my experience, was released by the Minister of Justice in three or four months on the pretence of ill-health.

*

The Children's Court

In 1892 we instituted the Children's Court. It was not really a separate court, but we set apart a small room in the lower part of the City Hall, with a table and a few chairs, and I was accustomed to go down to that room to try all charges against children, in order to keep them out of the public court. I allowed no one in except the parties immediately interested in the case being tried. The child or children stood in front of the table

opposite to me, the clerk sat at the end of the table, the Crown Attorney at my elbow. The representatives of the Children's Aid Society, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, were both present. I would hear the evidence, and the parents were generally present. If I felt that punishment was necessary, I would send the child to the Children's Aid Society, or the Roman Catholic School for children, for a few days, and give the culprits a scolding, and warn them to behave themselves in the future. Sometimes I put a fine on for the parents to pay, if I thought they were negligent and required a lesson.

When the Victoria School was established at Mimico the incorrigible boys were sent there. Reporters were not admitted to the Children's Court, and everything was done in a quiet and unassuming manner, so much so, that after we had been doing good work for years on the lines still used, it was not generally known, that we had such a court in Toronto.

I understand that the Court was carried on for eight years before any court of the kind was started in any part of the world. In 1904 Sir Howard Vincent was passing through Toronto, and came to sit with me on the Bench. I took him with me into our Children's Court. He was intensely interested in the idea, and asked many questions, and gathered all the information he could obtain about it. After his return to England, he, as a member of the House of Commons, brought up the matter in the House, and succeeded in securing legislative action and establishing the system in England.

After this a certain Judge Lindsay of Denver, Colorado, went about lecturing in favour of establishing juvenile courts. I imagine he was surprised when he found one had been established in Toronto some fifteen years before he came here.

In 1912, a Juvenile Court was established formally by law, and a Commissioner placed at the head of it, with a large staff. Rev. Mr. Starr was the first Commissioner, an excellent and kindly gentleman. He died not long after his appointment, and the late Commissioner, Mr. Boyd, was appointed as his successor.

Before leaving this question I wish to pay tribute especially to Mr. Duncan of the Children's Aid Society, and the late Mr. Patrick Hynes of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, for the excellent service and assistance they rendered me during the eighteen years that I held the Court.

I am under the impression that the first Special Women's Court was also started in Toronto. Several organizations of women had been agitating for a separate court for women. Some years ago at a meeting of the Police Commissioners the Mayor mentioned that he had been spoken to about it. I said to him, "Let the Council place the room next to the Police Court at my disposal and I will establish a court for women at once."

Very soon I had the room, and at once established the court, where the women are tried separately, away from the mob, and we are fortunate in having the assistance of a few ladies of the charitable organizations. We also appointed two women to act as constables and only lawyers and witnesses engaged in the court are admitted, and no reporters are allowed in. This has been an excellent regulation, and a great advantage to many girls up for minor causes, and for the first time, and to many who may possibly be retrieved. Lady representatives of the charitable organizations, are always present, and I often appeal to them to assist in cases where a kindly helping hand will prevent a young girl from going astray. The comfort to a judge of having aid of this kind cannot be overestimated, and I gladly testify my gratitude to these kind ladies.

After this Court had been working for some time and had attracted a good deal of attention, the Attorney-General, Mr. Foy, meeting me casual-

ly said, "What is this I hear about a Women's Court being established? How could that happen without my knowing anything about it?"

I replied, "You were busy, and I did not want to bother you, as it was no trouble to me to establish it, when the Mayor and Corporation gave me the room, and I was not bound to hold my court in any particular room." This private court for women, especially for young women, is one of the most satisfactory institutions in the city, especially when aided as we are by the Salvation Army, the representatives of the Good Shepherd, the Deaconesses of the Church of England, and the Presbyterian Home.

*

Some Police Court Reporters

For some ten years back one of the ablest, if not the ablest, Police Court reporters we ever had, has been reporting for *The Evening Telegram.* Mr. H. M. Wodson is still engaged by that paper, and writes daily, very humorous and interesting accounts of the varied stories of human life, which are unravelled day by day. He has a high reputation all over the Province, and his reports of the court proceedings are read from one end of the country to the other. Often when I am away from home and meet strangers, they refer to my court and tell me they are constantly reading about my work in the Police Court in *The Toronto Telegram.*

In 1917 Mr. Wodson published a book called "The Whirlpool" or "Scenes from Toronto Police Court." It is a remarkably clever, bright book, and most interesting to the general reader, and conveys a good moral lesson to all who read it.

While these Recollections have been passing through *The Canadian Magazine* I reached the age of eighty years and the day before my birthday six of the reporters, who regularly attend the Police Court, came to my private room and presented me with a copy of Viscount Jellicoe's book, "The Grand Fleet", with kind wishes on my birthday. Mr. Wodson was the spokesman, and at the front of the book was inserted a neatly printed page with the following inscription:

A TRIBUTE

To Colonel G. T. Denison on the occasion of his 80th birthday, August 31st, 1919.

Well, Colonel, you have had a day,
Much longer than most men, Sir,
But n'er-the-less, we do not pray
That you should say "Amen, Sir."

Such men as you are hard to find,
Astute, and just, and bluff, Sir.
The world is richer for your kind,
You're made of first-rate stuff, Sir.

We've watched your work upon the Bench
And oft extolled your sense, Sir;
And felt your jokes with painful wrench—
Now please don't take offence, Sir.

If asked to guess why you've held out
Against attack and slam, Sir,
We'd say at once beyond a doubt
You do not care a damn, Sir.

Signed,

Athol Gow, "Star."	Harry M. Wodson, "Telegram."
H. R. Drew, "Telegram."	Tom Levine, "Telegram."
S. C. Cain, "Star."	P. D. Daniels, "Times."

The verses were written by Mr. Wodson. I was very much gratified at the kindly and friendly feeling evinced in the whole affair, a feeling, which I thoroughly reciprocated.

*

Assistant Magistrates

For many years I was the only Police Magistrate in Toronto, and when occasionally absent it was necessary to have one or two Justices of the Peace to attend to the Court. I have had the assistance in this way of a number of gentlemen who placed me under great obligations to them for their help.

One of the ablest of these men was the late Alderman John Baxter, J. P., who for many years attended the

Court when I happened to be absent. He was a man of great natural ability, with plenty of common sense, although not a man of much education. His decisions were rarely upset. On one occasion the late Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, the leader of the Bar and Treasurer of the Law Society, was acting before Mr. Baxter in a case where the construction of a statute was involved. Mr. Cameron argued with much ability and earnestness in favour of a certain construction of the clause. When he had finished Mr. Baxter said very coolly, "I do not agree with your view in this, Mr. Cameron. I construe that statute in this way". And he gave the decision against Mr. Cameron. His decision was carried to the Court of Appeal and Mr. Baxter's ruling was upheld. He was much pleased, and when he met Mr. Cameron he said to him, "Well, you see, Mr. Cameron, I was right on that point". "Yes", replied Cameron, "I thought you were all the time."

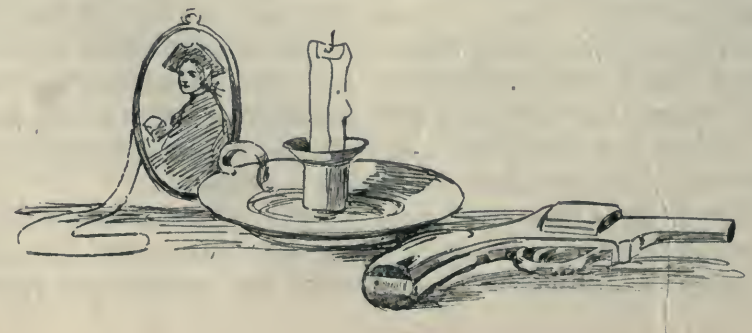
There were a number of other Justices of the Peace who were very helpful to me, and I wish to testify my gratitude to them. Neil C. Love, J.P., J. B. Boustead, J.P., Hugh Miller, J.P., Jacob Cohen, J.P., were the foremost among them. Afterwards Rupert E. Kingsford was appointed Deputy Police Magistrate, and for years has been working with me, taking a share of the work dealing with all the by-laws cases, and taking my court in case of my illness or absence. Mr. Ellis has since the annexation of West Toronto Junction, of which he was Police Magistrate, been also of great assistance in the Court. Mr. Jacob Cohen was appointed to act as a Justice of the Peace some years ago, but both Mr. Ellis and he have been recently appointed Police Magistrates, so that at the present time there are four of us.

I must express the satisfaction with which I look back upon my association with all these men, for all of whom I hold the highest esteem and confidence.

I must also refer to the Clerk of the Police Court and the Assistant Clerks, who have always given me the most loyal support and service. Mr. Morrison the clerk, and Mr. Webb, the assistant clerk, have been invaluable to me. And the various underclerks who have been employed from time to time have been most reliable and industrious in fulfilling their duties.

These Recollections will close with this month's issue and before concluding them, I wish to draw a comparison between the conditions which existed in the police administration at the time I took my seat on the Bench, on the 2nd June, 1877, (forty-three years ago), and the present state of affairs. In 1877 Toronto had a population of about 75,000. The number of cases in the Police Court in that year was about 5,000. I was the only Magistrate, with one clerk. Now the population is more than half a million. We have four Magistrates and seven clerks and the cases in the Police Court in 1919 were 30,170.

Editor's Note.—After forty-three years of continuous service as Police Magistrate of Toronto, and in his eighty-first year, Col. Denison still presides in that capacity.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Whether one favours or opposes Home Rule for Ireland, there can be nothing but execration for the cruelties and brutalities of Sinn Fein. There is danger that these incendiaries and murderers will give an evil fame to Ireland only comparable with that which Germany has acquired among the nations. It may be that for generations Ulster was arrogant and England arbitrary and intolerant. In English rule there was no consideration for Irish susceptibilities nor any respect for legitimate Irish aspirations. It is easy to understand that no spirited people can be reconciled to alien control in their local affairs. Dublin Castle to multitudes of Irishmen represented political domination and social superiority. The English constabulary throughout the South of Ireland were a perpetual reminder of control and conquest. Absentee landlords reaped where they did not sow and taxed where they did not produce. But for years Great Britain has been atoning, spending hundreds of millions in acquiring land for the Irish people, and prodigally assisting the restoration of Irish industry and agriculture. Still the harvest of discontent ripened and social, political, and religious rancour flourished with the old luxuriance.

At bottom the Irish quarrel is religious and sectarian. Ulster, looking back into history, fears a Parliament at Dublin in which its religious faith and its industrial fabric would be subject to a Southern majority. It distrusts guarantees and covenants. It opposes coercion by Westminster and threatens revolution if coercion is attempted. All negotiations and conferences end in disagreement. Ulster does not want a divided Ireland, but if forced to choose will accept separation from the South rather than submission to a Dublin Parliament. The South opposes division and requires Ulster's submission. Finally Sinn Fein demands complete separation from Great Britain and establishes an Irish Republic. In the meantime a Bill goes slowly through the Imperial Parliament which practically provides separate legislatures for North and South with machinery to create a common Parliament when the Irish people themselves can agree upon what powers such a Parliament should possess and what should be the relation of Ireland to Great Britain and its position in the Empire.

Separation, Mr. Lloyd George has declared, Great Britain will never concede. Nor, he asserts, will the Imperial Parliament coerce Ulster. But it is manifest, that short of separation, there is nothing the Imperial Parliament will not yield to Irish demands if North and South can agree upon the provisions of a common constitution. Mr. Lloyd George recalls that America fought a bloody civil war to prevent dismemberment of the Union and he declares in unequivocal language that Great Britain will do likewise to prevent the disruption of the Empire. The British people know in what desperate situation they might have found themselves, if before the Great War Ireland had

achieved independence. Indeed, it is possible that Germany, with Ireland as a base of military operations and aided by an Irish Republic, would have triumphed. Even the responsible leaders of British labour have been alienated by the excesses of Sinn Fein, while tens of thousands of Liberal Home Rulers in England, Scotland and Wales turn towards Ulster with new sympathy and understanding. No cause can be hallowed by murder or sanctified by outrage. Human nature is shamed by creatures who kill in the night and shoot from behind hedges. One feels that the Irish people of Canada and the United States should raise their voices, not for De Valera, his skulking criminals and his midnight bandits, but against acts and methods which defame the race throughout the world and deny the natural kindness and humanity of the Irish character. It is strange that the Church which exercises such peculiar and often such wholesome influence over its people does not exercise its last vestige of authority to restrain the Sinn Fein assassins and separate the Irish people from the madness of insensate leadership.

It must be clear that Great Britain cannot submit, without dishonour, to intimidation and violence, treachery and murder. Nothing is more inconceivable than that the Imperial Parliament will set Ireland adrift under Sinn Fein leadership, or that Ulster will accept a common Irish Parliament until these desperate, blood-guilty extremists are repudiated and delivered to judgment by the Irish people themselves. The hope of British people all over the world was that the war would heal the age-long quarrel between England and Ireland. It was not the fault of John Redmond that the hope was not realized, nor of statesmen in authority at Westminster. Throughout the war there was tender dealing with Ireland, exemption from conscription, and relief from burdens which bore cruelly upon the Britsh people and which the Dominions voluntarily assumed. But the answer to conciliatory treatment was intrigue and revolution, as now the offer of substantially complete self-government is met with armed forces on the highways and murder in the byways.

What Sinn Fein demands Great Britain cannot give without present dishonour and infinite danger in the future. To yield to violence and terrorism would be only less humiliating than defeat by Germany. Those elements in the United States which fill the treasury of Sinn Fein and force approving resolutions through meddling and spineless Legislatures would mock at Great Britain through the generations if she should now yield to Irish tormentors, persecutors and rebels. They would sanction and glorify any extreme action by the Government at Washington if there was a like attempt to dismember the Republic. It all, therefore, comes down to this: If the Irish people will cast out incendiaries and murderers and show themselves fit for self-government there is nothing short of complete separation they cannot obtain. If they fail to do this the British Government may not hesitate at any measure, however harsh and heroic, to restore order and constitutional authority in Ireland and crush the Irish Republic in its cradle. Moreover there can be no thought of forcing Ulster under an Irish Legislature, or of the institution of Dominion Home Rule for Ireland, until the forces of Sinn Fein are scattered and guarantees are afforded for the future security of the Northern Counties which the people of Ulster can accept with confidence that they will not lose their British citizenship nor ever be subject to the agencies and influences which are making Ireland a shame and a byword throughout the world.

II

For many months Canadians have been "looking to Washington" with placid rather than with anxious interest. We have come to expect that during a Presidential contest Great Britain will not be popular with certain American

elements and that the "lion's cub" will not be regarded with exceptional favour. But we think we understand. There have been political contests in Canada in which the United States was not commended to the affection of the Canadian people and when we discovered designs at Washington, which perhaps were not seriously, or at least, not widely entertained.

Behind all the "tumult and the shouting" we believe that somehow or other, and sometime or other, the United States will understand the British people and have a better conception of the spirit and ideals of the British Empire. The masses of people in Great Britain, in Canada, and in the other British Dominions desire only good relations with Americans. But there could be no greater mistake than to think that this desire arises out of any fear for the future of the British Empire or any desire to shelter the Empire behind American support.

III

Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, K.C., who died a few weeks ago, was a man of rare personal charm and of greater gifts than were ever fully revealed to the public. For thirty years his health was precarious, but he made the journey with smiling serenity and adequate courage. He had a genius for hospitality, a humour that was happy and infectious, and a great persistence in tasks to which he set himself. With a greater reserve of physical strength he would probably have stood foremost among the political leaders of the country. As an after-dinner speaker he had few equals among his contemporaries, and he was singularly persuasive and effective on public platforms.

Those who knew George Lindsey and had studied the career of William Lyon Mackenzie did not need to be told that he was a grandson of the Rebel of 1837, if one interprets history as Lindsey did not. For to Lindsey Lyon Mackenize was a patriot and he had an hereditary dislike of privilege and autocracy. To none of those who separated from Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the crisis of the war could the strain have been more severe than for Lindsey. His political creed was essentially that of Laurier in national outlook and in conception of the Imperial relation. But there was hatred in Lindsey's "bones and blood" for the things which Germany represented. He was ready, therefore, even to sanction conscription and forsake cherished associations in order that democracy should exert all its power to maintain free institutions.

But many of us think of Lindsey not so much as a man who loved books, who had a consistent political creed, who was loyal to convictions, and had skill to interpret and power to express himself and his opinions, but as a happy, laughing, engaging, inspiring companion who would allow no company to be dull, whose jests left no scars, and whose sympathy comforted his friends when the sky was dark and the road lonely. One likes to think that in the final adjustment of accounts there will be a balance in favour of men who made the way brighter and smoother for those who journeyed with them across the years. In Lindsey's life there was much bravery and fortitude. For years he was in arms against physical weakness. But he won on many a field and in spirit he died unconquered.

IV

Unquestionably Parliament loses in distinction and authority by the withdrawal of Sir Robert Borden, Sir Thomas White and Hon. N. W. Rowell from the Government. For twenty-five years Sir Robert has been influential in the House of Commons and for nine years he had been Prime Minister. Whatever may be his faults or virtues it is certain that he held office during the great days of Canada, and that the relation of the country to Europe and its status

in the Empire have vitally altered since he became leader of the Conservative party.

One doubts if Borden ever was a Conservative. In his attitude towards Imperial problems he was a Liberal and in domestic affairs he was far more radical than was Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All his thinking was deliberate, and he was often so slow in action that events travelled faster than he did. He could wait for vexing problems to settle themselves and many times they did so, perhaps as wisely as if he had shown greater decision and energy. How much in this method was indecision and how much calculation only the gods know. He could not easily resist importunity and yet on occasion could be stubborn and unbending. An unsatisfactory colleague he could not displace until even his extraordinary patience was exhausted and action became not so much a duty as a necessity. From the first, however, he saw that Canada's obligation in the war was measured only by its resources and its endurance and as a war minister he will have his place in history.

Borden was at his best in the House of Commons. On the platform he was cold and unemotional. He could reason and there is literary quality in many of his speeches. But he was seldom inspiring and the respect in which he was held by his followers seldom softened into affection. He was eager to win the confidence of Quebec but he failed just as Laurier never could secure a majority in Ontario. It will be found, however, that in all his speeches there is not a single ungenerous reference to the French Province. The war, conscription and the organization of the Union Government vitally affected the party which Borden inherited and that which Laurier virtually re-created and one doubts if the old elements which constituted the historic parties will ever be fully reunited in the national political organizations of the future.

Not only does Borden disappear from public life but Sir Thomas White and Mr. Rowell also secure relief from the responsibilities of office. All three may hold their seats in Parliament until the general election, owing to the difficult situation at Ottawa, but there is a suspicion that none of the three will seek re-election. Thus the country loses a Premier, a man who could have been his successor and another man who probably would have been Premier in the future if he had chosen to devote himself primarily and finally to public affairs. No man in the Union Government had a greater personal following than Mr. Rowell. It cannot be said that he has had generous treatment from a wing of the Conservative party while by a few newspapers he was pursued with malignant ferocity. So, by an element of the Liberal party he was continually hunted and slandered. But despite all these hostile influences he compelled the respect of Parliament and leaves office with an enviable reputation for industry, integrity and ability. It is unfortunate that at this time White and Rowell should be forced to withdraw from the direct service of a country which never was poorer in statesmen of capacity and distinction.

Probably the most powerful members of the new Cabinet will be the Premier and Mr. Calder. No one will question Mr. Meighen's moral and intellectual qualifications for the great position to which he has been lifted. That he was ready to face its responsibilities is something over which the country may rejoice. In the fact there is assurance that he will give the country all that he has of energy and ability. And he has great ability, and energy almost too great for his physical strength. That he is a young man is not a ground of reproach; that he comes from the West is a real national advantage at this juncture in the history of Canada. One feels that from the East Mr. Meighen will receive generous sympathy and as full measure

of support as any leader of older Canada could obtain for the political platform of the party to which he belongs. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the East rejoices in the growth and expansion of the West, desires only intimate understanding and co-operation with the Western people, and is neither so arrogant nor so self-righteous as to doubt that the national sentiment of the newer Provinces is as strong and fervent as that of older Canada. Differences must develop in every virile community, but it is not conceivable that Mr. Meighen will be less strong in the East because he comes from the Prairie country or that in the long run any class or sectional feeling will prevail over the common national sentiment and the common national interest.

Mr. Meighen, who is forty-five years of age, was born at St. Mary's, in Western Ontario, and was among the most brilliant students of his time at the University of Toronto. Mr. Calder, who is six years older, was born in Oxford County, not far from Mr. Meighen's birthplace. Mr. Meighen has represented a Manitoba constituency in the House of Commons since 1908, while Mr. Calder was elected to the Saskatchewan Legislature in 1905 in the first general election after the Province was created and held office in the Provincial Government as Minister of Education until he entered the Federal Cabinet when the war Coalition was effected.

It is universally admtited that Mr. Meighen is among the very best debaters in Parliament. He has all the controversial skill of an able lawyer, an exceptional command of scholarly English, and thoroughly masters any subject he undertakes to discuss. He has amazing industry with genius for detail. It is known that Mr. Meighen drafted and perfected the measure which established closure when by no other method could the Borden Naval Aid Bill be forced through the House of Commons. No other member defended the measure with such skill and resource and it was found that in not a single clause or paragraph was it open to successful attack. He was the associate of Sir Robert Borden in the difficult negotiations for the purchase of the Grand Trunk Railway. In all the vexing and complex railway legislation of the past few years he has been perhaps the chief adviser of the Primer Minister and the most effective spokesman for the Administration. Indeed, no one in greater degree relieved Sir Robert Borden of such portion of the heavy load as could be lifted from his shoulders or was so ready for any task which the leader could commit to his hands.

It is believed that Mr. Meighen framed the War-time Franchise Act which has produced such bitter and continuous controversy in Canada, alhough he was not more responsible than his colleagues for the decision to disfranchise a considerable percentage of enemy aliens in the last general election, or for other features of the measure which has been subjected to such savage criticism. No one was more vigorous than Mr. Meighen in advocacy of conscription, or more zealous and self-sacrificing throughout the war in every movement to stimulate recruiting, to equip and support the expeditionary forces and to organize all the resources of the country for the supreme struggle in which Canada and the Empire were so vitally involved. It is understood that he was only prevented from enlisting himself by the urgent personal appeal of Sir Robert Borden, that nothing that he could do in the field would have greater value than the service he could give as a member of the Government. Mr. Meighen has been regarded as a strong Conservative. He is, too, a moderate protectionist, a "progressive" in political outlook, and a devoted Imperialist. His Imperialism, however, is tempered by Canadian nationalism and his conception of Empire is that of Borden rather than that of the older colonial school.

Mr. Calder was, perhaps, the most influential personality in the Liberal party of Saskatchewan. There is no more sagacious or effective organizer in Canadian politics. As Minister of Education in the Western Province he was constructive and courageous. He planned the University of Saskatchewan and never hesitated to provide and defend generous appropriations for elementary and secondary education. Denounced as a politician in political method, he is prudent and practical in administration. He speaks seldom, and neglects all the arts and devices which produce popularity. Often described as "Silent Jim Calder" he remembers that "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words". He is never obscure, never emotional, never apologetic. But manner and language suggest ability and solidity. He achieved such a position in the Cabinet that it was said Sir Robert Borden favoured his accession to the Premiership. He was, however, a Liberal with a reputation for extreme partisanship in Saskatchewan, while probably 85 per cent. of the Unionists belong to the Conservative party. But Mr. Calder, like most men of robust and aggressive character, has the quality of loyalty. He was frankly and unflinchingly loyal to Borden. He seems to have acquired the complete confidence of the old Conservative element in Parliament. There is no doubt that he will be as loyal to Mr. Meighen or he would not have agreed to remain in the Cabinet. And in any Cabinet in which he sits he will be singularly influential. Thus, whether the days of the new Cabinet be few or many, two Western ministers will be very powerful in settling its policy and determining the exact character of its appeal to the country in the next general election.

V

Sir Lomer Gouin has resigned the Premiership of Quebec. He held office for fifteen years, to the great advantage of his Province, and, as they say in the railway statutes, to the general advantage of Canada. Sir Lomer has never been a smooth or accommodating politician. He has, perhaps, commanded more respect than affection. In his character and in his utterances there is something of the bluntness and roughness for which Lord Salisbury was distinguished. No man could be more unlike Mercier or Chapleau, who inspired a passionate devotion among groups of adherents in Quebec. He has neither the charm nor the distinction of Laurier. Nor has he any of the genius for agitation which gives Mr. Bourassa his power with the Nationalist element of the French Province. Sir Lomer Gouin has had no sympathy with academic idealism and destructive social and political theories. He has been a practical statesman in a practical world, holding support by progressive, constructive measures, resisting extreme groups and revolutionary proposals, and guiding public opinion into rational and moderate courses.

Unquestionably Quebec has benefited greatly from his wise and prudent administration of its affairs. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Quebec was regarded as the most careless and spendthrift of all the Provinces. Political scandals there were common enough and the other Provinces had adopted a somewhat pharisaical attitude towards French Canada. A common belief was that Quebec was plunging towards bankruptcy, and that sooner or later the Province would be without reputation or credit in the money markets. That seems now to have been a long time ago. To-day Quebec is in as good a position, if not actually in a better position, than any other Province in the Confederation. Nova Scotia, perhaps, ranks second among the Provinces in present financial ease and in the prospect of future revenues. The debt of Ontario increases but the investments in the Provincial railway and the Hydro-Electric enterprises do not necessarily impose any direct or permanent obligation upon the taxpayers. These enterprises will be self-supporting if they are wisely and

conservatively managed. By reduction of charges they may indirectly reduce taxation and strengthen the financial position of the Province. All depends on whether or not policy continues to be sound and management prudent and efficient.

So the Province may gain or lose by the construction of radial railways. It is certain that radial roads create new traffic and therefore may be profitable undertakings where a competing steam road would not be justified. But no community benefits by unnecessary competing railways. The country has learned that lesson at great cost to the treasury. Whether private or public capital is invested interest on the investment must be paid out of earnings or out of taxation. Where two railways are built to do the work of one the cost of transportation is increased and what was designed to be a public benefit becomes a public injury. On this continent as in other countries hundreds of millions of dollars have been wasted in duplicating railways on the supposition that competition in itself would reduce freight and passenger charges. The result has been waste of capital and defeat of the very object for which the roads were constructed. In the construction of electric railways wiser counsels should prevail. The primary object should be to serve sections of the country in which transportation is now inadequate and to protect rather than to destroy invested capital. The public is not necessarily benefited when a corporation is injured nor is the credit of Canada improved by retaliatory measures.

There are many communities in Ontario which need radial railways and if they are constructed where they are needed, with economy in building and a proper relation to requirements, public ownership will not be condemned unless there should be future slackness and inefficiency in operation. Public ownership does lay heavier duties upon Governments and does require extreme vigilance in administration. But, whatever may be the future advantages or disadvantages of public ownership, it cannot be said that the financial position of Ontario is as good as it was twenty years ago even if it be admitted that for so rich a Province the actual public debt is still comparatively insignificant. Probably all the Canadian Provinces are running towards extravagance in government. One feels that a Bradshaw in Queen's Park could improve the financial position of Ontario by $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 annually. All the Western Provinces are extravagant although farmers are the predominant element in Western Legislatures. Moreover, the consequences of extravagance are as serious for farmers as for other classes of the people, even if taxation is so adjusted as to fall chiefly upon financial institutions and industrial corporations.

It may be that even in Quebec it is still easily possible to improve the revenues by greater economy and more prudent administration. But under Sir Lomer Gouin the Province has made remarkable advances in agriculture and in industry. He has been honest enough and resolute enough to prevent any considerable waste on any flagrant jobbery. No man has ever served Quebec with greater fidelity or with fewer of the shifts and artifices of the professional politician. He has held his position, not because he was sinuous and agreeable, but because he gave the people service of such quality that they could not afford to set him aside. There is a general expectation that he will yet appear at Ottawa and whether one agrees or disagrees with his political opinions there can be no question that men of his type are needed in the House of Commons, that he would be soundly influential in federal affairs, and that the whole country would benefit by such prudent, conservative, and resolute qualities as he has displayed in the government of Quebec.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HUSBAND

By E. H. Anstruther. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

AMONG the great mass of fiction published just now this book will be relished for its many passages that reveal not only an appreciation of life and nature but as well a splendid literary style. It is an English novel. To give an idea of its flavour, the following is quoted:,

"The heather is a little over" said Mrs. Dennithorne, pointing away behind them, as they wound a little back on their tracks up the drive. "It is all in that direction, west and to the North, and beyond that you come to the Fens—you know our famous Fen district? Down there, to the left, you see our river, the little Farr—look, you can just see it again through the wood! That is the oak wood; it is much admired; oaks will hardly ever grow in this country".

Penelope noticed everything; she was entranced by the changing scene, the tranquil air, the tinted woods, the silver stream, the flowing heath; and then the tall red brick house, with its stone terrace, and balustrade covered by the knotted trunk and branches of an ancient wistaria; with behind it all glimpses of smooth lawns, a sun-dial, and rows of formal "bedded-out" flowers. She felt the inevitable, sensuous charm of a dignified, sequestered, established, English home.

They went into the house. In the still, almost religious quiet of the large square hall tea was set. Penelope and her new aunt sat down in deep chintz-covered chairs, and, while they ate little pieces of food from ever so many different kinds of plates and dishes, Penelope gradually supplied the links which were missing in her cousin's knowledge of her own recent antecedents.

. . . . . .

"I must live, I can't stifle myself to death".

And then, quite suddenly, she felt her own terrifying smallness and insignificance, creeping up the long silent path, past each little, black block of semi-detached houses, nearer and nearer, and on, in perfect solitude, at her own gate. The Great Bear still hung in the sky, as it had always hung for thousands and millions of exactly similar dark, starry nights before this one; as she could, herself, remember it to have hung on an innumerable succession of occasions; and beneath this awe-inspiring spectacle she felt that the trifling fact of her own existence was a thing too mean to matter. It appeared ludicrous to suppose that it could signify at all what she chose to do with her infinitesimal self. And although she knew that it did matter, that in some recondite way, inexplicable to herself, its signification was just as tremendous as was the whole vast phenomenon of the universe; still, by some other devious path, she contrived to manufacture a justification and absolution for herself out of the smallness and helplessness of mankind.

So Penelope, journeying thus silently up the little hill, had come at last to her own gate, and then her thoughts came to an abrupt halt. She opened the gate stealthily, all her body tightened up and alert again. Her meditations on things in the abstract were dissipated as swiftly as a soap-bubble, her perception of mundane realities was as keen and lucid as a spring morning.

The trouble she had, at this moment, but begun to visualize would be one to attack her in her most vulnerable spot. She would have to defend herself before a tribunal of opinion not only foredoomed to hostility, but to a complete inability to comprehend her defence. To face her aunts with her new plans would be like facing Margery again; it would be like talking in an imperfectly assimilated foreign tongue, like a desperate exchange of phrases that carried no meaning. The girl who, a little more than an hour ago, had bravely shouldered her fate, recognizing—before the mute appeal of those

piled-up papers—the course true courage plainly pointed out to her, now stood before the front door (latch-key in hand) with dry lips, a throat that swelled, and a heart whose beating was like the erratic flight of a leaf before the wind.

☆

THE VOICE OF THE PACK

By Edison Marshall. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

IT is a tense moment in this romantic story of the Canadian West when Dan Failing, the hero, is put to the supreme test of facing single-handed an enraged cougar that is threatening the life of his sweetheart. The girl, Snowbird, is attacked by the great beast at night, on a mountain trail, and when the girl shoots at it, it leaps upon her. The scene that follows is here given in the words of the author:

Hurled to her face in the trail, she did not see the cougar crawl on the earth beside her. The flame in the lantern almost flicked out as it fell from her hand, then flashed up and down, from the deepest gloom to a vivid glare with something of the effect of lightning flickering in the sky. Nor did she hear the first frenzied thrashing of the wounded animal. Kindly unconsciousness had fallen, obscuring this and also the sight of the great cat, in the agony of its wound, creeping with broken shoulder and bared claws across the pine needles towards her defenseless body.

But the terrible fangs were never to know her white flesh. Some one had come between. There was no chance to shoot; Whisperfoot and the girl were too near together for that. But one course remained; and there was not even time to count the cost. In this most terrible moment of Dan Failing's life, there was not even an instant's hesitation. He did not know that Whisperfoot was wounded. He saw the beast creeping forward in the weird dancing light of the fallen lantern, and he only knew that his flesh, not hers, must resist its rending talons. Nothing else mattered. No other consideration could come between.

It was the test; and Dan's instincts responded coolly and well. He leaped with all his strength. The cougar bounded into his arms, not upon the prone body of the girl. And she opened her eyes to hear a curious thrashing in the pine needles, a strange, grim battle that, as the lantern flashed out, was hidden in the darkness.

And that battle, in the far reaches of the Divide, passing into a legend. It was the tale of how Dan Failing, his gun knocked from his hands as he met the cougar's leap, with his own unaided arms kept the life-giving breath from the animals lungs and killed him in the pine needles. Claw and fang and the frenzy of death now could not matter at all.

Thus Failing established before all men his right to the name he bore. And thus he paid one of his debts—life for a life, as the code of the forest always decreed—and in the fire of danger and pain his metal was tried and proven.

☆

THE STRANGER

By Arthur Bullard. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE are irritating perplexities about this book. At times it is harsh and gaudy. Then, by a change in the author's diction and subject matter, the scene mellows and softens and manifests a certain richness. The total effect of the book is to give a sense of thinness that almost approaches vacuity. But again this thinness, like the thinness of the air of a Western summer, seems sometimes the accompaniment if not the guarantee of distance and vistas and exhilarations.

The story, to one who has read the book and laid it down, is vague like something dreamed and falf forgotten if it was ever really grasped. For some readers the characterization will be artistic, an achievement of the author; for others it will be simply a baffling flaw that the author's immediacy in the matter of dates and contemporaneousness will not remedy. It is as if the action of the book happens behind the semi-transparent screen at the theatre. This, for a summer and half dreamy mood, is pleasant. For the mood of the ordinary year-round reader, who feels that it is the novelist's business to create, to create vividly and concretely, it will be without strong appeal. The few places in the book where the screen disappears and life stalks plainly will be the satisfactory places.

THE SECOND LATCH KEY

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THESE two writers, who are noted for the constant and fascinating action in their stories, have not failed their numerous readers in this their latest novel. It is the story of an English girl and an adventuring American millionaire who, entering like a Galahad, wins her, and then assumes what appears to be his real nature—a cad. How the mystery which makes him act this part is solved, and enduring love comes to them, is the main theme.

☆

KINDRED OF THE DUST

By Peter B. Kyne. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a love story of the great Northwest, of the sort of people there. There are three principal characters:

The old Laird—Hector McKaye, millionaire lumber man, a fine old gentleman who has centered the great hopes of a mighty life in his son to whose broad shoulders he has now shifted the vast McKaye enterprises.

The young Laird—Donald, who is torn between his love for his father and his love for Nan, his marriage to whom he feels would break his proud old father's heart.

The outcast of Port Agnew—"Nan of the Sawdust Pile" ostracized by the townspeople, who has made two mistakes in life. She has been deceived into marriage by a bigamist whom she left, and then has fallen in love with Donald McKaye, for whom she named her child. Above all, it is a man's belief in the woman he loves.

Hector McKaye and his close-mouthed general manager Andrew Davey were the only persons who knew the extent of the Laird's fortune. Even their knowledge was approximate, however, for the Laird disliked to delude himself and carried on his books at their cost priced properties, which had appreciated handsomely in value since their purchase. The knowledge of his wealth brought to McKaye a goodly measure of happiness—not because he was of Scottish ancestry and had inherited a love for his baubees, but because he was descended from a fierce, proud, Scottish clan, and wealth spelled independence to him.

☆

THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

By Anison North. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS is a story of the rebellion in Upper Canada in 1837. It is, therefore, a novel of political strife at a time when this young country was in the moulding process. It is a period in Canadian history that has appealed to a number of Canadian writers, notably to Wilfred Campbell, who undoubtedly has left a more pronounced impression as poet than as novelist. In this particular story by Anison North, which is really the *nom de plume* of Miss May Wilson of London, Ontario, the history of the period is well sketched, but there is as well for readers who are not so much interested in history a pretty romance which treats of the love affairs of a handsome girl, Barry, and an equally handsome youth, Alan. The part that Alan takes in the rebellion, especially after he joins the rebel forces under Mackenzie and assists in the attack on Toronto, makes interesting reading quite apart from the love story, which fortunately is ever dominant. One of Alan's observations, which applies to-day as much as it did then is that "The whole trouble of this country comes of lack of common experience and the difficulty of getting a common point of view". Miss Wilson is to be congratulated on having woven a successful romance into a very important event in Canadian history.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE TAVERN

The Tavern Sign-post

THE old axiom that good wine needs no bush was not observed by the tavern of my recollection. For this tavern flaunted a sign that was large and square and much beaten by weather. The sign was supported by a cedar post erected, almost in the middle of the cross-roads, so that even those who ran might read. That is, they might have read had not the characters on the face been almost wholly obliterated by sun and sleet and snow. Nevertheless it stood there with as much significance as the inscription above the bar-room door: "Licensed to sell beer, wine and other spirituous and fermented liquors."

The roads crossed at the foot of two hills, at the very foot of the village. There stood the sign-post, and over from it, against the hillside, lay the tavern, a gaunt, square, light brick structure, with the bar-room steps at the nearest corner and a main entrance in the middle. A plank platform ran all across the front and far enough around the end to pass the bar-room door. In ordinary circumstances an old-fashioned wooden pump would have stood on one corner, but in its stead, just a few feet away, under the edge of the road, a spring of clear water appeared. The water was cold, and it shone in the sun, turning over slowly once or twice before it slipped back into the earth again, to reappear by the roadside, behind the stables, in the form of a rivulet, which, after many years away from it, at length prompted my dissertation on "The Source".

The real source of this stream was farther up, past the grist mill and behind the blacksmith's shop; but here by the tavern it made its first real appearance. Sometimes, as children, on the way to school, we used to make the interesting experiment of casting a chip of wood into the churning water, watch it glide down from sight, then run out behind the stables by the roadside, and wait for it to emerge triumphant into the light. What a weird, perilous voyage for craft so frail! How the chip must have held its breath and shut its

A Perilous Voyage

A Line of Notable Beasts

eyes as it went hurtling and tossing through that subterranean passage! Niagara gives no more genuine thrill than this. Nor does Kakabeka, Montmorenci, or the upper chasms of the Fraser.

The water, following its course under ground, flowed beneath the bar-room door, beneath the gravelled space where steeds of noble blood have stamped at the hitching post, almost beneath the stables honoured by the memory of Lord Haddow, Prince Charlie, Pride of Perth, Perfection, and a line of other notable beasts whose pedigrees hung upon the bar-room walls.

The bar-room itself was the place of peculiar interest in those days. As to beauty it could make no boast, nor was it attractive in its plainness. Its floor was plain and bare, as was also its walls, except for the hangers that published the qualifications of specimens of live stock, the dates of auction sales. the programmes of fall fairs and the wonderful attractions and marvellous feats displayed by some travelling circus. There were the usual bar, the usual cuspidors, the usual Windsor chairs, and the very usual flavour of stale beer and cigar stubs. On the shelf behind the bar was a modest assortment of liquors, and in the middle, above the shelf, instead of the familiar picture of a horse-race, a boxing tournament or a cock-fight, the space was used to display the likeness of some prominent politician. In the seventies there hung for years a large framed portrait of Hon. George Brown, which served in contradistinction to the numerous crude, counterfeit presentments of local stallions and bulls.

Bull, singularly enough, was the name of the landlady. She was at least a grass widow, and she seemed to enjoy dispensing liquors. It was a treat to see her plump right arm work the brass handle every time anyone called for beer, her black eyes flashing constantly, and the smooth ivory skin of her cheeks sinking into dimples with every jibe and every sally.

Sally, odd as it many seem, was the name of her daughter. She, too, perhaps to her sorrow, had black eyes and red lips and a marvellously strange look that was not of earth nor of sky. I have seen this mother and this daughter, both beauties of the same stock, the one enticing, the other threatening, serving drink to boisterous men who revelled in blatant boast and ribald jest.

Mighty deeds of Valour

Jesting and boasting were the conspicuous accomplishments, and while mighty deeds of valour can be recalled, one dare not venture to perpetuate the jokes. For the delicacies of thought and speech oftentimes were disregarded and strong drink

had a wonderfully loosening effect on the tongue. But boasting, in many instances at least, is a harmless pastime, especially if you can get someone else to boast for you. Take the case of Jack Lampert. Jack was a short, stocky, young farmer who was noted for his great strength. It was said of him that once during the haying, seeing a rainstorm approaching, he went into a field with a barley fork and threw the haycocks on to the wagon, one at a time, as fast as the horses could walk. Jack was handicapped inasmuch as he could not stage a haying scene in the bar-room. Instead he used to fold fifty-cent silver pieces with his fingers.

The Case of Jack Lampert

Then there was big Bill Benson, who went about the countryside with Lord Haddow, drew sawlogs in winter, and stopped at the tavern every time he perceived any likelihood of conviviality. His turn, so to speak, was to carry the box stove full of live coals out and set it down in the middle of the road. This feat was not likely to be performed without at least a small wager, and if a stranger could not be induced to act as victim, a drink or two on important occasions like Christmas, Hallowe'en or somebody's birthday would ease Bill's conscience. Because Bill, like many another whose profession compels him to appear in public, believed in commercializing his talent, or at least in not pandering merely, without profit, to vulgar curiosity. Under drink his bearing became heavy, his perception dull. And while he seldom lost the use of his great strength, frequently his faculties lagged until it seemed as if his great hulk acted while his mind stood still.

Still in particular did it stand one Thanksgiving night when Charlie Mitchell, anticipating the occasion, slipped some extra dry hardwood from the mill pile into the stove and sat back to await the result.

It was one of those cold autumn nights when leaves rustle on the ground, when shutters creak, when chickens leave the orchard for the coop, and cattle crouch against the stack.

The bar-room was warm and inviting. Yankee Tom had got out his fiddle, and little Jimmie Jordan was doing a clog dance to the tune of "The Wind Shook the Barley". George Grimes, who shipped more fat cattle from those parts than any other three men in the county, sat in a chair tilted against the wall, humming the tune and beating time with his fist on the arm of the chair. Bobbie Boak, a Nova Scotian, whose paunch was like a barrel, whose calling was that of drover, who carried a stop watch and had gold in his front teeth, stood with his hands in his pockets intently watching Jimmie's twinkling

Bobbie Boak, Nova Scotian

With a tin of Oysters

little legs and spitting betimes into a flat brown cuspidor. Arthur Bisaillon, a French-Canadian, whose name nobody could pronounce, and who always came in with a tin of oysters under his arm, marked time with his heel and picked his teeth with a quill. Joe the teamster, having taken a five-cent cigar on the first round of treats, sat with his eyes on the ceiling, his feet on the fender. The carpenter, with hair all round his neck like down on a chicken, was ready for oysters and more than ready for gin. Gin he could not resist, and he relished it neat, because, as he was wont to remark, it smoothed out the wrinkles in his throat, and its fumes were like hell fire.

Hell fire, indeed, the Methodist parson used to call it, and the tavern itself was the hell-hole of destruction. Not so, however, in the opinion of Hi Horner, man of all trades, who used to say, whenever he had a glass of liquor in his hand, "They claim that bread is the staff of life, but whiskey is life itself".

On this especial Thanksgiving night Hi leaned against the jamb of the door leading into the hallway, his whiskers standing straight out like a wire brush and the hair on his head clipped close like a jail-bird's. He boasted of the finest set of teeth in the township, and to prove it he could, if sufficiently provoked, bite through a tenpenny nail or take a chunk out of the hardest flint whiskey-tumbler that ever crossed a bar.

Close to Hi stood the blacksmith, who never came down to the tavern except on special occasions and always called for ale in a pewter mug. His hair, as usual, was oiled and parted carefully all the way down at the back. He wore a mutton-chop beard whose ends were long enough to tie in a bow-knot. He had extraordinary forearms, acquired no doubt by hammering at the anvil, and he always was willing to have a trial of wrist strength with anyone, and he usually earned a drink by a simple twist.

Under the drawing of Lord Haddow stood Charley Campbell, one of the nimblest and supplest nuisances north of the Boundary. His most exquisite pastime was breaking door panels with his fists, but if only half tight he could spring into the air with the agility of a cat, kick one side of the room with one foot, and then, without touching the floor, bound across and kick the other side.

Charley's Long Suit

Kicking was Charley's long suit. He kicked Hi Horner in the face one fall fair day, but didn't even loosen a single tooth. He kicked off Finlay Ferguson's hard hat one fall

fair day, and the row that followed lasted until they laid poor Finlay on the hill. He was a good farmer, was Finlay, but a sad humourist: like many other persons, he never seemed to know when to laugh.

But a sad Humourist

But laughing was in order, even for Finlay, though it was suppressed, this Thanksgiving night when Jimmie stopped dancing and Big Bill spat on his hands as he asked whether anyone would say that he could not carry out the stove just as it stood, fire and all. Everyone knew that the top was red hot, that it was roaring inside, that even the legs were warm.

It was a tense moment. Mrs. Bull stood, arms akimbo, beside the cask of rye. Dimples appeared in her cheeks, and a flash of merriment in her eyes. For she was inured to the adventure, well schooled in the cunning knack of letting the men have their fling. Sally, resting thin elbows on the bar and blanched cheeks in the hollows of her hands, fixed her eyes on a stranger who half sat on the window sill, in the shadow, behind the stove. Her stare no doubt, was a challenge to this man, for until now he had not suffered his eyes to turn away from feasting on her comeliness. Perhaps it was fate, perhaps it was perdition; but, whatever it was, some irresistible impulse must have surged within them.

"Will anyone bet me I can't do it?" shouted Bill, again spitting on his hands.

No one replied.

"Will anyone stand the drinks if I do it?"

All but Bill himself realized that the stove was red hot, and, knowing Bill, all laughed to themselves at the prospect of seeing the local giant thwarted at last.

Just then the stranger came out from the shadow. Then we could see, and Sally also should have seen, all the more plainly, that he had an uncertain kind of good looks. with black eyes, a flowing black moustache, rather flashy clothes and a brilliant scarf pin.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said, addressing Bill: "if you carry that stove out, I'll carry it in again."

Bill looked aghast. Here after all was one who challenged his hitherto acknowledged supremacy. What could it mean? It was not possible that this upstart of ordinary physique could wrest from him the sweetness of his present glory. Let him try.

At this turn of events Mrs. Bull's dimples disappeared, but Sally didn't change a hair. Bill, striding over towards the stove, contemptuous of the stranger, stretched his arms and shouted for someone to open the door. Two or three jumped forward, and almost before anyone could tell just what was

Sally didn't change a hair

The Stranger, True to Type

happening, Bill went out through the door, holding by some superhuman resistance the hot stove in front of him. The pipes clattered to the floor and smoke filled the room. Everyone rushed towards the door, and when the last of us got out we saw Bill standing serenely over the stove warming his hands. Presently he looked about him, and then called for the stranger.

The stranger, true to type, had remained inside to snatch a word with Sally. But now he stood boldly silhouetted in the doorway.

"Now, stranger," said Bill, "it's your turn."

"There's no hurry," replied the stranger. "Let's all cool off."

"The stove too," said Bill, with a sneer.

"The stove too," said the stranger: "I didn't say when I'd carrry it back."

There was something tantalizing in his tone, for Bill sprang towards him and was about to strike when Sally rushed in between them. The stranger drew the girl to one side, and then addressed Bill.

"I didn't come here," he said slowly, "to fight. Nor do I intend to carry a red-hot stove. But I tell you what I'll do: we'll wait till the stove cools off, and then, to make up for the heat, I'll carry it in again with Sally sitting on top."

While the stove was cooling off everyone went inside again, and the stranger stood the treats all round. Then he stood them a second time, taking whiskey himself, neat, and swallowing it with a little gurgle that made Joe look narrowly at him across the edge of the bar.

The bar was not long enough for all to stand up to it abreast, so the stranger stepped back to let Yankee Tom reach for his glass. As he did so, Sally came from behind, and looked saucily up at him. With that he crooked his elbow and invited the girl to sit therein and put one arm round his neck. In that position he walked with her triumphantly, as we thought, out and placed her neatly on top of the stove. Then he stooped down and with what seemed like the greatest of ease he lifted the stove, Sally and all, and carried it gracefully into its proper place. And he did more than that, for a few nights later he disappeared, and, what was always regarded as a remarkable co-incidence, Sally disappeared at the same time.

Not of Earth nor of Sky

Nobody ever seemed to hear anything more about Sally, and in time she was forgotten. Perhaps not altogether forgotten, for there is one at least who remembers her black eyes, her red lips and the look that was not of earth nor of sky.

THE OLD PIONEER

Casting in Bronze from
the Model by
A Suzor-Coté.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy of Arts.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1929 No. 5

HOW BRITAIN GOT HER WEST INDIES

BY T. H. MacDERMOT

THE future of the British West Indies is just now being discussed with briskness. One proposal is that they should be drawn into the Canadian Confederation. Another is that they should be federated into a new self-governing Dominion within the British Empire. In some directions the possibility of their being passed over to the United States is suggested, while in others it is urged that the present direct connection with the British Imperial Government through the Colonial Office is the best arrangement in the meantime, if some of its rather antiquated machinery were exchanged for more business-like and up-to-date methods.

How did Great Britain acquire her West Indian Colonies? If we stretch the term a little so as to make it include the Bermudas as the extreme northern limit, British Guiana on the extreme south, and British Honduras on the west, there is a land area of some 112,000 square miles with a population about the neighbourhood of 2,000,000. These colonies were obtained in various ways, some of them by settlement, where no other nation made claim as in the case of Barbados, some of them by capture at a comparatively early date, as when in 1623 little St. Kitts was taken from Spanish possession, though not from Spanish occupation. Jamaica was captured from the same power in 1655, the Spanish hold on the island being so feeble that they did not put up a single day's good fighting in their attempt to retain it. Some of the other colonies were captured during the wars of the eighteenth century when Britain was sometimes struggling against three of four hostile nations at the same time. St. Lucia changed hands more than once. So did Trinidad. Both of these finally

remained British. Martinique, on the other hand, after having been occupied by the British, was handed back to France. British Honduras, which began as a settlement of logwood cutters, had to persist in its attempts to get recognition by the British Government for more than a century before it was duly constituted a full-fledged colony.

The Bermuda Islands are by geographical position beyond the West Indian region, but as the daring and enterprise of their inhabitants played a not inconspicuous part in making certain portions of the West Indians British, they may be included in this survey. Time was of course when the Spanish claimed all these regions, but it was seldom that they gave themselves the trouble to occupy the smaller islands. The larger islands such as Porto Rico, Hayti, Cuba, and Jamaica, and the territories on the mainland they did actually hold and use, but small places like St. Kitts they did not worry much about until men of some other nationality presumed to take possession of them.

The Bermudas are a collection of one or two small islands and of several hundreds of microscopic islets. They were one of the very earliest additions to Britain's Colonial Empire. They cover about nineteen square miles, that is one-seventh of the size of the Isle of Wight. They lie on the ocean in the form of a shepherd's crook and their history as a British Colony, though rather in a vague way, goes even further back than does that of Newfoundland, Barbados, or St. Kitts. The Bermudas discovered by the Spaniard Juan Bermudez, very near the beginning of the sixteenth century, were marked out somewhere about 1527 for colonization by an enterprising Portuguese named Camello, who hailed from the Azores. This, however, did not materialize, although there is an inscription on the main island dated 1543 which suggests that Camello landed there. The Spaniards landed on the islands from time to time, but they did nothing more important than stocking them with pigs. Attracted by the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, they saw nothing that tempted them to settle on the "Still vexed Bermoothes", isolated, storm-beaten and desolate, and haunted, the Spanish sailors declared, by devils. It was a storm and a wreck that gave the Bermudas their first English occupants, although the stay of these visitors was only a matter of a few months. In 1593 James Lancaster, who was in the West Indies with three trading ships from London, sent one of his men, Henry May, back to Europe on a French ship. This ship was wrecked on the Bermuda reef. May and some of his companions reached the shore and remained on the island for five months, after which they managed to get transport to Newfoundland. Both Sir Walter Raleigh and Champlain, the French explorer of Canada, have left on record opinions decidedly adverse to the Bermudas as a storm centre. Sir Walter speaks of them as "hellish for thunder, lightning and storms." It was a shipwreck that gave them their alternative name of Somers Islands and that opened the door of English public attention to their settlement. The Virginia Company in 1609 sent out nine ships. One of their leaders was Sir George Somers. His ship was driven ashore at Bermuda, fast wedged between two rocks. This was on the 28th of July. The crews remained on the island till May 10th following, by which time they had built two ships in which they pursued their voyage to Virginia, but Virginia then was in such sorry plight for food that Somers speedily turned himself about and returned to the Bermudas to bring from thence for the well-nigh starving Virginians, supplies from the islands, abundance of fish, hogs and fowls. Somers had barely landed at Bermuda for the second time when he died there. They emblamed his body and took it back to England, but his heart, removed dur-

ing the process of embalming, was buried in Bermudian soil. The island town of St.George is named after him, and so is Somerset Isle.

Bermuda, not a great time after this, began to be regarded in England as a very attractive place and the Virginia Company promptly arranged that it should be included in its charter. In 1612 the first emigrants under Richard Moore, a ship's carpenter, went out to the Bermudas. A short time afterwards some hundreds of emigrants arrived from England, and the British settlement in the island was fairly established. Bermuda has the distinction of having been the second British colony which was given representative government. The first was Virginia which received the institution in 1619. Bermuda received it in 1620 and is therefore today the British colony, the representative institutions of which have the oldest history. The colony, therefore, was acquired by settlement.

The little island of St. Kitts or St. Christoper with an area of sixty-eight miles, ranks close to Newfoundland and slightly above Barbados in its age as a British colony, for while Barbados as a British settlement dates from 1624-25, St. Kitts dates from 1623. In that year that "worthy, industrious gentleman" Mr. Thomas Warner, arrived with a small company to grow tobacco. One of those hurricanes, which have so often mixed up agricultural efforts in the West Indies, ruined this tobacco crop and brought the colonists into hard straits. They were relieved by a ship sent out by the Earl of Carlisle. Warner paid a visit to England. He had originally come to St. Kitts as the agent of a Mr. Ralph Merrifield; he was now granted a commission as the King's Lieutenant. He relanded on St. Kitts in 1625, and as it happened on that very day there landed also Besnambuc, a French privateering sailor. In this way began a dual control of the little island which continued for many years with varying fortunes. Sometimes the French and English fell foul of each other, but they very often remained at peace even when their two countries were at war in Europe. The original inhabitants of St. Kitts had been Carib. They were a warlike folk, and their attacks on French and English alike helped to unite those two peoples. The Spaniards, however, though they had never occupied St. Kitts, objected to either the English or French settling there, and in 1629 they fell on the island with twenty-eight ships. The French were driven to fly to Antigua, although a few remained on the island and when the Spaniards left re-established their colony. The English were deported, hundreds of them being taken away to the mines on the mainland. They, however, returned in due time. This attack by the Spaniards was named by Cromwell in his statement justifying his expedition in 1654 against Spanish power. The French in St. Kitts attacked their English neighbours, and although the latter were helped by no less a person than Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer leader, they were driven out. The Peace of Breda in 1667 brought them back to the island, but in 1689 they were once more driven out. This time Sir Timothy Thornhill of Barbados led them back within the year, and for seven years following St. Kitts remained entirely British. By the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, the French again obtained a footing, but once more, in 1702, the French capitulating to General Hamilton, gave up their possessions. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1714 confirmed the possession of the island to Great Britain. All French property was publicly sold and it is an interesting fact that it was £80,000 of the sum so realized that formed a marriage portion of the Princess Anne. The year 1782 brought the French once more. They captured the island, but in the following year, by the Treaty of Versailles, it was finally passed over to Great Britain. When Villeneuve made his flying dash

across the Atlantic, just before the Battle of Trafalgar, fought by Nelson, he raided St. Kitts. That was the last fighting that the island witnessed in the see-saw contest for possession waged by the French and English.

For some reason the Carib Indians do not seem to have occupied Barbados. At any rate when the island was discovered by the Portuguese in 1536 it contained no human inhabitants. Even as the Spaniards did in the Bermudas, so did the Portuguese discoverers of Barbados. They gave it a name and they landed a number of pigs. Then they sailed away and apparently forgot it. It was in 1605 that the British came along and so far as word of mouth went they took over Barbados. Sir Olave Lee had despatched the "Olive Blossom" to take stores and settlers to Guiana. She touch at Barbados, and from her men landed and set up a cross on the shore, while on a neighbouring tree they carved an inscription, "James, K. of E, and of this Island," then they also went their way and for twenty-one years Barbados had no history, and no inhabitants, though it had been tagged for the British Empire. Vessels continued to touch there sometimes to get water, and sometimes owing to stress of weather, and just as Somers's men took home to England glowing accounts of the Barbados. so did these casual visitors to Barbados spread abroad on the wharves and in the counting houses of London the pleasant character of the Barbados. Their good reports arrested the attention of Sir William Courten. Dutch, by extraction, a Protestant by religion, and son of a tailor whom Spanish tyranny had driven to England, Sir William was a prosperous London merchant. At the end of 1624 he sent out the *William* and *John,* carrying forty emigrants, and commanded by Captain Henry Powell. It is interesting to note that one of the forty above mentioned was the son of that John Winthrop who was afterwards the Governor of Massachusetts. These colonies began the British settlement of Barbados and in 1625 the island was included in the Commission which made Warner Governor of St. Kitts. Thus began British possession in Barbados. After a time there was some internal fighting between Royalists and Roundheads but the island was never, as was St. Kitts, and as was Trinidad, a point of contest between rival nations. It became British by the settlement of British men and it has remained British ever since.

Another of the West Indian Islands which has remained British without any interlude of foreign possession, since it was first acquired, is Jamaica. It surrendered in May, 1655, to a British expedition, which was commanded (and very badly commanded) by General Venables and Admiral Penn. The latter was the father of the Quaker, Penn, who founded the colony of Pennsylvania. This British expedition, carefully prepared and planned during 1653 and 1654, sailed from England towards the end of the last named year. It was the most formidable naval expedition that had, up to then, ever left a British port. It was despatched by Cromwell with sealed orders. These were opened at sea and directed it to strike a blow at Spanish possessions in the West Indies. It crossed to Barbados. At that island it remained some time recruiting soldiers. It then went northward, picked up more recruits at St. Kitts, where the remembrance of the Spanish onslaught and cruelty in 1629, was still alive. After this the fleet attacked San Domingo. Bad leadership and bad discipline made the attack an utter failure. It is interesting to note that it has been shown that one chief cause of the failure was the absence of a supply of water bottles for the troops. Compelled to march many miles under a tropical sun without water, they became utterly demoralized. After this disaster Penn and Venables brought their forces across to Jamaica. The

Spaniards there made very little resistance. Their surrender was complete early in June, and they were allowed to evacuate the island. Disease, the lack of supplies, bad discipline, and the death of successive leaders, left the British conquerors in very bad plight, and it was not until the first five years of their occupation were passed that the British possession became anything like secure. During that time the Spanish counter-attack was delivered and defeated by Governor D'Oyley. During the rest of the Napoleonic wars early in the the eighteenth, and down to the end of the Napoleonic wars in the early nineteenth century, Jamaica was, for the most part, the centre of a fierce struggle between Britain and her various enemies. There was a serious French invasion in 1694, and when in 1782 Rodney won his great sea fight on April 12th, off Dominica, he shattered a force which was on its way to conquer Jamaica. Later on, when Nelson was one of the officers in its naval garrison, the danger of French conquest was so imminent that he wrote from Jamaica to an English friend that he was busy learning French in preparation for the French prison. Much British blood and much British treasure have been spent in retaining the island as a British possession, but the expedition was not in vain, for the island has remained British without a break since its conquest from the Spaniards in 1655.

In a somewhat indefinite way the Bahamas had been British before Jamaica. They were discovered by Columbus in 1492, containing indeed, the spot in the New World which he first saw. The Spanish, of course, claimed the Islands, and for a time even occupied them. But ultimately they transported their native inhabitants to work in the Mexican mines and abandoned the islands. It was owing to the enterprise of the men from Bermuda, that somewhere about 1646, a British settlement was begun and thus the Bahamas may be placed along with the Bermudas, St. Kitts, Barbados and Jamaica, as among those West Indian Islands which came first into British possession.

FIGHTING THE MARNE OVER AGAIN

BY W. S. WALLACE

NO sooner had the Great War come to an end than the military historians began to fight it over again on paper. Some even of the chief actors in the struggle have rushed lately into print with their particular versions of the struggle. Lord Haig, it is true, has not yet broken his silence; Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is keeping his own counsel, and Marshall Joffre, with that Olympian serenity which stood him in such good stead in 1914, has declined to rake over again the ashes of the past. But, on the British side, Lord Jellicoe and Lord French, and on the German side, Admiral von Tirpitz and General Ludendorff, have all been publishing their memoirs of the war, and in so doing have, not unnaturally, been disclosing sources of controversy over which historians will probably dispute for many years to come.

One of the liveliest subjects of recent controversy—and one in which British readers have of course an especial interest—is the question of the part played by the British Expeditionary Force in the First Battle of the Marne. The battle of the Marne—or, as the French call it, the battles of the Ourcq and the Marne—has always been recognized as a turning-point in the war. It definitely ended the chance of a quick German decision in the west, before the slow-moving Russian intervention in the east could make itself effective; and it ushered in the long phase of comparative deadlock which culminated in the latter half of 1918 in victory for the allied arms. Had the Germans broken through at the Marne—and they very nearly did break through—the most unpleasant results must have followed. The French field armies would have been cut in two; one half would have recoiled on Verdun, the other on Paris; and the disasters of the war of 1870 might easily have been duplicated. The struggle would doubtless have gone on; but France would almost certainly have been eliminated from it, and the prospects of German victory would have been very bright.

The belief has been almost universally prevalent in British countries that, in the winning of this critical and all-important battle, the small British army played a crucial part. The tradition has been that von Kluck, the commander of the German First Army, thinking that the British were out of action after their long retreat from Mons, ventured to disregard them, and to make a flank march across their front, only to find that they still had plenty of fight in them, and that they were strong enough to smite him hip and thigh and force his retirement to the Aisne. This version of the battle of the Marne, built up from the dispatches of newspaper correspondents and the narratives of individual soldiers who saw only the fighting in their own part of the field, has long

been current; and it must be confessed that Lord French's new book *1914* does not, except in minor details, contradict it. In the same way, General Sir F. Maurice, in his brilliant book *Forty Days in 1914*, though he is at pains to clear up many popular misapprehensions as to the fighting of 1914, believes that "history will decide that it was the crossing of the Marne in the early hours of the 9th [of September] by the British Army which turned the scale against von Kluck." General Maurice's language is so emphatic that it is worth quoting in greater detail:

> The retreat from Mons is already a glorious page in the history of the British Army, but the advance after the retreat is certainly no less remarkable. That an army, which on August 23 had been all but surrounded by an enemy who outnumbered it by two to one, should have fought its way out, retreated 170 miles, and then immediately turned about and taken a decisive part in the battle which changed the course of the campaign of 1914, is as wonderful an achievement as is to be found in the history of the war.

After reading these weighty and glowing words, it is a distinct shock to the student of the campaign of 1914 to find that a wholly different view—a reverse view, in fact—of the part played by the British in the Battle of the Marne is held by many French and American writers. A chief exponent of this reverse view is Mr. Frank H. Simonds, a well-known American war-correspondent who had throughout the war exceptional opportunities for learning the inside history of the struggle, and especially the attitude of the French. In the first volume of his history of the war, the volume entitled *The Attack on France*, Mr. Simonds discusses, under the brutally frank caption, "British Failure", the British share in the battle of the Marne in these words:

> To the British was assigned precisely the rôle that Napoleon assigned to Grouchy in the Waterloo campaign. Field-Marshal French's army was expected to engage and hold Kluck's army while Maunoury struck its flank and rear . . . . In this particular mission the British failed exactly as did Grouchy, and the consequence of their failure was the escape of Kluck and the restriction of the extent of the Allied victory. The failure long remained unknown to the British public, which was early informed and generally believed that the British had won the Battle of the Marne and saved France. The fact was quite different. Not only were the British not actively engaged at the Marne, but had they been able to do that which had been hoped, if not expected of them, Kluck might have been destroyed and the battle of the Marne might have been as immediately conclusive as Waterloo.

Mr. Simonds goes so far as to suggest that at the Marne Sir John French "let the supreme opportunity of the war slip through his fingers"; and he asserts that "unmistakably this is the view of the French military commentators, and to this view British military criticism now points clearly".

So sweeping a condemnation is disconcerting; but it is doubly disconcerting to find that it gains support and, to some extent, corroboration from the German side of the battlefield. Our sources of information regarding German military opinion about the details of the war are still far from complete; but in 1917 there was published in Paris by the Belgian Documentary Bureau a translation of a little book on the battle of the Marne which had appeared in Berlin the year before. The book was the work of an anonymous German staff-officer, who appears to have been on the staff either of von Kluck or of von Moltke; and it was written evidently to meet the criticisms to which these two generals had been subjected in Germany in connection with their conduct of the battle. It would not have been surprising to find this officer in order to make out a good case for von Kluck, contending that the British intervention in the battle was more energetic and effective than anyone had a right to expect in the case of a force which had been so severely handled as the British had been during the retreat from Mons. But such is not his attitude. He states that von Kluck

assumed that the British were out of action; and he holds that von Kluck was justified in his assumption by the event. Discussing von Kluck's dispositions, he explains that these weakened the line opposite the British, but that the latter "did not know how to profit by the situation to the full, for they were afraid themselves that they would be driven in by the inferior German forces in front of them, and they kept asking their neighbours to the right and left for reinforcements." He sums up his view of the British operations in these words:

> If, in these days, French or his seconds-in-command had only shown themselves to be possessed of a little initiative, the situation of von Kluck must have become very critical; but the English did not seem to be able to adapt themselves so quickly to the change of circumstances; their flight first took on the guise of a retreat, and then of an advance.

And lastly, to bring the wheel full circle, it is remarkable to find that so stoutly British an author as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the first volume of his *British Campaign in France and Flanders*, more than hints at his partial agreement with Mr. Simonds and the German staff-officer. Questions of general strategy, or even of tactics, do not as a rule come under review in his book; but in his account of the British advance at the Marne, he utters one or two pregnant sentences:

> The British Army, consisting of five divisions and five cavalry brigades, with its depleted ranks filled up with reinforcements, and some of its lost guns replaced, was advancing from the south through the forest of Crécy, men who had limped south with bleeding feet at two miles an hour changing their gait to three or four now that they were bound northward. The general movement of the Army cannot, however, be said to have been rapid. Von Kluck had placed nothing more substantial than a cavalry screen of two divisions in front of them.

Compared with the savage diatribe of the American and the contemptuous irony of the German, the grave reticence of the British author seems the most damning of all.

Is it then true that at the battle of the Marne the British Expeditionary Force under Sir John French failed to rise to the height of their opportunities? It must be confessed that the argument of Mr. Simonds—to take him as the chief advocate for the affirmative—has a very convincing ring. If one may make bold to paraphrase and synopsize it, it runs as follows:

It was on September 3rd that General Gallieni, the military governor of Paris, under whom Joffre had placed the newly assembled French Sixth Army, under General Maunoury, discovered that von Kluck was making a flank march in front of Paris from Amiens, with the object of striking the flank of the French forces on the British right. On September 4th Gallieni and Maunoury motored out, according to Mr. Simonds, to the British headquarters at Melun, and asked Sir John French to co-operate with them in an attack on von Kluck's flank and rear on September 5th. French professed his inability to do so; and consequently when Maunoury attacked von Kluck's rearguards along the Ourcq on September 5th, there was no corresponding pressure from the British on von Kluck's flank, and von Kluck was able to pass back two whole army corps to the Ourcq to meet Maunoury's attack, leaving only a cavalry screen facing the British. On September 6th the British did advance, but, slight as was the opposition facing them, it took them three days to reach the Marne again. In the meantime, the battle had been going against Maunoury on the Ourcq, despite the reinforcements that Joffre had been pouring into Paris, and that were being rushed out to the battle-front in motor-cars and omnibuses; and the battle in other parts of the field had reached a climax. In particular near Sézanne, where General Foch's Ninth Army was bearing the brunt of the German attempt to break through, a decision was being reached. It was on September 9th, the day on which the

British reached the Marne, that Foch dispatched to Joffre the famous telegram: "My right is retreating, my centre is yielding; situation excellent; I am attacking." Launching a division of his Iron Corps—trained by himself at Nancy during peace time—at a weak spot in the German line, Foch turned what seemed to be inevitable defeat into a decisive victory. The Prussian Guard, followed by von Hausen's Saxons, turned and streamed northwards in flight; and the battle of the Marne was won, not, argues Mr. Simonds, by the British, but by Foch's Ninth Army. Von Kluck in his retreat merely conformed to the backward movement of the rest of the German army.

This version of the battle of the Marne seems, as has been said, very convincing. It reveals the British as having been late at the starting-post, and it awards the palm to the general who later became Generalissimo of the Allied forces. But one must remember the ancient Latin caution, *audi alteram partem.* As a matter of fact, a careful examination of General Maurice's admirable and authoritative book will reveal facts of which Mr. Simonds seems to have been ignorant. Chief among these is the fact that Foch's brilliant offensive did not start until the late afternoon of September 9th, and that hours before this offensive was launched von Kluk was already in full retreat toward the Aisne. Foch's stroke cannot therefore have caused von Kluck's retirement; the explanation of it must lie nearer Paris, and can hardly be anything else than the crossing of the Marne by the British in the early hours of September 9th. At this time Maunoury was very hard pressed; von Kluck was outflanking his outflanker; and had the British not appeared in his rear along the Ourcq, it is unthinkable that he should have thrown up the sponge. The victory of Foch near Sézanne in the afternoon of September 9th, undoubtedly accentuated the precipitancy of the German retreat; but the decisive factor in starting the ball rolling was the appearance of the British north of the Marne in the morning of September 9th. They were here well in the rear of the German forces along the Ourcq, and von Kluck had no option but to make good his retreat.

General Maurice's view therefore, that the British had the honour of playing a decisive part in the battle of the Marne may be regarded as well taken; but, at the same time, it must be confessed that there is more than a modicum of truth in the view of the other side. Nothing can obliterate the fact that it took the British, with nothing more than a cavalry screen in front of them, three days to advance from the Seine to the Marne.

A partial explanation of the unreadiness of the British army to take part in the battle of the Marne may be found in the fact that the British base had been changed, necessarily, to St. Nazaire in the south of France, thus entailing an inevitable disorganization in the supply and reinforcement services, and, furthermore, that the French troop movements into Paris practically cut off communication between the British army and its new base. The ultimate explanation, however, must lie in the dilatoriness of Sir John French's tactics. It is idle to assert, as General Maurice does, that the British General Staff did not know that there was nothing but cavalry in front of them. This means only that Sir John French had an inadequate intelligence service, and did not sufficiently grasp the situation. Possibly he underestimated the recuperative powers of the British infantryman. In any case, he missed a superlative chance to strike in conjunction with Maunoury, and so to turn a tactical success into a strategic victory.

Such, at least, is the conclusion to which the facts, so far as we know them, seem to point. The British played a decisive part in the battle of the Marne; but that part was not so decisive as it might have been.

THE HIGHLAND SUNSET GOWN

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

THEY were at tea. He was tired—dog tired—and so was she. His nerves were all frazzled out at the ends; and so were hers. Otherwise nothing would have happened, although trouble had been brewing for weeks.

She had timidly requested money for a washing-machine.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" he exploded. "It isn't six months since I bought you a brand new wash tub. What's the matter with that, I'd like to know!" And then he indulged in the wicked little word.

Mrs. Adams's pale face grew a shade paler. Almost perceptibly the lines deepened around her startled eyes, and the little gray locks of hair trembled on her forehead. She made no answer, but the frail china tea cup, the one with bluebells around the rim, fell from her nerveless fingers and shivered in a thousand atoms on the floor.

Just at that very moment, on the still evening air floated a sweet, plaintive strain from Billy Murdoff's violin. The tune was "Sweet Afton". For a few long moment the two listened and gazed at each other in silence. Then, muttering something about the chores, Michael left the table and with a milk pail on his arm swung out of the house.

Mary Ann had chores to do too, but for once they suffered neglect. The patient spirit that had always met them unflinchingly and performed them faithfully, faltered and drooped. Mary Ann's whole attitude was droopy. Her gray head bent dejectedly upon her clasped hands, and her lips quivered a little now and then before they settled in a pathetic downward curve.

It had really happened—the thing from which she had fancied herself immune—her husband had sworn at her! Vivid memory called up a day long ago, when life and love were young. They were walking together, arm in arm, along a country road in spring, flower scents and bird songs blending with their low-spoken words, when there fell a discordant note. From an invisible home—no, they had concluded it was merely a dwelling-place—came the high-pitched tones of a man's voice swearing lustily at his meek and unavenging wife.

"Michael," she had said to him with a little shiver, "if ever you should speak to me like that——"

His arm had stolen caressingly around her—how well she remembered—as he replied, "Don't you worry, little one. I'll die first!"

Michael had been true to his word—until now. He had a temper, decidedly; and he could swear—on occasion. Mary Ann would have been horrified to acknowledge, even to herself, that she had secretly gloried in the fact; but it was one thing when

refractory stove pipes, or a neighbour devoid of conscience or common sense, were the objects of his ire, and quite another to have it directed upon herself. It seemed nothing less than tragic.

And still the violin sang throbbingly that memory- freighted air. Mary Ann's hurt spirit leaped the intervening years, and lo! it was Tommy Parkins playing at Stanley's dance. Lightly they swayed and floated, she and Michael, throughout its witching measures. Then, with its echoes still vibrating in their hearts, they had strolled out into the starlit garden, sweet with clove pinks and mignonette, and he had told her of his love. Tommy had played the same waltz at their wedding; and more than once, in their own little home, the two had glided dreamily through its rhythmic measures while Michael softly whistled the air. Michael still often whistled it about his work, and that was how Billy Murdoff, their neighbour's boy, had picked it up. Billy had an unmistakable "ear for music", and had learned all the little trills and flourishes with which Tommy had embellished the tune.

Michael's step coming slowly up the walk roused her out of her reverie. With a little start of dismay she rose hurriedly to her feet. What would Michael think of that neglected table? For the first time in her life the question caused her a little apprehensive tremor.

Michael set his pails down on the bench and surveyed the untidy table and the shattered tea cup on the floor. "On strike, Mary Ann?" he asked.

There was a note of sympathy and understanding in his tone, which Mary Ann's hungry spirit grasped at eagerly; but he did not offer to help her with the dishes, as in earlier days he might have done. Instead, he settled himself for a comfortable nap on the lounge, while his wife wearily completed her day's work, continuing, meanwhile, her apathetic musings.

She saw that they had wandered needlessly and hopelessly far from the flower-bordered highway of life into a tangled morass of trivial cares and worries, and her own tired feet seemed sinking in a slough of despond. That wicked little word had stung her like a wasp, and was stinging yet. How was it that Michael had not also been stung? To think that he could *sleep,* and not care!

Michael was not sleeping, however —not by a long shot. His thoughts were very wide-awake, and were flowing in precisely the same channels, with the exception that his flowed a little faster and got ahead of hers—he, too, was thinking to the tune of "Sweet Afton". He noted his wife's droopy attitude, and the pathetic shadow in her eyes. Nothing had escaped him, but he didn't "let on" that he was aware of anything unusual.

"Mary Ann," he began slowly, rousing himself with a yawn as, having put out the cat and locked the door, she began to wind the clock, "Mary Ann, did you recollect that it's our wedding day next week?"

Yes, Mary Ann had recollected it.

"Let's see—how many years is it?"

"Fifty years, Michael."

"Fifty years! Hm! Isn't that what they call the Golden Wedding? We've never had a celebration, have we? How'd it be if we go for a little jaunt to the city—to our son George?"

"O Michael! Do you mean it?" Into Mary Ann's shadowed face a light had suddenly sprung.

"Sure, I mean it."

"I've wanted to go for years—but how—how could we leave?"

"No trouble about that, I'm thinking. There's Mr. Lang and the wife are looking round for some place in the country where they could stay a week or so. They'd look after things here all right, and think themselves in clover. Of course I haven't asked them yet—only just thought of it—but they'd come safe enough. What do you say? Shall we go?"

"O Michael, yes!"

"All right. We'll call that settled. Now, I suppose for such a far flight as that you'll want some fine feathers, eh?"

"I did ought to have a new dress. And you need a suit, Michael."

"Sure! It might be a good idea for you to make out a list of what we need. We'll drive to town to-morrow afternoon, and I'll see what arrangements I can make with Mr. Lang."

Tired as she was, it was hours before Mrs. Adams got to sleep that night, and for days she seemed to be walking in a dream. The arrangements fitted together beautifully, like blocks in a doll house. Mr. and Mrs. Lang would be "just tickled" to come and play at farming for a week.

The hours flew by on wings, until, very early on the glorious morning of the Golden Wedding Day, the fifty years' bride and groom waved a good-bye to the little group of well-wishers on the platform and the train pulled out.

Mr. Adams's gaze wandered alternately from the whirling landscape outside the window to the gentle face beside him beneath the little black hat. Her eyes swept tirelessly over the varied and lovely scenes, and the light of all the flashing sunbeams seemed to leave a soft reflection on her face. He was a man of few words, and both were accustomed to long silences. "Are you enjoying it, Mary Ann?" he asked at length.

She merely nodded in reply, but he was content. For more than a week he had been trying to frame an apology for his little outburst, but now he felt satisfied that none was necessary.

The journey was only of a few hours' duration, and it came to an end all too quickly.

"What if George shouldn't be there to meet us?" suggested Mrs. Adams a little apprehensively as the slow-moving train came at last to a standstill. She had heard that the station was a bewildering place for the uninitiated—and such were they, for this was their first visit to the big city.

"Don't you worry," he replied reassuringly. "George will be there all right." And George was.

George had always been a good boy, and his greeting was such as to satisfy the fondest and proudest of parents. Afterwards Mrs. Adams confided to her most intimate friend, "He wasn't ashamed to kiss his old mother, right before the crowd. And he with a handsome new touring car waiting for us to ride in!"

The ride was a delight, and so was the affectionate welcome home by George's winsome young wife—still almost childish in appearance, though they had been married ten years.

"You must be tired to death after your journey, mother," she said, caressingly stroking the gray head. "You must lie down and take a good long rest right after lunch."

Mrs. Adams was positive that she should not sleep, but it was certainly a pleasant change not to have to bother with the dishes. She lay dreamily musing of all the pleasant things that were happening, and in a few minutes drowsed off into a restful oblivion.

In half an hour she awoke, "as chirpy as a robin", as she declared to Michael, whom she found talking to George and Viola on the verandah.

"You don't feel equal to any sight-seeing to-day, I suppose," queried George tentatively. "There'll be plenty of time during the week—only I can't always reckon on getting a day off."

"I'm equal to anything," Mrs. Adams declared with emphasis.

"Good!" exclaimed George heartily. "Now, I wonder where would be the nicest place to go. How about the Park?"

But, a little to George's surprise, his father demurred. "We'll go to the Park another day," he said. "I'd kind of like to have a look around the stores. Are the big ones far away from here?"

"Just a nice little run," George replied. "Do you really feel equal to so much exertion, mother?"

"I'd just love to go," she asserted. "There's a few little odds and ends I want to buy, and two or three of the neighbours around home asked me to do a bit of shopping for them. I'd like to get it off my mind."

"All right. Bring out mother's hat, Viola, while I get the car round to the door."

In a few minutes they were off.

"You can't have any idea what those big stores are like," Mrs. Adams confided afterwards to her friend, "unless you just see them yourself. It is the biggest, bewilderingest place to go and buy things you ever saw. I couldn't have found what I wanted no more than blind Bartimeus if it hadn't been for Viola. As it was, my head was all in a whirl before we got through."

"Now, is there anything else you want to buy or to see?" Viola asked after an hour or so had passed.

"Yes, I'd like to see some silk dresses," affirmed Mr. Adams, to the surprise of everybody. Forthwith to the silk dress department they went, wonderingly.

"You see," Mr. Adams explained a little awkwardly, "It's more than fifty years ago I promised your mother a silk dress, and I've never bought it yet."

"Why, Michael," Mrs. Adams demurred, "I'd forgotten, years ago, and I'm past wanting fine clothes like that. You'd better save your money."

"What for? To buy us a shroud? I've enough laid by for that now, I'm thinking. I want you to have it."

Mrs. Adams was all in a flutter. "It'll be a plain black one, of course," she said as they passed a lot of rainbow-hued, filmy things.

"Of course it won't!" he protested with vim. "I always had an eye for colour, and you haven't a thing but black now."

Mrs. Adams gave in, and let Michael and Viola do the choosing. They saw a bewildering display of dresses, all colours and shapes and prices; but he was not easily satisfied. At last, however, one was discovered that suited his peculiar idea of fitness. Its colour was not easy to describe. One way you looked at it, it appeared the softest, smokiest blue, like the velvety mist-wreaths over far-away Highland hills (Michael's earliest recollections were of the bonnie land of heather and bluebell); then at the next glance, perhaps, it would seem that glints of light from a golden sunset sky were sifted through the haze. The gown was fashioned in graceful lines, with a fichu in soft, cloudy folds over the shoulders.

Mr. Adams was delighted.

"It is really a lovely thing," pronounced Viola almost eagerly.

"Do you like it, Mary Ann?" Michael asked.

"Oh, yes! but——"

He knew she was uneasy about the cost. "How much?" he asked of the saleslady. Its price would have bought half a dozen washing machines, but he never turned a hair. "I'll take it," he said.

Michael was pleased with the world in general, and himself in particular; but especially so when, quite by accident, he discovered the sweetest silk hat to match. A spray of bluebells, so real in appearance that one almost looked for drops of dew in the slender bells, gave just the touch that was required for the completeness of the costume.

As the little shopping party passed out into the crowded street, Mr. Adams began absent-mindedly to whistle "Sweet Afton".

After a sumptuous six o'clock dinner they were all resting on the verandah. Michael leaned back in his easy chair, where he had only to lift his eyes to see his Golden Wedding bride in her Highland sunset gown; and judging by the frequency with which his eyes rested there, the sight was not unpleasing. But the long city street with its streams of human

life coming and going had the most powerful fascination for him.

"There'll be no moon to-night," he remarked just as the summer twilight began to settle over the city. "I wish there was. I'd kind of like a little walk, now it's cool; but I'm not much of a hand at getting around in the dark."

An amused smile flitted over George's face, but he only asked, "Aren't you too tired, father?"

"What for should I be too tired?" he queried "Mother nor me have neither of us done a stroke of work this blessed day."

Mr. Adams rubbed his toil-hardened hands together and laughed. "Well, if I hadn't clean forgot about the electric lights! Seems to me, you're independent here of sun, moon and stars."

"As far as seeing our way about goes, I guess we are, Dad. They haven't got electricity in our little town yet, have they? I'm just wondering if you and mother wouldn't like to go for a ride to the Beach. I have an errand in that direction. It's an interesting place to spend a summer evening, and the electric display is quite brilliant. It's an elaborate sort of a playground, you know. It's just a nice little run in the car, and you can rest there as well as here. How does the idea strike you?"

"We'll take all that's coming to us, my lad. Eh, mother?"

Mother gave a ready consent, and soon in the back seat of the motor-car, Michael and Mary Ann were viewing the big city by night.

Arrived at the Beach, they found no words to express their wonderment and delight. Imagination had never pictured a scene so brilliant and fairy-like. As in a dream, dazzled by the lights and charmed by the music of the orchestra, they threaded the winding walks to the seats above the beach.

"This will be a pleasant place to rest," said George. "You don't mind my leaving you alone for an hour, will you? I won't be long away. I'm sorry Viola couldn't come with us."

They assured George that they would be perfectly content to rest there, and he need not hurry. When he had gone, for some time they watched the gaily painted canoes darting in and out of the shadows upon the Lake; but the unusual scenes on the shore were more attractive. What a gay time these crowds of pleasure-seekers seemed to be having! And how wildly venturesome were their amusements—at least, so they appeared. There were swinging cars that circled dizzily out into space; and a high structure from which a boat load of people plunged madly down a steep incline into the water. There was also a merry-go-round.

"Are you game for a ride on the merry-go-round, Mary Ann?" he asked with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"I'd just love to," she replied with an answering twinkle. "Do you remember the ride we had at Sandy Hill that day at the Fair?"

"*Don't* I remember it, though!" He laughed at the reminiscence. "The tent tumbled down on top of us, didn't it? You got all tangled up. I thought we'd never get you out; and all the while, that confounded phonograph kept singing,

> "'Are ye comin' out to-night, Mary Ann? Arrah! Don't say that ye can't, for ye can.'"

This affair has that old machine beat all hollow. Some style to this!"

He bought the tickets, and they mounted the prancing wooden ponies, side by side. The music struck up, and off they went, dizzily, wildly, round and round. The wind caught his hat off, and her little gray ringlets danced out under the Highland sunset hat. Mary Ann felt like Alice in Wonderland; and he—he had somehow imbibed a draught of the Elixir of Youth, and was a boy again. They laughed happily as they descended. She was a trifle dizzy.

"Let's take in all the shows there are," he suggested.

"Yes, let's!" she agreed. Having once cut loose from conventions, they might as well go the whole length. "Can we get through all of them before George gets back?"

"I think so; it won't take long. What shall it be next, lassie? The swinging cars?"

"Not yet. Couldn't we try that race down the rapid?—I don't know what you call it."

"All right. Come on."

They took a front seat in the little boat and slowly mounted into the air. At the top, being confronted with the notice, "Hold on to your hats," Mary Ann took the precaution to remove hers. His was still gallivanting off on the wind somewhere. With a delicious thrill, they clutched each other's hands as the boat began its dizzying descent. It lasted only a few mad, breathless moments. But oh! the wild joy of it!

"That's going some!" laughed Michael as they stepped out of the boat after the final plunge. Mary Ann's teeth were chattering too much to permit her to answer.

"Can you stand any more?" he asked quizzically.

"I can stand all you can," she replied with spirit.

They wandered off from the dazzling lights to where, behind high walls, mysterious things were going on. It was evident that one short hour would not be sufficient to sample all the attractions. They somewhat reluctantly forbore to enter into competition for teddy bears and roses, but paused where a great water wheel went splashing round and round. The scene was pretty, where the water, flowing in a narrow bed, disappeared in the region of mystery. A little boat waited invitingly, and they stepped in. They were the only passengers, and they had not the faintest idea to what bourne their little barque would bear them, or what was going to happen.

Slowly the boat glided through painted scenery, softly illumined by artificial light. There was an old windmill with silent sails, and fairy landscapes, such as one fancied lay beyond the sunset. Suddenly, however, the little boat plunged into darkness and raced down a canon between high, rocky banks.

Mary Ann caught her breath and leaned toward Michael. "Don't be frightened, lassie," he whispered as he put his arm around her and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. Very soon they emerged into the light again, and again plunged into darkness. Thus winding in and out of light and shadow, the boat ran its tortuous voyage, and came back to the starting place.

"Say," ejaculated Michael as he helped Mary Ann to disembark, "this is what I call a lark. We'll tell Billy all about it when we get home, eh? Won't the kid's eyes open wide when he hears?"

"George said something about a 'Scenic Railway'," Mrs. Adams suggested. "I wonder if we could find it."

They found it quite easily, and boarded the rumbling car. Swiftly the car gained speed, till it was rushing breathlessly along, up hill and down dale, over a labyrinthine way in a painted fairyland. Oh! it was wild and wonderful, and altogether bewitching. A spell seemed cast over both of them. They had no idea that they were capable of such keen, abandoned enjoyment.

They had raced through a deep valley, from one windy hilltop to another, while his admiring glance noted the coquettish ringlets and the soft rose flush on the rejuvenated face beneath the dancing bluebells. Suddenly the car plunged without warning into the black darkness of a tunnel. Again she leaned with a little gasp toward him. Swiftly his arm encircled her waist, and—wonder of wonders!—she felt his lips upon her own in an unmistakable kiss.

"Michael," said Mary Ann with a happy little thrill in her low tone, "Do you know how long it is since you kissed me before?"

"How long?"

"It was that year I went away for a week to Aunt Bell's. I've often wished I could go away again somewhere —just so as you'd kiss me good-bye; but I seemingly never could make the raise."

"Poor lassie! I didn't know. And I swore at you the other day! Have you forgiven me for that?"

"Oh yes, Michael!"

Softly Michael began to whistle "Sweet Afton", but only got through a measure or two when the car stopped.

As they emerged from the building they came upon George wandering up and down in search of them. "Where in the world have you been?" he asked. "I've been looking all over the place for you."

"Oh," explained his father a little apologetically, "We've just been for a little jaunt on the Scenic Railway yonder. A great game, that—wonderful clever invention. I wonder who's brain worked out the idea."

"Good for you, Dad!" laughed George. "There's nothing like it. And it's done you both good. Mother, I declare you look twenty years younger than you did this morning. But you really must come home now and rest, or you'll tire yourselves out."

When they reached their own rooms that night, Mary Ann, still in the Highland sunset gown, sank wearily but happily into a cushioned cosy corner. Michael sat down beside her. "Mary Ann," he began slowly, "I've been seeing things somehow different to-night; and I think when we go back home we'll take life a little easier. There's no need for us to work and save like we've been doing. We'll just jog along easy like, to that little waltz tune of Billy's. And, Mary Ann,"—Michael's arm stole softly around the silken waist, while for the second time in that cycle of years he kissed her—"and Mary Ann, I guess I won't swear at you any more."

And Michael never did.

THE JAPANESE JAR

From the Painting by
H. M. Rosenberg.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

DELIA'S DESPERADO

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

IT was a warm, still, summer afternoon with even the restless poplars silent for once, with everything wrapped in the sleepy calm that spreads over the foothill country as soon as the sun has reached his zenith and has begun to travel toward the Rockies. It was the kind of day when it is found to be much more agreeable to lounge in the hammock, with not even a book to distract the mind from its indolent fancies, than to make the slightest effort either of a physical or a mental nature. Mount Rundle, dominating the scene, his conical head sharply outlined against the intense blue of the sky, looked down over his far-flung valleys and across his undulating plains where east and west and south lay the ranches, and as he looked—supreme, unapproachable, in his majesty—he seemed to communicate in wordless language an old message: "I, the monarch, require of you my subject-lands that your soil, which has been tickled with the plow should laugh back with a bountiful harvest, that your gardens and your smiling fruit-orchards on which the sun has shone so warmly and unremittingly should respond with richly-laden boughs, that all your desert places should rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And as if in answer to that intangible behest the lovely land of Alberta was glowing verdantly as far as the eye could see, and the cattle on a thousand hills were sleek and fat, while all along the narrow strip of fruit country the early apples were turning rosy-cheeked beneath old Sol's ardent glance.

The silvery Bow, tumbling noisily in its shallows as it wound in and out amongst the echoing canôns, was perhaps the only sound-maker in all the landscape and even it ran noiselessly here and there, where sheer rock-walls rose to an immense height.

At the Bar Q, around an end of which the river shoulders its way, a girl sat churning in the cool, roomy kitchen of the ranch-house. She was alone. Okoko the Jap cook-and-factotum had succumbed to the overpowering inertia which always attacked him on these hot afternoons and had pattered away in his list slippers to the hammock under the garden poplars. Everybody else had gone to town, except possibly one or two stable hands who kept to their own domain.

The girl manipulated the churn-pedal but intermittently and with no great display of enthusiasm. How could one be expected to interest oneself in the unexciting task of making butter, when the two-day's old Calgary paper which Okoko had brought in at noon from the mail-box at the gate, contained such a thrilling tale as the one she was now reading? No, it was no story of frothy fiction that absorbed her. Neither was it the account of a mushroom aristocracy ball. Nor yet was it the synopsis of the latest vamp drama of Miss Sheeza Bird the most beautiful woman on the screen. It was just the newspaper rendition of the escape of a prisoner from the Provincial "pen" that thus held her

enthralled—to the extent that it boded ill for the dèbut of the butter.

"The escaped prisoner is probably making for the hill country across to the south, with the intention of getting across the border with as little delay as possible. In spite of his record he is well educated and of singularly pleasing address and he is capable of assuming any disguise. The people of the south districts are warned to be on their guard. Vokes, alias Emilmann, alias Fritz Weimer, alias Slim Weimer, is tall and well-built and has a skin of a healthy brown hue due to having spent a great many weeks lately out-of-doors acting as assistant gardener in the "pen"grounds. There is little or no suspicion of a German accent, although the man is evidently a Teuton or of Teuton descent, and he is about five-foot-eleven in height. A scar of some kind, probably an old bayonet thrust, runs part way down the left temple and is almost concealed by his hair."

The girl read the above paragraph several times and then raised a speculative eye and gazed out across the shimmering fields of young wheat that spread away almost illimitably on every hand. From her seat near the open door she could see as far as the "pike" road leading to town, and along which she need not look for her father and mother to come until dusk or later; but her glance was half absent. It was not of herself she was thinking. Cowardice was no part of her nature, and anyway it was altogether unlikely that the quiet, almost dull routine of her life would be disturbed by the arrival of a holdup-man! She was thinking of the slight chance Vokes would have if Inspector Fairway of the Mounties were in Canada. Fairway was the Holmes of the Force, a perfect marvel of adroitness and skill. "You can't faze Fairway," was a byword of the whole countryside, and he already had more captures to his credit than he could count on the fingers of both hands. If he were at home he would go right to the scent like a cunning hound, and it would be dollars to doughnuts Vokes, alias Emilmann, alias Weimer, would never so much as glimpse the International Boundary, much less cross it! But Fairway, alas for the present dilemma, was in France doing his very effective bit in the artillery branch of the army.

"But if he were here—oh, if he were here!" breathed the girl, her eyes glowing with the ardour of romantic youth for the object of its hero-worship.

She sighed and turned to her churn once more. A few desultory motions of her foot and she decided to look at the cream and see if it were "coming butter" yet. So she lifted the lid and stooped to peep in upon the cool curdly mass that by-and-bye would be yellow butter.

Something made her glance up suddenly. It must have been some subconscious agency, for no sound had broken the utter and profound silence of the afternoon.

A man was coming across the corral yard. He was a stranger—that was patent at once—but he walked with a curious stealth, looking backward over his shoulder more than once and then regarding the Bar Q ranch-house as though somewhat doubtful of a welcome. The girl watched this figure as it skirted the barns and sheds and finally jumped the hitching-rail and made straight for her open door. Her heart beat quickly, but she continued as though fascinated, to watch his advance. That half-furtive tread, her prairie shrewdness told her, betokened guilt or fear or both. In fact there was that in the general deportment of the man that seemed very sinister, even at the distance of twelve feet away, and when he had come up to the steps she caught her breath at the sight of his face. The essence of all things evil seemed written there—until he smiled, which he did, although waveringly. For he read in her expression just what she was thinking.

Tramp? Well, she had dealt with tramps before. Desperado? There was her loaded revolver nearby in the kit-

chen-desk drawer, the very weapon with which her father had taught her at the tender age of eight to "draw a bead" on a mark at five hundred yards. Quickly she stepped back and possesed herself of this, sliding it into her skirt pocket and smoothing her apron over the bulge. Then she waited for the stranger to make known his wants.

Possibly he had never before seen such a picture as she made, standing straight and tall and challenging, over her churn. The tramp stared. He opened his lips but no sound came forth. A brown-haired girl with direct blue eyes and the healthy pink cheeks of youth can look very striking in a fresh pink print dress, even though she may have no claim to actual beauty.

"You're hungry, of course," she said at length.

It was a tradition of the Bar Q that no stranger was ever yet turned empty away from the house of John P. Drew.

"Right, first time!" returned the tramp.

He spoke with an airy nonchalance that somehow accorded but ill with his general appearance of down-and-outness. His garments were ill-fitting and mismated, but not tattered, he wore a several days' growth of dark beard, and he looked, as indeed he proved to be, very nearly famished.

"Sit down on the top step, then, and I'll get you something", said the girl. "There are some pork pies in the pantry, I think, and we baked this morning, so you can have all the fresh bread you can eat."

A well-fed desperado couldn't in the nature of things be quite as desperate as a hungry one! The young hostess or benefactress or whatever she might have been termed at this stage of the chapter hurried to the other side of the room, but she maintained, nevertheless, a close watch upon her visitor.

"A thousand thanks! This is a godsend!" he said, with eager gratitude as he took from her hands a moment later such an assortment of food as he had not seen in days and weeks.

"I'm glad the tea was still hot," she remarked, as she returned to her task of making butter. "If you find it too warm there on the step just move across to that bench behind the vines."

He mumbled thanks again.

Some moments passed and then the tramp, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, looked in at the girl.

"Can't I finish that job for you?" he asked politely.

She drew a sigh of relief and removed her foot from the pedal.

"If you will," she said, venturing to smile a little at him. "Then you can have all the buttermilk you want."

"Um-m-m!" observed the tramp, stepping in and seizing the churn-handle without more ado.

He had eaten with the eager haste that distinguishes hungry vagabonds and small children. Poor fellow! And just look at the way he was making the churn roll! Only a little more of that firm, steady motion and the butter would come. What a hard life begging must be—and how awful never to know the comfort of a permanent resting-place. Yet it evidently gave one strength of muscle. She would tender him a little advice by-and-bye. He didn't seem to be utterly degraded and his features were good and full of character; his glance was not so furtive as it had seemed at first—he looked more steadily at her, and oftener, too, and besides there was a total absence of a shambling movement in his walk. Why had he seemed afraid when crossing the corral yard?

"This is Mr. Drew's place, isn't it?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"You don't know if he needs another hand, I suppose. Is he at home?"

She evaded the last query.

"We just took on a new stable hand yesterday," she said. "He is quite satisfactory. I don't think we need any more help till late in August."

"Oh, well, I merely asked."

The butter came and the tramp had his jugful. As he sat slowly imbib-

ing the cool liquid on the step outside the girl decided to put in a few tactful words of good advice. They might not come amiss and he seemed such a polite tramp. Perhaps he had had a good mother.

"I should think," she began innocuously, "that a great husky fellow like you would be much better employed fighting for your country than playing knight of the road."

He regarded her soberly.

"How do you know I'm playing? Tramping is a profession. Before one can be a successful tramp one must have the necessary adjuncts. Do I look like an amateur?"

"You look as though you had the ability to do something better."

"Thanks. I'll think it over since you are so kind. You—are Miss Drew?"

She nodded. After a short silence:

"Why don't you try to get work? I mean good work. You seem educated—"

"Now that's just the trouble," he said with engaging frankness. "You see I'm burdened with a college education. It is a dreadful handicap, Miss Drew."

She smiled in spite of herself.

"And then you see," he went on, "it is so much easier to go round to doors and ask for handouts than to stick in a poky office or class-room all day, that I just naturally follow the line of least resistance."

"But are you never moved by higher impulses? Vagabondage is all very well for a lark, but—" here she broke off, her attention attracted by the figure of a man in blue jeans crossing the field just below. "There, look at our new stable hand. He's going to pump the water for the herd now. Can't you hear him whistling? *He's* happy because he's *busy.*"

The tramp sat up alertly and followed with a rather bored expression the movements of the industrious "help".

"Makes me weary just to watch the fellow," he admitted with a yawn. "On a hot day like this! But then perhaps he's been a stoker on a ship. Come to think of it his gait seems to smack of a jack-tar, sort of rolling you know. Don't you think so, too?"

Miss Drew shrugged her shoulders indifferently. She was more interested in the problem just before her on the step. The tramp certainly had nice eyes. They were brown with vague shadows in their depths. He must have suffered in spirit, she told herself. They were the eyes of a man who had looked upon great sorrows, seen much of the sad side of life. She found herself watching for his rare smile, for it lit up the gloom of those eyes so that he appeared almost refined. The busy hand was, indeed, whistling, a tune that she didn't recognize. But it seemed to have undoubted fascination for the tramp, who sat perfectly still, his head on one side. Presently a slow smile spread across his face and he leaned back against the verandah rail, took up the buttermilk jug once more and drained it. He rose then.

"Much obliged for your hospitality," he said, and stooped to pick up his shabby cap from the step.

When he looked up again it was to see an expression of horrified amazement on the face of the girl. She leaned pantingly against the door-jamb, eyes bulging, cheeks white, stern glance fixed on the tramp's left temple.

"Singularly pleasing address—skin of a healthy brown hue—five-foot-eleven in height—well educated—*scar on left temple!*"

This was what ran tumultuously through her mind, so that she failed to hear his question of astonishment as to what had seemingly frightened her. Two minutes passed while they continued in a futile way to stare at each other.

When he had bent to get his cap the thick wave of hair that lay athwart his brow had fallen forward revealing a nasty, jagged, recently healed-over wound. Slowly the girl's hand went to her pocket, and the tramp started when he saw it come forth closed

round the revolver. His jaunty grin faded and was replaced by the old furtive expression.

"Good-bye!" he said hurriedly and turned away to be immediately arrested by her sharp, "Stop!"

"Stop! Put up your hands. You are my prisoner," said the girl.

His mouth sagged open and with a look almost of terror he watched the weapon waver a moment and then rest on a direct line with his top vest button.

"Movie dramatics," he remarked ruefully. "Very well. The trumps are yours. Up go my mitts. Tense situation in the third reel—heroine covers villain till police arrive. What next?"

"Back up and sit down on the step, Mr. Vokes. That's right. Now stay there till I—"

"Hold on. You make me dizzy circling about like that!" he protested, but she had seen him start at the name Vokes, and had come around in front, still with the weapon poised on high.

"I say, what sort of a shot are you?" he asked with some anxiety. "And is that a hair trigger? Keep your finger off it please and I'll be as good as gold. I—I'll do anything in reason but I won't be slugged full of bird-shot—"

"This is a revolver," she said with dignity, though the effort to seem cool cost her something. Her knees were shaking under her and she was wondering frantically if her father was on the home stretch.

"Oh, pardon me. It looks like a blunderbuss of the date of '49. What—are you going to do? Put me in the jug?"

"I'm going to telephone the Mounted Police."

Again he gave that peculiar start.

"Not that I think much of them or they'd have had you before this, Mr. Vokes," she went on. "If Inspector Fairway were only here you would have been captured two days ago."

"Fairway did you say? Who's Fairway?" and his eyes narrowed.

"He's the best man in the whole Mounted Police force—that's who he is!" returned Miss Drew. "Nobody can slip through his clutches, let me tell you. He is known as the Human Bloodhound."

"Wow!" ejaculated the prisoner. "And where is this paragon of efficiency? Why isn't he on the job? I—I'd rather like to meet him, don't you know."

"He's in France, where you ought to be."

The tramp gave a twisted smile.

"Applause from the pit," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, young woman," he went on soberly, "I am at the present moment suffering from shell-shock—I mean cell-shock—"

"I don't think it at all funny to jest about a thing like that."

"Neither do I. Say, it's tiresome holding up my paws like a stock-exchange bidder. Let me bring 'em down. You have my solemn promise that I won't try to make a getaway."

Miss Drew seated herself on a chair, laid the weapon across her knee and again scanned the town end of the road.

"Very well," she said.

There really was something that inspired confidence in this poor vagabond. Honesty of purpose shone in his eye. He meant what he said. Besides—up the road appeared the welcome cloud of dust that heralded the approach of John P. Drew.

"Before I go to the gallows—no don't interrupt, please—for of course it *is* a hanging matter—before I hang, therefore, I shall recall this little episode of the afternoon and remember your kindness—" the tramp had spoken slowly and now broke off in an odd, choked way and turned his head aside.

"Will—will they actually condemn you to *that?*" now asked the girl, a world of horror and pity in her grave eyes.

"Not a doubt of it. The record of Vokes is a most sinister one."

"But—oh why, *why*, do you do such dreadful deeds?"

She leaned forward, a sudden mist of tears in her eyes, her hand instinctively outstretched. He caught the

hand and held it a second or two, then released it.

"Such a pity as yours," he said huskily, "would transform the veriest blackguard into a saint. Oh, why did I not meet you sooner!"

"It is not yet too late, Mr. Vokes," the girl assured him. "Haven't you got an alibi or whatever it is that lets a prisoner off? Oh, if Inspector Fairway were only in Canada he would do all in his power to give you a fresh start!"

The tramp frowned.

"I thought you said he was a veritable bloodhound."

"Se he is but he has also a heart as big as all outdoors. He has let more prisoners off than ever he has brought to justice—given them a second chance, I mean."

"Um .... You seem to be an enthusiastic champion of this Mounted marvel. Handsome I daresay, or else he wouldn't inspire such—er—hero-worship."

"I don't know what he looks like," said the girl, a look of wistfulness coming into her eyes. "I never saw him that I know of."

"Oh, I see. It's a sort of long-distance homage. Well, I see there is someone coming along the road from town so you won't be held in this suspense much longer. I suppose you will call out to the rig for help."

The girl started and looked up the road. Se had temporarily forgotten her father.

"Quick!" she cried, springing up and seizing his shabby sleeve. "I'll hide you. It's father, but I won't ever tell. It's your—your second chance. Quick!"

He sensed her intention before she had stopped speaking and was on his feet.

"Into the milk-cellar. Hurry! Nobody will go down there till milking time to-morrow morning. You can come up after we are all in bed. I'll leave the door unlocked."

She wheeled the empty churn aside, lifted a piece of rag carpet that concealed a trap-door in the centre of the kitchen floor and pointed. He lifted the trap-door and lowered himself into the cool dark depths of the milk-cellar. Just one glance he had time to send her, but it spoke volumes and the gratitude and admiration that she read remained with her for many a day afterward.

Scarcely had she replaced the carpet and the churn when her parents drove into the corral-yard, and a moment later Okoko came yawning in from his siesta in the garden.

"Velly kliet day," he observed to Miss Drew.

*

"It's only a couple of buns and some cream," said Miss Drew apologetically as she set the lantern down on an upturned pail and handed the light lunch to her prisoner.

"I certainly didn't expect this," he said gratefully,

"Well, I knew you'd be hungry. It's not yet dark so you can't come up for several hours yet. When you do you will find a small parcel of sandwiches on the table near the door. Where are you going from here?"

"You certainly have a right to know, but I can't tell you because I have made no plans."

"But promise me that you will lead an honest life from now on!"

"I solemnly promise Miss—Miss Delia. (I heard somebody calling you that, and I like the name.) I give you my word."

She sat down on the third top step and, her small rounded chin buried in her hands, regarded him earnestly across the dimly-lighted cellar. He sat, opposite the lantern, on another upturned pail.

"Did you ever commit murder?" she asked suddenly.

He started violently.

"Wh-why do you ask?" he wanted to know.

"Because I somehow can't associate such a dreadful deed with your face. Did you?"

"Well—I *have* sent a few people to their last long rest," he admitted.

"But of course it was in self-defence?"—eagerly.

"Yes."

She shuddered and then sighed.

"How have you spent these last three or four hours? Not meditating fresh crimes, I hope?"

"No. I have been thinking—hard."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Would you like to know the subject of my thoughts?"

"Yes. It was the turning over of a new leaf, I trust?"

"Partly, but mostly I have been thinking of—of you."

Miss Drew drew herself up, a look of displeasure beginning to gather in her eyes. She prepared for flight at once.

"Wait. Please don't go," he pleaded.

"But I won't remain here to—to be insulted."

"Such a thing as insulting you was furthest from my thoughts, my dear girl! Sit down again. . . .That's right. Perhaps the fact that you neglected to fetch your blunderbuss—I mean revolver—with you this time has given me confidence to speak out."

"But you were getting actually *fresh*."

"Was I? Believe me, I didn't mean to. I am very glad you don't expect or desire me to make love to you. I have had so little experience along that line that my technique is bad. But surely we can be friends."

The girl shook her head uncertainly.

"I don't know why I stay here talking to a—a—"

"A desperado. Say it. *I* know. It's because you have a heart of gold, Miss Delia. Even a polished villain such as I am can appreciate the noble instincts which have led you to open your pure young heart—and—er—your nice dark milk-cellar—to one who is a fugitive from justice."

"I don't know that I have opened my heart to you, Mr. Vokes."

"You have, but unwittingly. I feel as if I had known someone like you away back in the old days when—when I used to shoot peas at the Sunday school superintendent from the back benches. I was a good little shaver in those days."

"Self praise is no recommendation."

"I know that," he said with becoming humility. "But I just wanted you to understand that my early life was decent. Does that new stable hand of yours retire early?"

The questioin was of such a sudden nature she looked her surprise.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of murdering the poor fellow in his bed! These buns are the best I ever tasted."

"I made them . . . Yes, all our hands go to bunk shortly after eight o'clock. They have to be up at four, you see. Smith sleeps in the bunk-house nearest the corral—and what is more he sleeps armed."

There was that in her tone which mocked him. With deep chagrin he realized that she wasn't by any means prepared to trust him utterly. Always she was on her guard.

"Much obliged for the information," he said gravely.

"I can give you the combination of father's safe too."

He ignored the thrust.

"Why does Smith sleep armed, Miss Drew? Guilty conscience?"

"He told father that some rustlers whom he caught at the last ranch where he was employed had threatened his life. I think myself he is over-cautious. But he seems to be a chap that takes people and things very seriously."

"No sense of humour, I judge."

"Some people have too much," remarked Miss Delia. "It ill becomes them to try to be funny when they have so much to answer for before the law."

"A well-merited reproof. I shall conduct myself from now on like an undertaker's assistant. What time is it I wonder?"

"It is just about eight o'clock, Mr. Vokes."

"Surely it must be more? From yon little window it seems quite dark

outside. I shall try to get away now, I think."

"Better wait another half-hour," advised his fair warden. "Father is smoking on the verandah yet I know. I'm going up at once. I'll signal you by rapping on the floor and then you must go away directly. If you should chance to be seen I stand ready to perjure myself to the limit—goodness only knows why—to camouflage you. I'll say you are a pedlar, a lightning-rod agent, a census-taker, a trouble-shooter for the 'phone company or a plain every-day tramp to whom I have given a handout."

"Your goodness gladdens my heart, and I—"

"Say nothing more please. I—well, I feel in my heart that I am doing *very* wrong to aid and abet you. I wouldn't like Inspector Fairway to know of this."

"That name again!" and the tramp frowned.

"He has been my hero from short-skirt days," explained Miss Delia, disregarding the tramp's ill-humour. "If —if ever you run up against him, Mr. Vokes, as you will certainly do if you do not adhere strictly to the path of virtue, don't ever give me away—not that he'd know who *I* was of course—"

"Miss Delia, Fairway or any other man could not cherish for you anything but the most ardent admiration! Won't you shake the hand of your poor desperado before you go?"

Miss Drew hesitated, and then with an impulsive little movement extended her hand. The tramp held it for a moment and then relinquished it quickly with a sharp intake of the breath which went to the girl's heart. How long since he had had the privilege of touching the hand of a good woman!

But when she looked back ere she disappeared through the trap-door—he was smiling!

Evening in the foothill country comes down with a soft suddenness that is almost disconcerting. The merging of the twilight and the dusk takes place so imperceptibly and yet quickly withal that to the uninitiated it seems an affair of sheer artistry arranged by some sleight-of-hand wizard with a drop-curtain and a few calcium lights. When Miss Drew descended to the tramp with nourishment it was still quite light, with the long twilight of his western land shedding a soft clear glow over nature and bringing into relief the softened outlines of barns, stables and corral. Now the light had faded and she could distinguish nothing farther than a dozen feet away. The fireflies were punctuating the gloom at short intervals, frogs were chorusing from the swamp in the coulée and a myriad of stars lit up the dome of heaven.

She decided to locate her parents first. Her mother was reading in the living-room, but the voice of her father could be heard on the verandah in conversation with another man. She tiptoed out and stood blinking on the threshold of the door. It was probably one of the neighbouring ranchers, she thought, and she decided that the best thing to do was to invite them indoors for some lemonade.

But her father was too busy talking to notice her and the stranger's back was turned to her. It was a broad back. She looked again. It was clothed in a scarlet tunic. Another glance was hardly necessary, but in a daze she made out blue trousers with narrow yellow stripes along the sides, knee-boots and a leather belt. On a chair lay a khaki hat.

As stealthily and as quickly as she could Miss Drew returned to the kitchen and once more lifted the trap-door and descended to the milk-cellar.

"There's a Mountie here!" she gasped. "He's talking to father. He must have just ridden up. What—what will we do *now?*"

The tramp rose and stared at her, his eyes bulging.

"This—is what one might call a *contretemps,*" he remarked with such evident courage under difficulties that the girl was thrilled. "Is that door over yonder an exit?"

"It is locked from the outside and Okoko has the key. I'll ask him for it. I was afraid to before for fear he might suspect something, but I suppose it's 'any port in a storm'."

"Wait. It may not be necessary. They're on the side of the house facing the garden, are they?. . . . Very well, I can still make my getaway across the corral."

"No you can't, for they can see both ways! Oh, dear me, I *knew* my sin would find me out. I—"

"Is he a tall stout fellow, this Mountie?"

She nodded.

"That would be Middleton," he ruminated aloud. "Consarn his officiousness anyway! Who told *him*—"

"You see, Mr. Vokes, someone has already seen you and perhaps followed you up our trail," she interrupted. "I can't see how you are to escape for you've got to pass within eight or ten feet of where father is sitting. You'd better remain here till he—the policeman I mean—goes away. Then—"

"Unthinkable! He will probably search the entire place. Did—you didn't happen to hear what they were saying?"

"I just heard father say: 'The only stranger that's been round these diggins is our new hired man, a perfectly respectable fellow and a real smart worker too', so you see they are on your scent. Is there a large price on your head?"

He started.

"Eh? . . . large price on my head? .. . . . I should say so! Had it occurred to you to give me up and draw the five thousand dollars reward?"

"When I once undertake to befriend a person I stick to it," returned the girl with dignity. "I'm going up now to get the key of the outer door there and in less than ten minutes—you can correctly guess the length of time, surely, you are so clever at other things—you can come forth. I shall have enticed father and his visitor indoors then. Good-luck, Mr. Vokes, and remember what I said—don't give me away."

She was gone. The tramp stared up at the trap-door for fully five minutes after her exit. He smiled.

"Indoors? On a night like this? Tut-tut my dear," said John P. Drew lazily. "Fetch the lemonade out here."

"But father—"

"Don't interrupt, Delia. The sergeant and I are busy."

The girl wrung her hands silently. What could she have said? Over her face came a look of comical despair —at least to an onlooker unaware of its cause it would have seemed quite comical. At last she turned indoors, brushing against her mother, who was just coming out.

"John! There's someone in the kitchen! I heard a funny noise," said Mrs. Drew hurriedly. "Okoko has gone to bed. Maybe it's only the cat, but I wish you would go and see."

Both men rose, with a mutual glance that said the same thing. They proceeded in some haste to the rear regions, the sergeant muttering that he "was *convinced* the bounder was on the Bar Q," while Delia, her lower lip caught in her teeth, realized that she had neglected to unfasten the *bolt* of the milk-cellar door. Stupid! All her altruistic work gone for nothing and poor Vokes in the toils once more!

While she still stood in her tracks fuming at the ultra-cautious Puritan principles of her mother who had a mania for keeping things under lock and key, three figures dashed past the verandah—a fat short one and a tall stout one in pursuit of a tall slim one. It was all off!

*

Down near the corral there was a revolver shot, then shouts. Delia shuddered. She clung to her mother, who was on the verge of a swoon herself.

At the end of half an hour three men came up the steps and the women were requested in the jovial voice of Jorn P. Drew to bring forth eatables and drinkables.

To celebrate the capture of the notorious Vokes," he added, in a quieter tone. "Don't be frightened my dears. He's not here. We've got him trussed

up and waiting down at the bunkhouse. These officers will take him in to town at once. My wife and daughter, gentlemen, Jane and Delia—meet Sergeant Middleton and Inspector Fairway."

A confused moment all around, hurried explanations, some laughter, invitations to "make yourselves at home gentlemen", and then Delia looked a little closer at the visitors, particularly at the one who wasn't in uniform.

"So sorry!" he murmured under cover of the general noise. "It was unforgivable of me to make such a row in the kitchen. You left me no alternative, you see, but to come up by the trap-door——"

"I'll never, never forgive you as long as I live!"

"Oh, please——"

"I'll be the laughing-stock of the whole...."

"No you won't, for I haven't told anything nor do I intend to. I explained my presence satisfactorily and Middleton will give me full credit for the capture. As soon as I heard your Smith whistling "Die Wacht am Rhein" and noticed his gait I knew he was the bird I was after. Vokes was a sailor, you see. I am very grateful to you for keeping me hidden till dark. For Vokes is a wily guy. I had to sneak up in mufti, posing as a deadbeat in order not to rouse his suspicions."

"But I thought you were in France!"

"I was till ten days ago. I have a discharge. Nerves, and shell sock, I mean shell shock. No, I mean——"

She gave a little cry as he pushed back his thick hair.

"Oh, then your wound is an honourable one! Oh, I am *so* ashamed. I'll never forgive myself!"

"But you will *me*? You were such a charming warden I couldn't help but carry the farce along as far as it would go. But had you not taken me into custody and hustled me down cellar so peremptorily, I intended to lie low somewhere near at hand until I could get Vokes on the q.t. Then when you told me of Middleton's arrival I was more determined than ever to act quietly. I don't thirst for publicity, but I did want to grab off the honour after the trouble I had gone to. . . . Even the great Holmes was like that you know, at times."

"Well, the honour is rightfully yours. How did you guess that the prisoner was at the Bar Q?"

"It was just chance. I had known that he was headed this way. I've been knocking about in this disguise for three days and escaped arrest too ——until——"

"Oh, I could drop through the floor!"

"Please *don't*. I want you to stay here and say you do forgive me for playing such a trick——"

"Here's the eats, Inspector," called out his host at this juncture.

"Don't hurry him, John," said Mrs. Drew good-naturedly. "He and Delia seem to have a lot to say to one another for strangers. Never knew Delia to pick up so quick with anyone before!"

"When—when that shot rang out," her daughter was saying just then in a very low tone, "I—was afraid—"

"Oh it wasn't me he aimed for. He was trying to wing Middleton. I looked too much like a deadbeat. Some day soon, Miss Delia, when I have a shave and haircut and can climb into some white man's apparel I want to come over to the Bar Q and——er—— explain more fully. May I?"

And Delia smiled up at her desperado in a highly encouraging way.

PETER POWERS, ROMANCER

BY EARL DERR BIGGERS

"NO, sir," said Mr. Peter Powers firmly, "I don't believe in mixin' things. Everything in the world is mixed now. You see joy an' sorrow, happiness and marriage, and some other trouble, graftin' an' church-going', all marchin' hand in hand. It ain't right, I say, an' I make it a rule never to mix nothin'. That's why I've said 'beer' every one of the five times you've asked me to have a drink, an' that's why I'd go on sayin' 'beer' if you was to ask me five hundred more times."

I nodded to the waiter, and Mr. Powers smiled genially.

"Generosity," he continued, is your strong point, an' that's how you come to remind me o' George Barber. George was the mos' generous man I ever see, though you're a close second, an' who knows but you'll beat him out in the end? Every pay-day George acted more an' more like Carnegie, only he never wasted no money on books. It was a real pleasure to sit near him in a café, with a good spry waiter close at hand. Yes, sir, you remind me o' George in a good many ways. He didn't have a very intelligent face, but he knew enough not to have heart failure whenever the waiter brought the checks."

He drank.

"It's long since I seen poor George," he went on feelingly, "three long years since the time him an' me tried to get rid o' a thousand sewin'-machines that had come into our lives accidental like. Unusual machines they was, too, always causin' trouble, an' before we got 'em off our hands we'd kidnapped half the female population o' a little New England town. Mebbe you'll like to hear about it?"

I consulted my pocket, and again nodded to the waiter. With this slight encouragement Mr. Powers began:

On one of the big North River docks in New York I struck old George Barber, always so jolly an' gay; an' the look in his eye was sad, an' his smile o' greeting was the kind that does service at funerals.

"I'm in trouble, Peter," he says to me, low an' tearful.

"I'm sorry, George," says I, with the true ring in my voice; for I thought he was broke, an' to meet the most generous man you know an' find he has no money is the most mutual sorrow there is.

"See that fancy yacht?" he says, pointing to the harbour. An' there, right in among the dirty tugs an' tramp steamers an' the like, was the prettiest little boat afloat. Her brasses an' awnin's flashed in the sun, an' she was puffing an' snorting an' turnin' up her nose at the craft around her fer all the world like Mrs. Van Dusen visitin' the poorhouse.

"Ain't she the beauty?" I remarks.

George sighed. "I'm in command," he says.

I started to congratulate him, but he got behind the post he'd been leanin' against and held up his hand.

"Don't," says he. "That would be the last straw. On board that there

yacht is the cause o' all my worry. Peter Powers, if you'd told me when last we met that my generosity an' kind nature was goin' to get me in all this trouble, I'd a turned different on the spot."

"I'm glad I didn't then," I says heartily.

"Yes," he answers, "I suppose it was better to let me live in ignorance. But it was a awful blow when it fell." He leans toward me. "Come on board," he whispers like the villain in the show, "we might be heard here. Come, an' I'll tell you the story o' my life."

We was rowed out to the yacht, an' once in the cabin I was pleased to see that George was himself again, fer I had only just set down when he put some bottles an' glasses on the table. That was George—that was the secret o' his generosity. The trouble he was in, the story he had to tell—or the one someone else was tellin'—never got him so interested he fergot the liquid refreshments. Well, we set down, an' George took up his sad, sad story.

"Six months ago," he says, "I was a happy man—first mate of a tramp steamer carryin' bananas between a lot o' little South American republics an' New York. Then one day a rich general down there in the tropic climes got the idee that he ought to be president o' the pink spot on the map called his country. He an' our captain met; money talked, as is its habit, an' when next we left New York it was with ten thousand rifles stowed away below, in the name o' liberty as represented by the general. Everything had been arranged by his agents; all we did was to take the boxes from a shady wharf on a dark night an' hide 'em away from anxious eyes. So we steamed south, to aid an' abet a Humpty-Dumpty president at havin' a great fall.

"But he didn't. Oh, it's a sad tale. We anchored two miles up a forsaken, smelly river one moonlight night, an' saw the ragged army o' tyrant stranglers camped on the shore. The general lent talk to the unloading—he was a fat man full o' whiskey an' excitement. When the boxes was all ashore he grabbed an axe an' mounted one of 'em. Downin' tyrants was his subject; that an' givin' liberty a fair field. Also he mentioned that he had waited long fer them rifles. A fuzzy atmosphere was crawlin' into our lungs an' chokin' us, so we told him to cut it short. Then he opened a box, an' next he swore—in Spanish.

"Well, Peter, there ain't no use makin' a mystery of it. Inside that box was a neat little sewin'-machine. Inside the next ten, twenty, thirty, up to one thousand boxes the general began opening they was sewin'-machines. Don't ask me how they got there—I don't know. The general set down on a box an' cried, an' between sobs he asked us what we thought he was runnin'—a sewing circle or a war. Our captain tried to tell him they was a new kind o' machine gun, but the old boy wouldn't be cheered.

" 'This ain't no women's war' " he says.

" 'Well,' says Murry, the captain, 'it was pretty dark that night on the wharf. An' these look a lot like the boxes we was told to take on. They was a few more than we expected, but we thought you couldn't have any too many—er—rifles.'

"At mention o' that word the general stood up an' drew on his vocabulary fer some o' the choicest words I ever hear used. Then he set down an' cried some more.

" 'You fight too much in these blame' picture-book countries anyhow,' says Murry, mad about the names. 'Sometime when I can afford it I'm goin' to take a day off an' spank this seat o' war. It's muddy here,' he goes on, 'an' I don't like the cries o' the birds an' beasts, nor the wild wet breeze comin' up from the swamp. I believe I'm catchin' cold. I'm goin' back on board.'

"The general grabs him. 'The rifles?' he says.

" 'I'm sorry,' says Murry, who'd got most of his pay for the job before starting in; 'I'm very sorry, but someone else probably has 'em now. An' it wouldn't be safe to inquire. Keep the machines,' he says, 'they'll come in handy round the camp. Some rainy day when it's too wet to fight let the men stay at home an' do a little dressmakin'. They need new clothes,' he says.

"Two minutes' thinkin' convinced the general that revolutions was too expensive just then, an' that he'd better wait till they was cheaper. He tells his army to go home, an' ferget it, in a 'there'll-be-no-war-to-night' speech. We took him an' the machines to the capital city, where he got back his job of Secretary o' War, with no questions asked. He's there now, quietly waitin' fer a chance to shoot the President under the table."

That, sir, is the story George had to tell, and as he stopped to fill my glass I says to him, "George," says I, "George, what has all this to do with you an' your trouble?"

"My trouble," says George, "is that I'm too generous. Them sewin'-machines—a thousand of 'em—are on board this yacht. In a evil minute, urged on by my kindness o' heart an' a offer of a third what I get fer 'em, I agreed to come up here in the general's yacht an' sell 'em off fer him."

"Well, why don't you?" I says.

"Why don't I?" says George, with tears in his eyes. "That's it, why don't I? A thousand white elephants on board this yacht would be easier disposed of. A thousand diamond tiaras disappearin' from the New York wharf wouldn't have caused more stir among the police. The government has taken charge o' the rifles, an' now they're lookin' fer the machines. They want everything. As sure as I steal into a city an' get ready for bargain day on the yacht, the newspapers come out with big headlines about new clues in the case. Why don't they ferget it? Ain't there other news but lost sewin' machines?"

"The thing to do," I says, slow an' careful, "is to go somewhere an' sell them machines to somebody."

George looks disappointed. "I'd got that far myself," he says.

"Yes," I says, "but you ain't been usin' common sense in carryin' out the plan. You've been trying to sell what I suppose a cruel justice calls stolen goods in the land o' arclights an' cafés, where crime is wrote large in the headlines, an' there's suspicion in the eye of your brother if you ask him the time. It's the simple life fer yours. It's some little village alone an' forgotten by the sea, where hearts is unsuspecting, an' manners an' customs — especially customs — ain't too exactin'."

"You're right, Peter," says George, "you're right."

"Of course I am," I says, "an' I know the place, too. Up on the Maine coast they's a little town called Grimport that even the Lord thinks has toppled off into the sea. What ails you, George?"

"I've heard of it," says George, choking over his drink.

"That's queer," says I. "I didn't suppose any man on earth had heard of it."

"A—friend—of mine onct lived there," says George.

"No friend o' mine has lived there, or ever could, an' still be a friend," I says, "but here's my plan. Why not run up there fer one day, pass around bills in the mornin' invitin' all ladies to come on board in the afternoon an' view the machines we're almost givin' away, sell all we can, deliver 'em an' collect the money, an' then flit away before suspicion wakes? I'll go with you, George. I'm out of a berth, an' I always did like to be near you, anyhow."

George's gratitude at my offerin' to go along was touchin' to see, an' he hunts up the crew, orderin' them to start at once. We steamed away north, an' all that night George set up in the cabin, deef to the swearin' o' the mate, writin' advertisements

for sewin'-machines that was artistic triumphs. He said the machines was bought by a missionary society for the heathen in Africa, but when they was delivered the heathen wouldn't have 'em, because they didn't like to sew, an' didn't wear clothes, anyhow.

One o' the crew that was onct a sign-painter in San Francisco printed George's ads on ten big boards, an' the mornin' we got to Grimport we took 'em ashore an' put 'em up where they couldn't help bein' seen. I tried to get George to tie up to the docks, but he was set on achorin' out in the harbour. We could get under way quicker if anything happened, he said, an' he was so afraid o' trouble that he went ashore an' hired a waterman to carry the ladies to an' from the yacht, not wantin' to use our own boat for the purpose.

At one o'clock that afternoon we set down to wait for customers. George was a little nervous about the outcome o' the plan, so I cheers him up a bit.

"Think of it," I says, "in this deserted village there's over a thousand women, heartsick an' hungerin' fer a bargain sale. Few, if any, have come into their lives. An' now we bring 'em their heart's desire on board a yacht. Why, George, they'll flock here like—like birds. We'll be hailed as public benefactors. They'll build us a statue at the mouth o' this harbour."

"Under water," growls George.

"You wait an' see," I tells him.

George waited, and he saw. I wish I could describe the scene that followed. If I had one more drink mebbe I could. Thank you—much obliged. The first trip the waterman made he brought five women, an' pretty soon lady shoppers was thicker on that deck than in a department store the day before Christmas. George got out some of the machines, an' some o' the ladies who had brought along implements for sewin' set down an' sewed, accordin' to George's offer in the ads. You won't guess what a pretty scene it made, with the ladies talkin' a blue streak, an' the machines a-buzzin', an' George's head buzzin' too, because o' the questions they asked.

One by one they came an' ordered an' went away. I could hear George sayin': "Yes'm, pay on delivery to-night," an' then he'd come over to where I was sittin' by the rail an' punch me like he was ringin' up the sale on a cash register, an' shriek low fer joy. "Another gone," he'd say; "Peter, this is your work, God bless you!"

It began to get late, an' the crowd thinned out. They were just five left, the old lady with the green specs, an old maid who wouldn't have been satisfied with a solid gold machine set with diamonds, a butcher's wife whose social standin' wouldn't allow her to buy nothin' inferior, an' two young married women who couldn't decide. George comes over to me.

"Two hundred and eighty-three sold!" he says. "If you'd 'a' told me yesterday such luck was waitin' fer me, I'd 'a' jammed the lie down your throat. To-night I'll be a rich man. Two hundred and eighty-three, an' mebbe some more."

"Yes, mebbe some more," I says, "fer here comes the waterman with another customer."

George smiled and says: "That's good," an' turned to look at the waterman's skiff, not a hundred yards away. Then his face went white an' he trembled all over. At that minute the waterman's passenger, a tall, homely woman, stood up in the stern o' the boat an' made some remarks, emphasizin' her words by wavin' a umbrella vigorously.

"Good Lord!" says George in a broken voice, "she's seen me."

"Well, why not?" says I, surprised.

"Why not?" shrieked George. "Why not, you fool? She's my wife, that's why not."

"You never told me," I says sadly.

"This ain't no time fer family history," he says, an' rushes below. I

followed. The engineer was right there, but George didn't notice him. He started the yacht himself.

"Look here," I hollered, "they's five women aboard this boat what belong ashore. Are you mad, George?"

"No," says George, "I'm doin' the only sane thing, as you'd know if you'd ever met my wife. Eight years ago I left her, an' she's been after me ever since. Once she gets me, I'm a goner. I was a fool fer comin' to this town, she used to live here when she was a girl. Go up on the bridge an' keep her headed to sea, Jim," he says to one o' the men.

"Where are we goin'?" I asks.

"Siberia, Hindoostan, Algiers, anywhere," says George, "anywhere, I ain't sure where," he says. "I only know we're goin' an' we're goin' quick.

"Well, put on your armour," I says, "an' we'll go on deck."

I think I'll need another drink to describe the scene that met our eyes there. Thanks! Have you ever faced five cryin'-mad women you've just kidnapped. No? Well, I guess they ain't no use tryin' to give you any idee o' the way they acted.

"Be calm, ladies, be calm," says George, in his softest tones; "this is an accident, an' we're all sorry, I'm sure."

The old lady with curls stopped cryin' to scream:

"Pirates! Pirates! I knew it from the very first. It seemed all along something was wrong. I suppose we're bein' carried off to be piratesses. But I won't be one. I'll die first."

"Yes, I guess you will," says George, tryin' to cheer things up a bit.

"Listen to that," shrieked the old lady, "he's goin' to kill us. I knew it. Take us back, you monster."

George tried to explain, but explainin' to angry women is like expostulatin' with a storm at sea. The names they called him was far better an' stronger than I'd heard from sea-captains who'd had profanity on their side from birth.

When we'd gone about three miles down the coast I took George aside.

"Your wife can't follow you here," I says, "an' I can't listen to this commotion much longer an' stay in my right mind. Why not stop an' put these women ashore in a boat. They can walk back to Grimport before midnight."

George said it was the best plan, an' he told the ladies so. As he was linin' up the weepin' crowd ready to lower 'em into the ship's boat, his generosity came to the front again.

"Ive caused you some inconvenience, ladies," he says, "no, you can't deny it—don't try. So I'm goin' to make each one o' you a nice little present. With each lady put ashore goes one o' our latest-model, light-runnin' sewin'-machines. When I'm far away —an' I'll be as far away as I can get, you can bet on that," he says, thinkin' o' his wife, "you can look at the machines an' remember George Barber, the man that carried you away by accident——"

"Cut it out," says the butcher's wife; "it's gettin' late."

So the crew put 'em ashore in the boat, an' followed 'em with five o' our best machines. They made a pretty picture, standin' on the sand, each one beside a sewin'-machine, an' utterin' female curses on George's head. We steamed away, an' George said it almost broke his heart to leave 'em. But I reminded him o' his wife, an' he was comforted.

We'd gone about a quarter o' a mile when George came rushin' to me, a glass in his hand. "Peter," he says, "bad luck don't come single. They've got us now, or my name ain't George Barber."

"Who's got us," I asked, "the ladies?"

"The law," whispers George in hoarse tones, "the law." An' he points with shakin' finger toward a revenue cutter speedin' along through the dusk, blowin' bushels o' smoke from its funnels, an' throwin' its searchlight, like some evil eye, over the waters.

"It's been nothin' but trouble, trouble," says George sadly, "ever since I took charge o' these blamed machines. An' now it's six years hard labour fer us all." He fell over a machine, an' instead o' swearin', stops to think. "They's one way out," he says, excited like; "they's one way to save us yet." An' he picks up a machine an' throws it overboard. "Call the crew," he shouts; "this is the only way." We all got to work, not relishing George's picture o' prison stripes, an' pretty soon we'd thrown seven hundred and twelve perfectly good sewin'-machines into the deep blue sea.

The cutter comes nearer an' nearer. George finds it harder and harder to breathe. Then she turns her light on us fer a second—just a contemptuous glance in passin'—an' flashes by.

George's face was a sight to see, even in the dusk.

"They never stopped," he says softly; "they never stopped."

"That's clear," says I; "they went by."

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth o' sewin'-machines," he murmured, "thrown to the mermaids."

"It's a shame," says I; "but the mermaids need——"

"A third o' the money mine," he goes, "an' a excitable general waitin' in South America for his share."

"What's the answer?" I says.

We steamed on southward, a sad lot. I asked to be put ashore here at New York, an' George gave in, against his will. When I said good-bye, he told me his plan. He was goin' to show the general the newspaper clippings about how the police was on our track. "The story of our brave fight, as I have thought it out," says George, "is a touchin' one. For a hundred miles we raced the fastest revenue cutter in America. Brought to bay at last, we were forced to throw oberboard our treasure, in order to save our lives. All is lost, my dear general, save honour an' the yacht."

"I hope he'll be good to you," I says, "as good as you deserve. Good-bye. Good-bye, George. I hate to leave you."

"An' so," finished Mr. Peter Powers, "me an' George Barber parted fer the last tmie. It's been three long years since I seen him, an' him the mos' generous man I know. No, you haven't beat him out; I'd like to say you had, but loyalty to poor old George won't let me."

I said good-bye to poor old George's faithful friend, and started out. Near the door I met a waiter I knew.

"Who is this Peter Powers?" I asked.

The waiter smiled. "He's a carpenter," he said, "and he lives over in the suburbs."

"But he's been on the water a great deal," I protested.

"Ferry boats," returned the man, "twice a day—morning and night. And maybe on the swan boats at the Island."

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
W. E. Atkinson.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

FAMOUS CANADIAN FORTS

BY R. G. MacBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN CANADA" ETC.

N the great war it was amply demonstrated that statics give way to dynamics, or to put it in other words, forts vanish in the face of projectiles. But in the old days of the Western prairie frontier, forts gave visibility to the power of the fur companies and served as an effective defence against the bows and the flint-locks of the wandering Indian.

Some of these forts have crumbled into the surrounding plain, some were levelled by the vandalism of real estate speculators, some were reduced to ashes in rebellion days, some still remain as reminders of bygone glories, but all made a place in primitive history and each had its aureole of grave or gay traditions. From the Great Lakes out towards the setting sun or swinging northward to the Polar Sea, these famous old forts were scattered by the lavish hand of adventurous hunters and traders and their sowing has produced a harvest in the romance of their unconventional history. Fortunate have been those places whose lust for modernism has not issued in a desire to obliterate the names made illustrious by the struggles and the triumphs of frontier days.

Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, is one place which has had the good sense to preserve the historic continuity of things in remaining linked up by name with the scene of some remarkable episodes of the fur-trading days. When the grim and persistent band of Scottish merchants in Montreal, refusing to recognize the Hudson's Bay Company as monarchs of all they surveyed in the vast domain of the West, formed the North West Fur Company in 1784, for the purpose of striking into the centre of the Continent and then on to the Pacific, one of their leaders was the noted William McGillivray. After him Fort William was called, and for two or three decades it was the scene of the annual rendezvous of the officers, traders and trappers of the Scottish Company, as it used to be styled. And the doings at this annual gathering became a subject of comment even in a day when revellings and business were strangely commingled. These stalwart hunters and boatmen, strong as oxen and frolicsome as kittens, could stand much stimulant without being knocked over, and so, on through many a night, feats of strength, practical jokes that to-day would bring men to the police court, riotous boat songs and such like would make the welkin ring. And yet, when the day broke these men would go coolly and silently into matters of business. Their extraordinary strength, coupled with the fact that such an experience only came once a year, made them largely immune from the collapse that would overtake the modern indoor man under similar conditions.

But Fort William saw its most thrilling experience in 1817, when Lord Selkirk, who was on his way westward to help his Red River Colony, which had been nearly blotted

out by Cuthbert Grant and his rough-riders, at the instigation of the North-West Company, heard of the massacre of Governor Semple and his men at Seven Oaks. Hot with resentment at this outrage, Lord Selkirk, who had with him a hundred Swiss Mercenaries, headed for Fort William, captured it in reprisal and took the North West Company men prisoners. For this somewhat doubtful proceeding, Lord Selkirk suffered much through litigation, especially in view of the fact that he never seems to have had fair play before the courts of this country.

In 1870, Colonel Wolseley with his military relief expedition came this way to oust Louis Riel, and after another fifteen years came Middleton across the railway gaps through Fort William to meet this same mad rebel and put him out of the reach of doing any further harm.

We come on westward and find that the gallant explorer La Verandrye built Fort Rouge in 1738, at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. In 1804, the North West, or Scottish, Company which had pushed its way boldly into the interior in defiance of the older Hudson's Bay organization, planted a fort not far away from the site of Fort Rouge, and gave it the ringing name of Gibraltar to indicate that they were there to stay, This excited the Hudson's Bay men, who raided and dismantled the Fort with the impregnable name, and used some of the material to build a fort of their own on the Red River bank, which they called Douglas, after the family name of Lord Selkirk. And this Fort Douglas, which survives to this day in the name of Point Douglas in Winnipeg, became famous since from it Governor Semple of the Hudson's Bay men sallied forth on foot in June, 1816, to meet, supposedly for conference, Cuthbert Grant and his mounted rough riders. But Cuthbert Grant and his men were not out for conference, they were out under general instructions from the North West Fur Company to up-root the Selkirk Colony, which they felt had been planted by trade-rivals to strengthen their own position. And so Governor Semple's little band of practically unprepared men were given short shrift, for the gallant though mistaken Governor and over a score of men were killed that day. There is no doubt that Governor Semple's move was for the protection of the Selkirk colonists who were defenceless. And so after the massacre Cuthbert Grant issued an edict that the colonists should pull up stakes and leave the Red River Country at once, which the colonists did by going to Jack River, leaving their poor homes to be burned by the victorious North-Westers. No wonder Lord Selkirk was so incensed that he captured the North-Westers' fort at Lake Superior, and that coming West he occupied Fort Douglas and restored his colonists to their holdings. This visit of Lord Selkirk, "The Silver Chief", to the Red River in 1817 was filled with beautiful incidents, but that is afield from the purposes of this article.

Fort Garry, begun in 1821 by Governor Garry, in order to amalgamate the interests of the two rival fur Companies which had just united, is perhaps one of the best known names in the fort catalogue. It was a wooden fort, though replaced by stone later, and in contrast, Lower Fort Garry erected on the Red River twenty miles towards Lake Winnipeg, was called popularly the Stone Fort, being built of the latter material. The stone fort still remains and might well be taken over by the country and preserved as a piece of old-time architecture. Within its walls might be gathered a museum of western antiquities, relics and souvenirs of the ancient frontier, and specimens from the natural world of animal, plant and other products indigenous of the West. An institute of that kind would be of absorbing interest and great value in the days

of modern æsthetic development. Up to the boom time in the early '80's Upper Fort Garry at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers was the centre of the social and business life of the West, but then, alas! under the siren spell of speculators the great old pile was torn down to make way for real estate subdivisions. Nothing now remains but the back gate of the Fort which, with the piece of ground around it, was given by the late Lord Strathcona to the City of Winnipeg. Even that gate is an impressive link with the past and is a fine adjunct to the history of the modern city. Hard by, the Grand Trunk Railway, which has shown a remarkable aptitude for retaining the historic associations of the West, has erected a palatial hotel bearing the name of the famous fort.

I remember Fort Garry well in its palmy days, when it came into the possession of Riel and his rebel following. Though but a little lad at the time, I recall going to the Fort with my father, who was a magistrate under the Hudson's Bay Company, but who that day handed back to Riel an appointment of the same kind which he refused to accept because, as he told Riel, he did not recognize the right of the rebel Chief to make appointments at all. Riel was not pleased and would fain have ordered the arrest of the old Selkirk Colonist, but that he feared the consequences. During that same visit I recall seeing the lordly Lépine, Riel's fighting man, as fine a specimen of physical manhood as ever trod on the Western plains.

Great and stirring events took place in Fort Garry that winter while it was in the hands of Riel and his marauding crew. Within the walls of the enclosures, gatherings of the settlers had been held in the open thirty-below-zero air in the hope of being able to settle matters before they went too far. Here, too, outside the front gate, Thomas Scott was murdered for the crime of loyalty to Canadian Institutions. And here it was, too, in front of the Governor's house that Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona) read his Commission from Ottawa, first of all demanding that the British Flag be hoisted instead of the rebel ensign. And on that day when Riel was obstreperous a well-known Kildonan settler caught the rebel Chief by the collar of the coat and hurled him down the outside stair. From the bastion not far away at an earlier date in the same year, Dr. John Schultz, the leader of the Canadian party, escaped one night in a blizzard and ran down to my father's house. There was a price on the fugitive's head, and Riel's scouts on their red-blanketed horses had orders to shoot him on sight, but the old Highlander would not fail a hunted man. And so Schultz was sheltered there for a few days till my brother drove him by a wooded road to where he got a guide and took that terrible winter journey on snow-shoes to Duluth and Toronto. Schultz, who became a leading public man, in the House of Commons, the Senate, and the Governorship of Manitoba, was a giant in those rebellion days, but that journey shattered his magnificent constitution and he did his work in later years more by reason of his indomitable will and eager patriotism than by physical health. On the wall of my study, as I write these words, I see a handsome authentic engraving of Fort Garry. It was sent to me, beautifully framed, by Schultz not long before his death and it is inscribed as follows by his own hand, then trembling with weakness, "To my esteemed friend of many years, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, From Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, Government House, Winnipeg, in memory of my brave old friend, Honorable Robert MacBeth, and as a souvenir of stirring events in other days". This picture, one can readily understand, is a highly prized possession. It is redolent of the romance, pathos and tragedy of the early times.

Leaving the Red River country, one finds the western plains, the far reaches to the Arctic Circle, and the mountains toward the Pacific, all dotted over with the forts and posts of the adventurous traders who braved the frontier in the great task of opening up a new world for business enterprise. From amongst these outposts of civilization only a few can be selected for special mention here.

When returning from the Riel Rebellion Campaign by way of the North Saskatchewan River in 1885, we passed a somewhat obscure trading post below Prince Albert. There was nothing to indicate the tremendous issues that had been brought into life by the establishment of this trading post on the north branch of the Saskachewan nearly a century and a half ago. It was Fort Cumberland that we passed that day on our river route. My first thought in connection with this outpost was as to its being in charge of Horace Bélanger, a gigantic man of handsome and picturesque appearance, whose jovial disposition and wide knowledge of the country made him a popular figure at gatherings of Hudson's Bay people. Some years after this he was drowned from a canoe in a day of storm near Norway House.

But as I began to recall western incidents I remembered that Fort Cumberland was the answer of the Hudson's Bay Company to the eager, impetuous movements of the Montreal traders, who had struck westward from Lake Superior to cut off the trade which the old Fur Company, who kept headquarters at Hudson Bay, expected to have come to them at that port. Frobisher, one of the most active of the Montreal traders, had two years before planted a fort at Sturgeon Lake, so as to intercept the Indians with their great bales of fur on their way to the Bay. Heretofore the old Company had not pushed into the interior, but the Sturgeon Lake establishment meant that the Montreal men had thrown down the gauntlet. The Hudson's Bay Company, waking to the danger, took up the gauge of battle by rushing in and building Fort Cumberland. By their so doing they definitely inaugurated the fierce fur-trade struggle which lasted with desperate intensity till the amalgamation of the companies took place in 1821 by the Hudson's Bay organization absorbing its rivals.

Farther up the Saskatchewan was Fort Carlton, which became a heap of ashes in Riel's day and was never rebuilt. Its right to a niche in the temple of fame rests principally on the fact that it was headquarters of the Mounted Police under Major Crozier when Riel was making inflammatory appeals to the French half-breeds at Batoche not many miles away. Crozier sent Thomas McKay, a well-known Prince Albert settler, to find out what Riel was after, and Riel's reply was, "We want blood: there are two curses in this country, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government and we are going to drive them both out: we want blood". And he sent word by McKay to Crozier to surrender. But surrender was not the way of the police and a day or two afterwards Crozier, accompanied by a small force of Police and Prince Albert volunteers, went out to Duck Lake to bring in some Government stores. There they were ambuscaded by Gabriel Dumont, the fighting man of Riel's second rebellion, along with Chief Beardy, and our men suffered heavily before retiring to Fort Carlton. Next day they started out to protect Prince Albert, where there were many people. And Fort Carlton took fire just as they were leaving and was soon a smouldering heap on the snowy banks of the swift-flowing Saskatchewan. It was a sort of inglorious end to the Fort but Carlton and Duck Lake were the words that called Canadians, in 1885, to the rescue of the scattered settlers on the wide plains. And in answer to that call

Canadians sprang up, obedient as Highland Clansmen, when

> "Every tuft of broom gave life
> To plaided warrior armed for strife".

Fort Pitt, farther up the river, was blazing when I first saw it in 1885, for Big Bear and his braves fresh from perpetrating the massacre at Frog Lake had applied the torch after they had looted the defenceless post. We had marched from Fort Victoria, which the Indians had also plundered and burned, had passed the desolated reserve at Frog Lake, where we buried the bodies of the massacred, had looked with interest at the sun-dance lodges which were put up to terrify the volunteers, and then we came over the brow of the hill in the evening time, to see Fort Pitt on fire and the Indians vanished in retreat. The fort had been under the care of Mr. W. J. McLean, the well-known Hudson's Bay Factor now living in Winnipeg, but he knew the Indians so well that he considered it would save bloodshed and trouble if he and his family went out and gave themselves up to Big Bear. They with others were held prisoners until the band was scattered, months later, but the Indians were no Huns, and men, women and children were safe in their keeping. A specially interesting thing in this connection was that the Mounted Police, a few men, who were at Fort Pitt, were under command of Inspector Dickens, a son of the famous novelist. Of two of Dickens's men who were out scouting one was killed, the other wounded, but so long as the McLeans remained in the Fort he refused to give it up. When they went out he had nothing to remain for with his few men against hundreds, and so in the night they dropped down the river and reached Battleford in time to be in the fight at Cut Knife.

Fort Edmonton is one of the best known of all the Hudson's Bay posts and for about a century has been the point of departure for explorers and traders and gold hunters to the North and West. To-day the old fort, which when I first saw it many years ago seemed to tower up from the river banks, is no more, having made place for a park in front of the Legislative Buildings but the ancient walls had many a tale to unfold of the work of such gallant men as Hardisty, Ross, Campbell, McKenzie, Simpson, Stuart, McPharlane and the others who passed backward and forward in their wide-sweeping journeys by river and trail.

When on a trip out through the Peace River country a short while ago, I was much interested in coming across reminders of Jasper Hawes, the old Hudson's Bay trader who built his little fort in a famous pass of the Rockies. Because he was flaxen-haired he is commemorated in Yellowhead Pass and Tête Jaune Cache, and with a praiseworthy appreciation of the fitness of things the great expanse of mountain and lake and towering forest is now called Jasper Park.

Out in the new North near the old Peace River landing or crossing, where both companies had posts, it was interesting to us to see the ruins of Fort McLeod, from which Alexander McKenzie, the North West Company hero, started out to make his wonderful journey through the mountains to the Pacific, where he wrote on the rock the memorable inscription, "Alexander McKenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three". And farther up the Peace River we stood before old Fort Dunvegan, which the grim Scot, McLeod, true to his passionate love for the homeland, called after his ancestral castle in the Isle of Skye, to the wonder of the Indians who did not understand. And then on to the North we have such points as Forts Rae, Resolution, Enterprise and the rest, full of romantic and tragic memories of the heroic efforts of those adventurous spirits to find the North-West passage.

When we come into British Columbia, we are in the midst of what a noted Canadian statesman once called "A Sea of Mountains". And we recall how another quite prominent public man about the same time declared that a transcontinental railway which aimed to link up British Columbia with the East "would not make enough to pay for axle-grease". Both these statements were intended to throw some considerable doubt on this Province, as an asset to the Dominion, but we have not only survived these derogatory expressions, but have weathered the gales of several booms with their wild inflations in values. No province in Canada has been so much exploited and so little developed. Its hidden resources are enormous.

Amid our "sea of mountains", up and down the rivers and valleys we find innumerable traces of the fur-trading explorers who built forts, established posts, and opened up a new empire to the world.

A few weeks ago I met in Vancouver a man with whom I had gone to school when we were mere boys together in the Red River country. For thirty-five years he has been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort St. James in Northern British Columbia, and though he has now retired, he is so wedded to the place that he has settled down on a farm beside the historic old frontier post. And as we talked together I remembered that it was at Fort St. James we first found special mention of James Douglas, who was afterward knighted by his Sovereign, became Governor of Vancouver Island, then of the mainland and finally of both, occupying the office in all from 1851 to 1864. Douglas, who was a scion of the famous Scottish family of the Earl of Angus, was not remarkable for his gentleness, but was high-minded, honest and incorruptible and on the whole must be regarded as the most distinguished and able man that has been in the Hudson's Bay Company service west of the Rocky Mountains. He was first a clerk in the North West Company, but was taken into the amalgamated concern when he was only eighteen years of age. A tremendous student of everything within his reach, he soon became of marked value to the company, while his prudence, great physical strength, determination and courage early marked him out as a born leader of men. Leaving Montreal when a lad, he was employed at Fort William, then transferred to Athabasca, where he remained till 1824. Then at the age of twenty-one he went to Fort St. James in what was then New Caledonia, in company with James Connolly, in whose honour he built and named Fort Connolly, and whose daughter he married. While at Fort St. James Douglas studied the life and languages, the topography and geography of the country and laid the foundation of his future commanding knowledge and influence. But Fort St. James is famous in connection with the fact that within its walls the career of this extraordinary man was nearly ended by the murderous knives of the Nekasly Indians. For the killing of one of the Company's men Douglas had retaliated by executing the murderer and then had to barricade the fort. But the wily old Indian Chief, coming alone and rapping at the gate, sought entrance to talk the matter over with Douglas. While they were talking another Indian rapped at the gate. "That," said the Chief, "is my brother coming to talk with us and settle this matter quietly," but when the gate was opened in rushed the whole tribe, who menaced Douglas with their knives. He was saved by the interpreter's wife, who that day was the providential instrument to continue the life of a great nation-builder.

Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, was the next scene made remarkable by Douglas's labours, for though McLoughlin, a gentle, honourable man, was in control, Douglas,

his lieutenant, became the real directing force in the affairs of the Company. Fort Vancouver, like Astoria, the famous fort built by John Jacob Astor, was swept into the United States by the extraordinary document known as the Oregon Treaty of 1846. Douglas foresaw this posibility and made preparations to meet it, but in the meantime he went steadily on with his work, revolutionizing the accounting methods, extending the trade, and watching the growing tendency towards colonization that was proceeding. A visitor to Fort Vancouver during this period was Paul Kane, the artist, who made headquarters there for a time and whose book published in 1859, entitled, "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, from Canada to Vancouver Island and Oregon", created immense interest and still remains a classic on the subject.

The whole question of the boundary was one that seethed incessantly during the period of which we write and it was at this time the cry was raised in the United States of "Fifty-four forty or fight", which meant that if Great Britain did not yield peaceable possession of all the territory west of the Rocky Mountains up to Russia on the North (by them described as latitude 54o 40') the United States would fight for it. This was what Western people call a game of bluff of the most flagrant kind, and could not be supported by sane people in view of all that had gone before, but in the end it was astonishing enough when Britain conceded the boundary line as the 49th parallel of North latitude. It is well known that that line would have swung almost any distance to the North and West, but for the efforts of the Hudson's Bay men.

Fort Victoria on Vancouver Island, (first called Camosun) now the capital of this Province and anchored down by the splendid Legislative Buildings, was built by Douglas in preparedness for the settlement of the boundary question. He made a careful survey of Vancouver Island in 1842 and decided to recommend the building of a fort and the organization of business on the present site of Victoria, including Esquimalt, which latter place he said has one of the most remarkable deep water harbours in the world. The judgment of Douglas has been amply vindicated by the process of the years, for Victoria is the capital of the Province, and Esquimalt is the Pacific Headquarters for the British Navy. Victoria had many stirring days in the fur-trading period but few of them were more tense, than the transition hour from the old to the new when Lord Dufferin, as the Queen's representative, refused to drive under an arch with the legend "Carnarvon Terms or Separation". At the same time the great diplomat declined to receive an address which dealt with contentious matters, but the tense feeling was relaxed somewhat a few weeks later when this brilliant Irish Governor-General made his famous speech speaking in highly laudatory language of the coast line trip he had taken in the interval.

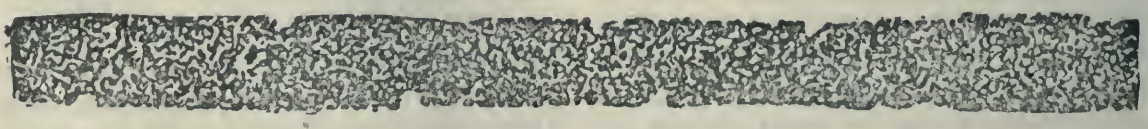
On the mainland perhaps one of the most curious items in the history of forts is the case of Fort Langley, founded in 1827 about thirty-five miles up on the Fraser River. It is said that the Hudson's Bay men who founded it were attracted by the fact that one of the few stretches of plain in this Province lies back of it, and might become a source of support for the posts through farming. Langley Prairie, it was called then and now, and it is one of the finest of agricultural areas, but the Fort alas! has long since vanished, leaving only its name and an old townsite to tell the tale of former greatness. And yet at one time it was actually expected that Fort Langley would be the capital of British Columbia. A townsite was laid out and (tell it not in Gath) lots were sold in a two-days' auction sale to the amount of sixty-eight thousand

dollars. This was ninety years ago, and so our booms are not all of recent date.

Farther up the Fraser was the well-known Fort Yale, the starting point of the famous Caribou Trail over which as on a great shelf of rock overhanging the river, the adventurous gold seekers trekked to the diggings with their pack-horses and four-mule teams in the hands of skilled and rugged men. Fort Yale was the rendezvous of all classes and conditions of men, rough and lawless enough some of them, and it was here that that remarkable man Judge Begbie, when he first held court, warned the assembled miners and others that they were in a British country and that no quarter would be given to law-breakers. They governed themselves accordingly.

Away in the dry belt is Kamloops, which was once an important Fort as it is now a town of good standing. It made a name in the old days under the leadership of a Scottish Hudson's Bay factor named Samuel Black who was very jealous for the good name of his company. Travellers were always welcome and treated hospitably at these old forts and to Kamloops one day came a Scottish botanist David Douglas. He and Black sat up late and possibly had some mountain dew, but in any case, Douglas during the conversation declared that "the Hudson's Bay Company was a mercenary corporation; there is not an officer in it with a soul above a beaver skin". This aroused the ire of Black who challenged the famous botanist to a duel, which the scientist wisely declined, though the challenge was repeated next morning. Douglas had some botanizing to do and went on his way. It is interesting to know that this Douglas gave his name to the most characteristic tree of British Columbia, for it is after him and not after Sir James Douglas, as some suppose, that the Douglas Fir is called. It is somewhat a curious fact that a few years afterwards Black was killed by a fanatical Indian who thought that a relative named Tranquille, a Shuswap Indian, had died of sickness produced by some evil influence emanating from Black. And it is worth recording that the tuberculosis sanitarium near Kamloops is called Tranquille after this ancient Chief of the Shuswaps. Years later I knew Black's son, who was a member of the first Manitoba Legislature, and it was characteristic of the loyalty of the old trader that his son was named Alexander Kamloops Black.

The other day I saw for the first time another story illustrating the loyalty of these frontiersmen to their own locality and their own headquarters. It used to be the custom to circulate Royal Proclamations through the Hudson's Bay Company posts and as printing was difficult of access it was arranged that the proclamation should be transcribed by a clerk and then passed on to the next post. One day a proclamation sent out through Edmonton came to Victoria, on the North Saskatchewan, with orders to copy and forward to White Fish Lake and so on to the next post. The clerk at White Fish Lake, who was transcribing, saw the heading "Victoria, by the Grace of God", etc. He took this to refer to the post from which it had come. Considering that his own copy should bear a similar imprint, he sent it forward and it began, "White Fish Lake By the Grace of God", etc. He evidently did not intend his locality to be considered behind others in destiny and function, and perhaps he thought that a Hudson's Bay Post was "by the Grace of God" as well as a monarch.



AT TRISTAN

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

DURING the first part of the evening I felt as if I were an outsider and resented it a little. On one side of the box sat Simone Euston, and Carhart's red head seemed, from where I sat, almost touching her blonde one as he bent forward. On the other side Mark Euston sat directly behind his sister's chair, and I, behind them all, envying Euston because it was with Elizabeth he was listening. I would have given—well, what wouldn't I have?—for the chance of listening as he was, for having Elizabeth to myself at that moment. Then, as my loneliness was at its highest point, she turned toward me, and with her lovely, sympathetic smile she brought me into their circle and I was never again an outsider.

What I said to her in the foyer isn't germain to the story. Afterwards she claimed that it was taking an unfair advantage to propose to a girl who had been hearing "Tristan".

I liked Carhart that night more than ever. I had always liked him, but I had suspected him of liking Elizabeth too well and of being the better man. There never was a pleasanter little party, freer from undercurrents, from the suspicion of the sinister, than was our supper party. Euston was preoccupied, but he was always that when he had heard any music which moved him profoundly, and I think he loved "Tristan" beyond anything else.

That was Monday

By Elizabeth's order I was not to see her until Thursday. She "wanted to think," she said. So Monday night I said good-bye to her for three days.

I was sitting quietly by my fire Wednesday night when my telephone bell rang.

I knew—how, I can't tell—that it was Elizabeth and that she needed me. I said "Elizabeth" before she spoke, and through my mind went a flash of wonder, for there is no telephone in Elizabeth's little apartment where she and her aunt make their home together.

"Can you come to me at once?" Then without waiting for my answer, she added, earnestly, "You must come to me."

"I'll come, of course. What is it?" I said.

"I can't tell you," her answer came, faint. "Come—come quickly."

I was waiting impatiently for the car to eat up the time which separated me from Elizabeth, when I saw Carhart's red head towering above the rest of the people. He had about him I know not what air of nameless anxiety as he came toward me.

"You've heard, of course?" he asked briefly.

"I'm on my way to hear. What's wrong?" and from his manner fear grew in me.

"Euston's gone," he told me, and his voice was dry as if he found it unusually hard work to bring out the words.

"Gone?" I stupidly echoed. "Gone where? What do you mean?"

"He's not been seen since Tuesday morning. That's what I mean." The words came more easily this time.

"What do you mean?" I echoed again.

"I can't tell you any more than the bare fact," he answered. "He started for business as usual Tuesday morning. Then he telephoned his office that he wouldn't be down, and gave some directions, and that is the last that has been seen or heard of him. When ten o'clock came that evening and no word from him, Simone couldn't stand it any longer, and telephoned for me. You know what a punctual fellow he's always been? He'd telephone if he were even going to be late for dinner—" His voice caught in his throat again.

Carhart is Euston's best friend and I understood how he might well be overcome.

"At nine this morning we telephoned the office and found he hadn't been there and about his message.

"Of course you've let the police know?"

He made an impatient gesture. "Everything—every expedient," he said. "The police—the hospitals. But I've kept it quiet that he's gone—the office thinks he went out of town and was taken ill."

I nodded assent.

"But it's as if the earth had swallowed him up. How can a man vanish like that?" he demanded.

"Foul play?" I suggested.

"The telephone to the office?" he asked me, and a strange look of intelligence passed between us.

"You mean?" I wanted him to dot his i's. I wanted to be ready for Elizabeth.

"I mean nothing," he cut me short. "Simone had no light to give," he continued after a pause. "He kissed her good-bye as usual—" He gave a little shiver, almost as of horror. "I'm on my way to her house now."

I had only one more question for him.

"When did Elizabeth hear about it?"

"We kept it from her as long as we could. She learned when she went there this evening. Fortunately she didn't come around yesterday. You know how she's always at Mark's?" I nodded. The only reproach I had for her was that her devotion to her brother scarcely gave him time to live his own life with Simone. I had often thought it a little difficult for Simone and had deemed her very patient and charming about it.

"Heaven help Elizabeth if anything's happened to Mark," I said, "for her devotion to her brother is beyond that of many women to their sons."

"Heaven help us all." It came from Carhart almost a moan. I wrung his hand and in a moment we were on our different ways.

Elizabeth opened the door for me herself.

"You've heard?" she breathed; one look at me had told her.

"Carhart," I explained; "I met him on my way."

That she had a movement of sympathy for Carhart at this moment was like her.

"Poor Carhart." Then she fixed me with her dark eyes; there was something almost terrible in her suppressed anger. "Why didn't Carhart tell me? Why didn't Simone? Why didn't any of the people who knew? Who had better right than I to know? I loved him more than all of them. And if you had known, and hadn't told me——" She stopped. "You didn't know?" she demanded, and read the truth in my eyes. "Oh, I know you didn't!" she cried; "but I'm so bewildered; I'm so surrounded by things that I don't understand—by things that stare me in the face and whose answer I can't read." She walked away from me to gain control of herself. I didn't try to comfort her, for I knew that she wanted her strength and that sympathy is weak-

ening. Time enough to cry when we had given up hope.

"Not telling me at first," she burst out, "was as if Simone accused him, as if she dared to accuse him, of trying to cover his absence, of doing something he would be ashamed of!"

With her white hot certainty of her brother's uprightness she burnt away my little doubt. For, after all, even the best and most reliable of men may have lapses unaccountable.

"How," she continued, "how could Blake be so led by Simone as not to tell me? He must know that it's I, not Simone, who could help to find him." She walked up and down the room.

"For we can find him," she finally pronounced. She stopped before me, and dropped her voice almost to a whisper. "He's alive, you know. He telephoned me to-night."

"He telephoned?" I echoed stupidly.

"Did you think if he were alive he would leave me without a word?" she demanded. "I was waiting for him to come in as I dined there at his house to-night. You know when you intensely want any one to come, how every sound is full of them? I was walking up and down and the thought came to me that he would telephone me soon. I hadn't been there all yesterday and he must have known I'd come to dinner to-night, so I walked toward the 'phone, and just as I got there it rang—oh, a little discreet ring, as if it didn't want any one but me to hear. Then I heard his voice over the 'phone say:

"'Hello!' and I answered:

"'Hello, Mark!' and then came his voice again.

"'Elizabeth!' I could barely hear; it sounded more faint than a whisper—the thinnest, most attenuated sound you ever heard. It must have been from way, way off. Then they cut me off, and I was ringing up central again cross enough, when Blake Carhart called up Simone. So, of course, I ran for her, I heard. 'What news?' 'Nothing!' 'Oh, don't say there's nothing! Elizabeth's been waiting for him all the evening. She's here now'—and then her answers grew wilder and more confused and she threw herself into my arms. I couldn't ask there, of course, where Mark's call was from."

I had listened with something like indignation.

"What do you mean?" I interrupted. "You told Simone you'd heard from him at once, didn't you?"

"I told her nothing," she said, with a strange glance at me.

"In heaven's name, why?"

"Do you love me? Do you trust me?" her eyes seemed to say.

"My dear," she answered, and the sound of her voice thrilled me for all the love and anguish there was in it. "I love Mark in this moment more than I do you, and it's his secret that he's alive—I shan't even tell Blake."

"But what motive—what motive," I asked again, "had he to go?"

"He must have found out," she answered, dully.

"Found out what?" I pressed her.

"About Simone, I mean."

"But what?" I stupidly echoed.

"Oh, I don't know," she burst out, her control of herself slipping away, "but there's something *wrong* about Simone. I don't know, I can't tell you one definite thing in words. I only know that for weeks and months—I feel as if I'd *always* been doing it—I've been standing between them—Mark and Simone."

"But they've always seemed so *right*—Mark's always seemed so fond of her——"

"He is; he is," wailed Elizabeth. "and that's why I've been crowding myself in, filling up all the place I could so he wouldn't see——"

"But what?" I would have it out of her.

"Ah, that's what I can't tell you—that's what I don't know. I feel as

if I'd been trying to tide them over—to throw dust in his eyes—to give her time. And she knows well enough what I've been doing. She's welcomed—haven't you seen?—my continually being there in season and out."

"And you don't accuse her of anything?" I needed something definite to go by in this nebulous affair. I felt as if I were in some dark passage with a veiled horror at the other end.

"No, nothing—nothing, until to-night."

"But to-night?"

She looked at me sombrely.

"I don't know how to tell you. I've so little and so much. I only know *I'm* sure."

I waited for her to be able to get it out, whatever it was. What she had for me was in its way more overwhelming than Euston's disappearance.

"She's glad he's gone," Elizabeth said at last.

I could only stammer, "Why do you think that?"

"She's glad; she's glad," Elizabeth repeated. "They told me she had a headache—so I went into her room quietly—she didn't hear me—she was sitting up in bed—there was a look on her face—I wouldn't have known it was Simone—it was only a gleam, only a second, but it was like an open door. It was a look of triumph, of joy, and then when she told me Mark was gone I knew what it was she was glad about." She spoke with such intensity of conviction that for the moment she made me believe, monstrous as it all was, and unjust and absurd as it afterwards seemed to condemn anyone, and of all people, Simone, on such evidence.

She continued to pour her anguish out before me.

"He's been feeling this disaster coming. It's been stretching out its long wings over them. For some time I've felt as if he were on the eve of finding out the things I had been seeing so blindly. And so it has proved he was. Perhaps it was only a look such as I saw."

"Oh, come," I had common sense enough to say, "a man doesn't leave his wife for a look." I had been engulfed in the sea of my poor child's morbid thought, but now I struck bravely for firm ground.

"He must have had a solid reason for doing this."

"Oh, he had his reason. I feel his reason here," and she put her hand to her heart, "though I can't tell it in intelligible words."

The bell rang, and we heard Carhart's voice in the hall. Carhart came in, and with him Simone.

She threw herself into Elizabeth's arms.

"How could you leave me as you did?" she cried, reproachfully. Then she held Elizabeth at arm's length and looked at her. "My poor dear, my poor dear," she said; don't you know it was for you I kept it from you?"

"I wanted to see Allison," returned Elizabeth, and in her manner there was no trace of her passion. There was something ghastly to me in the way she covered up her emotion, and I wondered if under it all Simone were feeling Elizabeth's pulse as I knew Elizabeth was Simone's; if, under their words, one soul was asking the other:

"What do you know? What have you guessed?" and if the other was answering, sternly:

"What have you done?"

"I had to see Allison," Elizabeth repeated; "we were to have been married, you know," and she smiled a wan little smile that quivered only this side of tears.

It was Carhart who pulled us out of all sentiment.

"I told Simone that I thought that was the state of things, and when she heard that you were here she would, tired as she was, come over, so we could all together think up some plan between us, of search."

"You go on the supposition that he's alive?" Elizabeth asked Carhart, and I knew she was asking if he had followed along the tenebrous road she had walked; but he gave her no answering signal.

And at that moment Simone's already overstrained nerves gave way. Her little childish face was contorted in a very passion of grief, long sobs shook her, and then she burst out into wild laughter; peal on peal jangled out on our distressed silence. She shrieked, "He's alive!" through her sobs. "He's alive!" came repeated in every cadence of uncanny laughter. Then our silly inaction was ended by the entrance of Miss Euston, Elizabeth's aunt.

"Poor little girl," she said, patting Simone's shoulder, "of course he's alive."

"He telephoned me!" Simone almost screamed, and she burst out again into her shrieking laughter.

"If you oughtn't all of you to be ashamed to let this child work herself up to such a state," cried Miss Euston, indignantly. "You, Mr. Carhart, will you send for a doctor? Come with me, my dear," and gathering up poor, convulsed Simone, she half shoved, half carried her into her room. As Elizabeth started to follow, "I don't need you, Elizabeth," her aunt threw at her, drily; "one of a kind's enough."

The doctor came and went.

"She's asleep," Miss Euston announced as she joined us. "She told me that just after Elizabeth went out the telephone rang again, such a little ring that she thought she was mistaken, and she heard Mark's voice say:

"'Hello!' and Mark's voice came back:

"'Hello, Simone!'

"She said her voice came from very far off; it was so faint that it was almost as if the sound were inside."

Elizabeth's blank gaze sought mine for a second, and then turned itself on Carhart.

"Very likely," he said, "it *was* inside herself, overwrought as she is, and full of the thoughts of Mark—"

"She said it frightened her awfully," Miss Euston began, but Elizabeth interrupted her and her voice had the snap of breaking metal.

"Why on earth should she be frightened," she demanded, "at the sound of all others on earth she most wished to hear?" She addressed Carhart, and I saw that she wondered if any of her suspicions had occurred to him, Mark's best friend.

"She said his voice didn't sound natural," Miss Euston began.

"And because very likely it was her own imagining, it frightened her," finished Carhart.

"Did she tell you about the telephone when you came?" Elizabeth demanded of Carhart again.

"No," he answered.

"Well?" Elizabeth's voice was almost an accusation.

"'Well?" asked Carhart, evenly; I saw he measured Elizabeth and that there flashed from his eyes something almost of dislike; and, indeed, spent with the strain she had been under, her dark eyes glowing with excitement, standing there with something almost menacing in her attitude, she looked like the priestess of tragedy.

Miss Euston broke in on our tenseness.

"I don't see the slightest reason for believing that she imagined a telephone ring. And why shouldn't she be shaken at being cut off that way? Simone's not very strong just now," she said, significantly, "and grief has its own way of affecting each one of us. Now, if Mark doesn't come back of his own accord, I have a plan for looking for him, if you care to listen. Apparently for no reason we can tell he's gone away; but there's one thing he won't be able to live without and that's music. Sooner or later he must hear 'Tristan.'"

"And there must be some one who knows him every place where 'Tristan'

is given!" Elizabeth jumped into the idea with enthusiasm.

"Elizabeth, it's time you went to bed," Miss Euston broke in. "It's past midinght. I can't have two cases of hysteria on my hands, my dear," and she patted Elizabeth's hand kindly.

The next afternoon he called me up on the telephone.

"You'll see Elizabeth to night, I suppose," he began, abruptly, "and I thought I'd better tell you first so you could have tmie to decide what attitude to take." He hesitated a moment, I fancied, in embarrassment; then he went on straightforwardly:

"Elizabeth and Simone have had a serious falling out, and in Simone's condtion you know——"

I cut him short.

"What about?" I asked.

"Why, it began because Simone said she could stay all alone in the house; naturally it's painful to her—and she wanted to go down to Lakewood—it seemed very natural to me, and Elizabeth felt that it was wrong of Simone to leave the house so soon, and that as Mark had twice tried to telephone he might try again. And that's not all. I went to Simone's at lunch time. She was in a frightful condition. Elizabeth *oughtn't* to upset her like that. Simone said that from Elizabeth's attitude she gathered that in some obscure way Elizabeth held her, Simone, accountable. Does she?" he asked, abruptly. I fancied he was trying to surprise the truth out of me. His hostility to Elizabeth was apparent; naturally it irritated me.

"I can tell you," I replied hotly, ignoring his question, "that I think she's entirely right about Simone not leaving the house—not yet, at any rate, after those two messages."

If my temper had risen, Carhart lost his entirely.

"Of course, you think everything Elizabeth has done is perfect. You think she was right to monopolize Mark until Simone fairly had no husband. You think she was right to make herself the important person, to leave Simone out in the cold. Personally, I shouldn't have blamed Simone for anything she might have done—*anything!*"

I made a shot in the dark. "So, Simone's been complaining to you?" I asked, dryly. "I think myself it would have been better for her to complain—granting she had anything to complain about—to her husband."

"Anything to complain of?" Carhart echoed. "She's had a happy time of it, I suppose you think? And now comes—this awful thing. Mark clears out in this cowardly way! Why didn't he look after his wife? What right has he to leave her—to leave all of us—in suspense in this way?

I went to Elizabeth's that night, my brain full of strange thoughts, and found Elizabeth ready for me with more news.

"Simone's afraid—mortally afraid—to stay in the house," she told me. "She's afraid he'll come back. She's mortaly afraid he'll telephone! Oh, it's not my imagination," she insisted, as she caught a sceptical glance. "While I was there the telephone rang the way it did the time Mark telephoned us, and I tell you she got gray—fairly gray— with fright, and then she began to talk about how lonely the house was and how she couldn't bear to stay alone."

"And then you quarrelled?" I put in.

"Then *she* quarrelled," Elizabeth corrected. "*I* was quiet enough. She lashed herself into a fury over it—and then it was that she said I had never like her and had always stood between her and Mark, and a whole lot of stuff." Elizabeth paused a moment. Then she turned her tragic eyes on me. "You know it's been with positive relief *she's* welcomed my presence in that house!"

"It's been a day of battles," I said, desirous of bringing a lighter tone. "I had a tiff with Carhart. He'd seen Simone."

"And I suppose she made me out a beast, and he takes her side," Elizabeth wearily supplemented. "After all, it's only her word against mine. You believe in me because you love me, and Blake believes in Simone because——"

So there we were, Elizabeth and I against Blake Carhart and Simone. Of course this condition of affairs could not endure, especially as the details of our search for Mark had to be arranged.

Business took me abroad and Carhart saw me off, the last thing I saw was his flaming red head towering above the crowd, as he waved his hat in good-bye. As my business kept me in Paris for some months, I had of course, undertaken to go to every representation of "Tristan" given there, though it was with small hope of accomplishing anything but giving a little poor comfort to Elizabeth. But three months had passed with no word of Mark. Elizabeth had written briefly that the baby had come, and they hadn't named it yet.

I was meditating on the strangeness of it all, permitting my mind to wander on that forbidden ground of speculation on which Elizabeth and I had so strangely stumbled, when coming down the foyer I saw Mark Euston, and at the sight of him I felt afraid.

It was the face of a man who had got to the other side of suffering. There was an expression on his face as of utter detachment from life. I sprang to him.

"Mark!" I cried.

He looked at me, but it seemed to me without interest.

"How did you come here, Allison?" he asked me.

"I've been looking for you—searching for you everywhere—trying to find you to bring you home——"

He shook his head with gentle finality.

"I can't go home," he answered.

"You're going home with me," I told him, in a tone I tried to make decisive. But somehow I knew beforehand that there was no use—that it was really true; he couldn't come home. "How absurd for you to say you can't come. What reason shall I give Simone—and Elizabeth?"

He smiled wanly. "Ask Simone for my reason," he said. "Simone knows why I can't come back. Simone—knows — Simone and Carhart — they both know——" And I had a vivid picture of Carhart's face when last I had seen him. His voice made me remember Elizabeth's description of his message over the telephone—it gave the effect of coming from a great distance. I refused to see his meaning, and without asking him more questions I overwhelmed him with the flood of my arguments. I felt as if his life and mine depended on my breaking through his apathy. He listened to me unmoved, with gentle aloofness. He had no answer for my arguments, nothing to say at my picture of Elizabeth's grief; but by the very force of his inertia he quenched my passion. I faltered and stopped. "I shan't, at least, now I've found you, let you out of my sight," I finished.

He shook his head.

"You can't see me again, Allison," he replied. "Ask Simone," he said again. For some moments I had noticed that people had gone past us, and now we were caught up in the stream of the crowd; the opera was over. Somehow, in the ever-increasing flood, Mark was separated from me, and then I lost him. I elbowed my way through the crowd, searching wildly right and left. I did not find him. Paris had swallowed him.

I returned to my hotel beaten, to find there an urgent cable from Elizabeth. My instant presence was needed there.

All the way over I wondered what account I would give of myself; how I could explain my losing Mark when once I had found him; and as the days went on I found myself feeling as if I had dreamed the whole thing;

with time the whole episode gained a phantasmal quality.

At quarantine, a letter from Elizabeth told me to join them at Lakewood, where Simone was dangerously ill. She had never been well since the baby's birth six weeks before.

Elizabeth opened the door for me herself, and fell in my arms.

"I'm so glad you've come—so glad," she almost sobbed; but in spite of her emotion she spoke in the low tone of one who has lived long where there is illness.

My first glance told me she had passed through some great emotion; but before I could hear her story I had to tell mine.

"Elizabeth," I said, "Mark is alive; I found him."

Elizabeth's face became ghastly.

"You—you found him in Paris?"

"At 'Tristan,'" I said, "and I lost him again. He will not come home."

"No, he will never come home—never, never," she replied in an odd voice. She swayed to and fro and for a moment I thought she would fall.

"When did you see him?" she questioned, and the strained, still note of her voice frightened me.

"Why, Allison, I'm so glad you've come," Miss Euston's cheerful tones broke in on us.

She glanced from Elizabeth's face to mine disapprovingly.

"Are you children breeding tragedy again over Mark's obstinacy? Now that he knows his little son is here he'll come back, of course. Ever since Anderson saw him in Chicago——"

"Anderson saw Mark in Chicago! When?" I asked, trying to repress my amazement.

"About a week ago and at 'Tristan', just as I said we'd find him," the good lady continued triumphantly.

"Two days after you saw him in Paris," Elizabeth whispered to me. Then she sank to a chair and sobbed convulsively.

"Why, Elizabeth, I'm ashamed of you," Miss Euston went on. "I never saw such nerves as the present generation has! You're as bad as Simone and with less excuse." Miss Euston turned her kindly face to me. "Why, when Henry Anderson came back with news of Mark, Simone simply went all to pieces. It's true that Anderson said Mark refused to come back and that Simone knew why. But Anderson is sure that now he knows about the baby——"

Elizabeth raised her head and gazed at me, her face convulsed with grief and fear.

"It was a week ago that you were at 'Tristan' in Paris," she breathed. "It's all over."

Miss Euston went on placidly, her cheerful tones somehow added the last unbearable touch to it all.

"Nonsense," she said, "Anderson didn't believe he meant it when he said he couldn't come. Simone needn't have taken it so to heart, for now he knows about the baby," she repeated. A smile blossomed on her kind face, and she beckoned to some one in the hall.

A woman came in with a baby in her arms. To me, unaccustomed to children, it seemed wizened, and the many wrinkles of its small face were as the wrinkles of old age, and in its eyes shone what seemed to my excited imagination a cynical intelligence, as if it knew all things that had been and that would be, as if it had in its heart the secret to the mystery before us. It had, moreover, the aspect of a very wise little old man turned burlesque actor, for a fuzz of thick, red hair, thick and stubby as a wig, flamed from its tiny head.

With the smile of the enraptured grandmother, Miss Euston took him from the nurse, and proudly brought him toward me.

"Look at Mark's little son!" she said.

THE KNITTER

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

EDUCATION

A PLEA FOR A MORE ECONOMICAL SYSTEM

BY JOHN McQUARRIE

IN almost all branches of human endeavour we find that more or less work is wasted, but probably in none is there as much as in the educational, and probably in no other could the evil be overcome so easily. Commencing with the public school, we find that a large part of the children's time is wasted in learning things which they soon forget or which if of no practical value to them. School work should be appropriated as much as possible according to circumstances. A pupil who unfortunately has received little learning and whose school days are nearly over should not be taught as many subjects as one of the same age who has prospects of getting a good education. The former should be instructed only upon subjects such as reading, letter writing, everyday problems in arithmetic, common geography and subjects which will be of benefit to him in daily life later and he should be thoroughly drilled upon them. The chief aim of any teacher should be to get every pupil to the stage where he can read with ease, for when that is reached he is likely to educate himself later, but if not he is apt to lose nearly all he ever learned at school and never to become a good reader. None of the time of a child who is not likely to get a good education should be occupied by learning scientific names, or things which will be of no practical value. In fact, with any children, a teacher should give attention to useful subjects first.

It is frequently found that one who has gone to school a good deal has very little knowledge of practical subjects, and the reason may not be that he is stupid, but that his time has been largely wasted on other kinds of learning.

There is not only much work wasted in public schools, but perhaps proportionately more in high schools and colleges. A student in preparing for a profession must first pass examinations on many subjects which are of no use in the practice of it and which he scarcely ever thinks of after the examinations are over. That takes a lot of work, time and money. The programme of subjects should be altered so that anybody, if he should wish, could prepare himself for a profession without wasting anything upon subjects which will be of no benefit to him in practice. That would not, of necessity mean a short or easy course. Let time which is spent on unnecessary subjects be taken by extra work upon those relating to his chosen profession. In that way professional people would, as a lot, be more competent than they are under the present system.

There is probably no class of professional people whose time has been wasted so much as specialists in the medical line. A large percentage of medical students intend to specialize, but a student is not allowed to proceed in his chosen branch until he has first taken the general course which takes several years and a lot of money. As a rule only a small part of the general course is necessary for the special. A

specialist in a branch in which performing operations is never required does not need to know anything about operations. One who attends only to disorders of the ear, eye, nose and throat does not need to know anything about amputating limbs or giving treatment for the hundreds of other ailments a human being can have. In fact, a specialist will not take a case apart from his own branch, and when out of practice could not do it justice if he would. Why then should he have ever learned anything about it? Let him, in studying, be given of the general course only that which is necessary for his special line.

Many people who would like to study and practice a certain branch, and could make a great success of it, do not attempt to prepare for it on account of the necessity of first taking the general course. The general course is proper for a general practitioner but unnecessary for a specialist. Let it be excluded and, if necessary, let the special courses be made more severe than they are. Better results would thereby be attained.

In dentistry, however, a student is permitted to qualify without first taking the general medical course. Why should he be required to take it? But there is just as much reason that he should as that a specialist in any other line should.

Many a very successful medical doctor, lawyer, civil engineer, etc. had great difficulty in preparing some of the unnecessary subjects and many another person could have been very successful in a profession, but, on that account, took instead, work for which he had less natural talent and of which he made a failure. In that way he was deprived of success and the country of good service.

Anyone who desires to take up a profession should be allowed to prepare for it without passing preliminary examinations on unnecessary subjects. A physician or a lawyer who has first to pass examinations on Euclid and Alegbra does not need them any more than does a stenographer or a musician whose prescribed courses do not include them. Of what use can a knowledge of those subjects be to anyone in performing a surgical operation or in trying to prove a legal right. If a student calculates to become an astronomer or a surveyor they are needed and he should begin early to study them but they, like many other prescribed subjects, are unnecessary in most lines. There is no more reason that a professional man or any one else should be compelled to acquire unnecessary knowledge than that a tradesman should.

Educationists maintain that the study of some subjects which are of no practical worth is valuable training for the mind. It no doubt is, but to what extent there is no proof. But practical subjects will also train the mind. Authorities disagree as to what subjects are best for that purpose. Many of their conclusions are but guesses. I have a right to guess also and my guess is that the subjects in which a student takes the most interest are the best to develop the mind. It seems quite clear that the mind should become more active and stronger by studying something which is interesting than that which is not. A student naturally takes more interest in subjects connected with his expected life-work that he does in those which he knows are of no practical value to him, and they should develop his mind better than the others.

Just as in developing strength in the body, exercise of the arms will strengthen the arms, but not other parts, or exercise of any part will develop that part only, so in developing the mind the study of Euclid may strengthen it for Euclid but nothing else, or the study of any subject may develop it for that only. To say that it helps much in the study of other things is but a guess.

The matter prescribed for mental development by controllers of education is simply what custom calls for and not what is needed.

Moreover, if unnecessary matter should be studied for the sake of mental development, how much of it should? Can controllers of education calculate the right amount? Perhaps there is not enough now. That also is governed by custom and not necessity.

Even if certain subjects which are of no practical worth do train the mind better than ones which are, the difference cannot be great enough to make up for the time and money they take.

Many people seem to be satisfied, on this point, with the idea that knowledge of unnecessary subjects does no one any harm. It would not harm a medical doctor to have first studied law for a few years or a lawyer to have studied medicine or either to have taken a course in civil engineering or some line apart from his chosen profession. But he needs it no more than a shoemaker needs a knowledge of bricklaying. And it would take a lot of time to take the extra work and to earn the money for the purpose. The number of years of practice for the average professional man is not very great and if several years are spent by unnecessary study his period of practice is shortened by a big percentage thereby, and therefore his service to his country is greatly lessened.

But I suggest that the prescribed unnecessary study really does harm. It not only takes a good many of the best years of a professional person's life, but it does harm to the public, who have on that account to pay extra for his services. Ask a specialist of any profession why his fees are so high and he will refer to the long expensive college course he took. A dentist will charge for a certain amount of work only a small part of what a medical specialist will. It would do a dentist no harm to first take the general medical course but he would charge accordingly and the purses of his patients would be greatly affected. If a medical specialist of any branch did not have to take the general course he would do his work for only a small part of what he charges. There would be more competition and, therefore, more and better practitioners. If anything should be cheapened, when possible it is medical treatment.

College courses are modelled too much by old customs and tradition. These may have charms in regard to anything, with most people, but when they greatly interfere with progress they should be given little consideration. The needs of the time should be given preference.

There are many professional people, however, who admit that a great deal of what they had to study in order to qualify was unnecessary and that they have little confidence in its mind-developing value. Even some who took a full college course, obtaining a degree, will confess that they wished they had not, givng as a reason that they could have been practising the profession several years sooner but for it.

There is no doubt that the demand for specializing is increasing. People are getting to realize more and more the value of it, but as it increases, the learning of unnecessary things should decrease or better still be removed as much as possible.

By choosing a certain branch of work and specializing on it a person is apt to be engaged at that to which he is naturally adapted and that is the greatest assurance of success. If all people were engaged in occupations which suited them best the world would rapidly advance to a condition hard to fancy. It may be the Divine plan that if all people had work to which they were best adapted there would be exactly the right number for each sort.

A great drawback in educational work at the present time is scarcity of school teachers. Many remedies—increase of salaries, consolidation of schools, etc. are proposed. But I maintain that the best remedy is to make examinations of some classes of teachers easier. Why should a teacher

be required to pass examinations on subjects which he never has to teach? The cutting out of some, or all, unnecessary subjects, would not lower the teaching standard in the least. It would merely make it easier for candidates to qualify and therefore there would be a greater supply of teachers.

Most people realize the need of reforms which would abolish compulsory learning of unnecessary things. They should take steps for the purpose of bringing about the desired changes. The great reason that reforms in that regard are hard to make is that the prescribing of subjects and examinations are controlled by practitioners of the professions. Before any changes could be made the Government would have to place the control of each in the hands of people, the majority of whom, are not engaged in the profession, and therefore, not personally interested. There are some practitioners who would be willing to sacrifice personal interests for the sake of other people but, as a whole, they are not willing to do so. They are more apt to make changes which would be of benefit to themselves. They have all taken the prescribed courses and are unwilling to allow others to practice without taking them also. They do not want the courses to be made easier for others because that would mean more competition and reduction of fees. Just as it is useless to try to get liquor dealers to support prohibition, gamblers to vote for the abolition of gambling, speculators to vote for the abolition of speculating or any people to condemn that by which they profit, so it is useles to try to get college-bred people, as a whole, to support sweeping reforms in the educational system.

The great hindrance to the making of educational reforms is that people in general have a mistaken belief that it is necessary to let the professions be controlled by people engaged in them and, therefore, they place confidence in them. The controllers betray that confidence by protecting themselves. As long as each profession is controlled by practitioners of it the needed changes will not be made.

Sentiment in favour of the lessening or abolition of unnecessary learning is increasing, and, no doubt, the time will come when great reforms in this regard will materialize the world over.

THE GREAT BLACK PEARL

BY ELIZABETH NAYLOR WATERHOUSE

KING PETER angrily stamped his feet upon the floor, and raged at his poor servants until they were in fear of losing their lives; for they knew not what the King would order to be done in his present mad state.

The King held on high a jewelled crown upon which all present gazed in fearful awe, for the great black pearl which had ornamented the centre of the crown for hundreds of years was now missing.

"Stand forth, you lowly vassals!" shouted the king in his mad rage, "and let me question each in turn, for methinks I yet may find the thief within the palace-gates."

The slaves who had been bowing to the floor, now arose to their feet upon which they could hardly stand, for their limbs were trembling in their fear.

"What ails you, knaves?" shouted the King. "Do you think that my palace is a hospital for the palsied?" and forgetting the dignity required of a king, he drove them from his presence.

Then the King gazed once more at the crown from which the great black pearl had been stolen, and turning to his chief adviser, bade him draw near.

"Dost thou know ought of the missing pearl, Salem?" asked the King.

"I know nothing of the pearl, Your Gracious Majesty," answered Salem; "but methought, last night as I looked out of my chamber-window, that I saw dark shadows creeping about the palace-walls."

"Dark shadows! dark shadows!" exclaimed the King, "and yet I was not told."

"No, Gracious King, for though I waited long, I saw nothing further, and thinking the shadows were but the pictures of mine own imagination, I retired to bed."

"Bid the Chief of the Guard to enter my presence," said the king.

It was not long before Maestro, Chief of the Guard, entered in great fear, for he knew that the King would not command his presence except upon very urgent business.

As Maestro approached, the King gazed keenly at him as if he would read his very thoughts, and then said: "Didst thou fall asleep upon thy post last night?"

"O Gracious King! never have I fallen asleep when at my post."

"Then how canst thou account for this?" asked the King, and he held the jewelled crown before Maestro's eyes.

The Chief of the Guard stared in horror at the vacant place in the crown where once had been the great black pearl, and falling upon his knees, exclaimed; "O believe me, Gracious King, for I can truly say that I know nought of the famous pearl."

"But Salem tells me," said the King, "that as he looked from his chamber-window last night, he saw dark shadows move about under the palace-walls."

"O, King most powerful, it was but the shadows of the swaying trees cast upon the walls by the light of the moon," answered Maestro.

"Begone thou craving knave, for I have finished with thee," answered the King, "for it seems that from thy empty head, I shall draw but little further knowledge of the missing pearl."

Maestro gladly hastened from the King's presence, but had only just reached the outer hall when he was bidden to return before the King.

"Remember knave," said the King, "to post well the guards this night. Place them about the walls so that they may be as close as beads upon a string. Guard well the main gate, and woe betide the guard that sleeps; for I, myself, this night shall closely watch."

Thereupon, Maestro was once more bidden to depart, which he was only too glad to do, for he feared that the blame for the theft of the great black pearl would fall upon his own head.

Entering the court-yard, he called the guards before him, and told them of the missing pearl and also of the King's commands that they should be posted that night shoulder to shoulder about the palace-walls.

Meantime, Salem and the King were in earnest conversation, for only the king, himself, had up to this time, known the power of the great black pearl; but now he had decided that his trusted adviser, also, should know the history of the missing jewel.

"Ah! Salem," said the King, "would that I had lost anything in my kingdom rather than this famous pearl; for its loss bespeaks some dire misfortune and great loss of power.

"Three hundred years hath it rested within the crown, where it was first placed by my ancestor, known as 'The Great Conqueror' who first won this kingdom now ruled by me.

"Upon the black pearl, this Conqueror placed a charm, that it would give power of kingship to him who owned it.

"Hence, thou canst see, faithful Salem, that we must get back the stolen pearl with all expediency, lest I be dethroned and lose my kingdom."

"To thee, only, Salem, have I confided the history of the great black pearl, and as thou valuest thy head, tell not the secret to any man."

Falling upon his knees, Salem kissed the hands of the King, and said, "O! thou great and glorious sovereign, thy humble slave, Salem, shall not rest by day or sleep by night until the missing great black pearl is found."

"That is well," answered the King, "and as the guards about the palace shall see that no one gets without, we shall find the thief if he be within the gates."

Then calling for his servants, the King made them place the crown within an oaken-box, which they carried into the throne room, where they placed it beneath the seat of the throne.

There six guards were bidden to stay and watch by day and night, lest the remaining jewels of the crown should also disappear.

"Should another crown-jewel disappear," said the King to the trembling guards, "there will be six lives less upon this earth," and after looking keenly into the face of each man, he and Salem left the throne-room.

On leaving the king, Salem withdrew to his own apartment, in which he dwelt with his wife, Sandra, whom he told of the loss of the great black pearl.

On hearing of the theft, Sandra was greatly troubled, and said, "Dear Salem, I trust that the blame of the missing pearl will not fall upon thy head."

"That will not happen, my dear wife," answered Salem; "for the thief will yet be found, although I do not think within the palace-gates; for as I told the King, last night I saw dark shadows moving about the palace-walls."

"O, Salem, surely, the blame for that did not fall upon thee."

"The blame fell not upon me, dear Sandra, for the King sent for the Chief of the Guard, who explained to him that the shadows were cast upon the

wall by the light of the moon; but I knew better, for trees take not the shape of men."

"However, Maestro has always been a friend to me, and I had not the wish to bring down the wrath of the King upon his head by openly contradicting him."

That night, instead of retiring to bed, Salem sat at his chamber-window, for he had promised the King not to rest by day or sleep by night until the stolen jewel should be found.

The breeze shook the trees that grew without the castle-walls and seeing their moving shadows, Salem would peer out of his window, thinking that some person was approaching.

Then he would see the guards on duty at their posts, and at once knew that it was only his own imagination which had pictured a person's form, for the guards were posted far too well to allow the approach of any thief.

The king, also, was upon the watch that night, but not like Salem, at his chamber-window. He walked from room to room, and from hall to hall, thinking that the thief might be hidden in some dark recess.

Once, he heard a gentle step, and quickly concealed himself behind some heavy curtains.

As the step drew near, the King peered cautiously out between the curtains, and was greatly surprised to see his daughter, the charming Princess Sona gliding gracefully past.

Anxious to know why the Princess should be wandering unattended about the palace at night, he followed at some distance behind her, and was surprised to see her enter the throne-room.

There, she walked up to the throne-chair, but on seeing the six guards standing around, she drew back in surprise.

The guards were amazed to see the Princess unattended at such a late hour, but not daring to show their surprise, they merely respectfully saluted her.

The Princess bowed in answer to their salute, and then left the room, hastening across the main hall and up the wide staircase, soon reaching her chamber which she entered quickly.

The King who had been closely following the Princess, tried her door, but found it securely locked, and though he knocked gently upon it, he received no answer from within.

Puzzled over his daughter's behaviour in wandering alone about the palace at night, he decided he would question her on the following morning.

Then the King walked quietly among his guards to see if any man slept upon his post, but finding that all were quite wide awake, he retired to his own chamber, where he slept soundly until the following morning.

On awakening next morning, the first thought of the King was of the great black pearl, and he decided that he would have all the servants of the palace searched that day.

Therefore, he sent for his chief adviser, Salem, to whom he told his intentions, asking his advice upon the matter.

The King's adviser thought that it would be wise to summon all the servants of the palace at one time into the throne-room which would hold them all, and there they could be searched by the soldiers of the guard in the presence of the King.

At the same time, their rooms could be searched, and thus no one would have time to get away with the stolen pearl.

Thereupon, the King did as Salem advised, and the servants were assembled within the throne-room.

There each one was carefully searched, and although not the smallest particle of clothing escaped the attention of the guards, no servant was found possessed of the lost jewel.

Meantime, their rooms had also been thoroughly searched, but without success in finding the great black pearl.

The King was now sorely puzzled and began to think that Salem must

have indeed truly seen dark shadows creeping along the palace-walls, and that these were the shadows of the thieves who had stolen the missing pearl.

Therefore, the King dismissed his servants, and summoning Salem before him, said "Methinks my faithful Salem that thou didst surely see shadows of thieves creeping along the palace-walls.

"Strong enemies must dwell without, and if we take not care, they yet may steal the crown, when woe betide me, for then I shall surely lose my kingdom, handed down to me from my conquering forefathers."

Now Salem was as much distressed about the great black pearl as the King himself, and in spite of the wide search which had been made for the missing jewel, he yet believed it was hidden somewhere within the palace.

Salem therefore decided that he, himself, that night, would keep watch within the palace, for perhaps the thief might then try to find some new hiding-place for the stolen pearl.

Now the King had also determined to keep watch once more that night within the palace, and sending for Maestro, he bade him post strong guards again that night about the palace-walls.

Meantime, Salem's wife, Sandra, was sorely troubled over the loss of the great black pearl, and when her husband told her of the searching of the servants, she sighed heavily, and said, "I do not like this business, dear Salem, some thief dwells among us, and an honest man will yet be blamed."

Salem wondered if he should tell his wife of his intentions to watch for the thief that night; but thinking she might be alarmed for his safety, he decided to keep his own council.

Now the King decided to hide that night within the main hall, into which all the staircases opened, and through which the thief would have to pass in order to get into any of the great rooms.

Therefore as soon as it was dark, he took his place behind some heavy curtains, from behind which he could see all who passed wtihout being seen himself.

The King had been hiding there some hours and still no one had appeared, and he was just on the point of retiring for that night when he heard a stealthy step, and peeping cautiously through the curtains, he was surprised to see his trusted adviser, Salem, descending the stairs.

It was only by the greatest self-command that the King could prevent himself from rushing out and ordering Salem to be seized by the guard.

"No wonder, I could not find the pearl, when the thief was the man whom I least suspected," said the King to himself; "but I will wait my time, for I must follow my treacherous adviser and discover what he will yet do."

Thereupon, the King followed cautiously behind Salem, and soon saw his adviser enter the throne-room.

Entering unseen, the king hid once more behind heavy curtains from behind which he could mark all Salem's movements.

The King's adviser walked up to the guards and then started back in surprise, and no wonder, for every man was fast asleep upon his post.

Now when the King saw the six sleeping guards, his rage was awful to behold, for he thought that a sleeping draught had been put into their food by Salem, and had his chief adviser looked that way, he would have seen the angry face of the King peering out between the curtains.

But the unsuspecting Salem was only thinking of the safety of the King's crown, and determined that he would take the oaken chest to his own chamber, where he, himself, could guard it for the night, after which he would restore it to the King.

Therefore, the king's adviser dragged the oaken-box across the floor and up the great staircase to his own room, while the King, fuming with

rage at the thought of being deceived by one, in whom he had placed so much trust, followed behind.

After Salem had entered his chamber, the King returned to the throne-room where he beat the sleeping guards until they awoke.

On being so rudely awakened, the dazed guards stared stupidly about them, and then suddenly seeing the King, fell upon their knees; but the King bade them to rise, saying, "You lazy knaves, had I not been on the watch this night myself, I should have lost my crown."

"Hasten, all of you, and bid Maestro come before me," commanded the King; "for at last I have found the thief of the great black pearl."

In trembling fear, for they knew not upon whom the blame of the missing jewel was to fall, the guard did as the King had bidden them, and soon returned accompanied by Maestro.

Looking keenly at Maestro, as he stood before him, the King said "Art thou, too, to be mistrusted, Chief of the Guard?"

Then Maestro fell upon his knees and kissed the King's hand, saying, "Thy faithful servant, Maestro, would sacrifice his dearest friend for the sake of his great and glorious King."

"Thou shalt now truly have a chance to test the strength of thy promises," answered the King; "for I charge you, Maestro, to place a guard about the chamber-door of Salem."

"Surely, Your Majesty does not doubt the long-tested honesty of thy trusted adviser, Salem," said Maestro.

"Who hast placed thee upon a pedestal, rogue, that thou darest to argue with thy king? Out of my presence, knave, and do as I bid thee, lest thou shouldst count thy days upon this earth."

Thus Maestro was driven from the King's presence, and made haste to carry out his commands by at once placing a strong guard outside of Salem's chamber.

Meantime, Salem, unsuspecting any trouble to himself, was within his room sitting upon the oaken-box, where he was faithfully guarding the King's crown, which he meant to restore to the King on the following morning.

The Chief Adviser was thinking of the praise which he would receive from his master, the King, for his faithful vigil, and knew nothing of the guard which was posted without his door.

Early next morning, Salem was brought before the King, and charged with the theft of the crown and also with that of the great black pearl.

The King's adviser was amazed at thus being accused of theft, and tried to explain to the King why he had taken the oaken-box containing the crown to his own chamber.

But the King who now truly believed Salem guilty of the theft of the missing pearl, would not even allow his adviser to plead for himself; but gave orders to his guards to at once cast him into prison.

Then the oaken-box was once more restored to the throne-room, where the crown was taken out and for safety hidden elsewhere.

Meantime, Maestro sorrowfully carried out the King's orders, for he had received many kindnesses from the chief adviser, who had often shielded him from the king's displeasure.

As the Chief of the Guard was about to leave the cell to which Salem had been taken, he turned to his friend and said, "Whatever possessed thee, Salem, to take the crown into thine own chamber?"

Then Salem told Maestro how he had found the six guards asleep upon their posts, and taken the crown to his own chamber that he might guard it for the King to whom he meant to restore on the following morning.

"Well," answered the Chief of the Guard, "it seems as if the King will hear no reason, and he truly thinks that you are the thief of the great black pearl and have hidden the missing jewel somewhere about the palace."

"My friend, would that we could find the person guilty of the theft of the pearl, for then we could prove your innocence to the King."

After clasping the hand of Salem, and telling him that he would do his utmost to restore his liberty, Maestro left the prison, after which he sought out Sandra to tell her of the misfortune which had befallen her husband.

On hearing the bad news, Sandra beat her breast in despair and said, "I knew that the missing pearl would bring shame upon an innocent man, and so I told my husband, Salem."

"What shall I do? dear Maestro, for thou hast ever been our friend. Wouldst thou advise me to plead before the King?"

"No, dear friend," answered the Chief of the Guard, "that would be useless, for the King in his mad anger, is more like a maniac than a sane man, and is in no condition to judge between right and wrong."

"Then I will beg the Princess Sona to beseech the King to pardon my poor husband, for unless something is done quickly, the King in his dire madness, will condemn Salem to die for an offence, of which, both you and I, dear Maestro, know he is truly innocent."

"I would bid thee seek out the Princess Sona with all haste," answered Maestro, "for at present, I see no other way out of this sore trouble."

Thereupon, after wishing Sandra God-speed in her mission with the Princess, Maestro went to spread the sad news of the arrest of Salem.

Poor Sandra, weeping bitterly, soon gained an audience with the Princess Sona, who was greatly distressed upon hearing of the misfortune which had fallen upon her father's faithful adviser, and promised the troubled wife that she would at once seek out the King and beg that pardon be granted to Salem.

Sandra, feeling much comforted, was bidden by the kind Princess to rest in the royal apartment until her return, when she hoped to bring her good news from the King.

It was not long before the Princess returned to Sandra, and it needed no words to tell the poor wife that she had been unsuccessful in gaining a pardon from the King.

"Ah! dear Sandra," said the Princess, "my father truly believes that Salem knows the whereabouts of the missing pearl, and will only grant a pardon on condition that he restore it to the crown within the next twenty-four hours."

"Should that time elapse, and the pearl be not yet found, the King has ordered that your husband's life shall then be forfeited."

Poor Sandra clenched her hands in her despair and strode about the room, for she was too troubled to remember that she was in the presence of a princess.

It was in vain that the Princess Sona tried to comfort her, and at last the poor wife fled weeping to her own apartment.

"Twenty-four hours! twenty-four hours!" cried Sandra, "and an innocent man's life will then be forfeited for another's guilt. What shall I do? What shall I do?" and the weeping woman strode about the room.

That night, the Princess Sona became very ill and the nurse sent for her father, the King; but even he could not comfort his daughter, who was continually calling the name of "Sandra".

Therefore the King commanded the presence of Salem's wife in the bedchamber of the Princess.

No sooner had Sandra taken the hand of the King's daughter than she became quite calm and soon fell into a peaceful sleep.

Thinking that she might soon awaken, the King bade Sandra to keep watch with him at the bedside of the Princess.

It was not long before they were surprised by seeing the Princess arise and walk about the room as if unconscious of their presence.

Hastily throwing a robe about her shoulders, the King's daughter left the

chamber, and the King beckoned Sandra to follow with him at some distance behind.

Slowly down the great staircase they followed the Princess, and were surprised to see her enter the throne-room and walk towards the throne-chair.

There she drew out the oaken-box which had once contained the King's crown; but which now had been removed elsewhere.

Upon seeing that the box was empty, she seemed disappointed and muttered something to herself which the King and Sandra could not hear for they were too far away.

"Let us draw nearer," said the King to Sandra, "perhaps we may yet hear what may solve this strange mystery. This is the second time that I have seen my daughter walk about by night, but in the misfortunes that have fallen upon the palace, I had forgotten it."

As they drew near to the Princess, they looked upon her face but she was quite unconscious of their presence, and with a glassy stare looked past them.

"Hush," said the King, putting his finger to his lips, "she is still asleep, and we must try to hear what she is saying."

"Ah!" said the Princess, "What is this trouble that I have heard about the great black pearl? It is quite safe, for I have guarded it well; but it must now be restored to the crown, for methinks it has brought misfortune upon some one and that I would prevent."

Thereupon, the Princess gazed at something which she held within her hand, and looking down, Sandra and the King were amazed to see the great black pearl.

Gently, the King took the pearl from the hand of the Princess, and motioned Sandra to lead his daughter to her chamber, where she was soon sleeping peacefully once more.

After having joyfully restored the great black pearl to its place in the crown, the King sought out Sandra and begged her forgiveness for having accused her husband of dishonesty.

"Dear Sandra," said the King, "tell not the Princess how the pearl was found, for she would be much troubled to know that she had been the cause of thy misfortunes."

Then the King bade Sandra accompany him to the cell where her husband, Salem, was imprisoned.

No words can describe the joy of Salem on being restored to his loving wife, and in being reinstated in the King's favour.

Thereafter, the King never doubted the honesty of his faithful adviser, or ever again hastily accused any man of wrong until his guilt had been truly proved.

Next day the Princess Sona visited the apartment of Sandra to share the joy in the release of her husband.

Salem and his wife both kissed her hand and made her very welcome, for they knew that though she had been the cause of their past misfortunes, the Princess was quite unconscious that she, herself, had been the thief.

A SHOCKING IMPRUDENCE

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

"IT is most kind of you!" Thus, gratefully and warmly, Ermyntrude Sedgeley, a merry brunette of twenty years of age, to a quiet-mannered man of about thirty-five, with a dark moustache and a look of demure fun in his black eyes.

From the other side of the hedge he had, raising his hat politely and speaking in a melodious and winning voice, offered his service to a party of three forlorn girls and a dismal elderly maid, who were all running distractedly in and out of Cheringham Cottage, waiting for the furniture vans which delayed their coming most unmercifully.

For two hours they had waited in the empty house which they had taken, until Mrs. Sedgeley, mother of two of the girls, aunt to the third, and mistress to the elderly maid, had wandered away in despair into the village, rather with the vague feeling situation than because she thought of unrest consequent on her unhappy she could hurry along the vans, which were not yet in sight.

"Now, what do you want the most?" asked the chivalrous stranger as he got over the hedge with the help of the low bough of an overhanging tree, amid kindly warnings to "Take care!" from the young ladies. "Suppose we make a beginning with a small table and some chairs?"

"Oh, thank you so much!" "I don't know how to thank you." "Poor mama will be so grateful!"

"And then you would like some tea. I'll have some sent in. I know that when ladies are ever so miserable it only takes the sight of a cup of tea to raise their spirits again to the proper level." There was a chorus of delighted giggles and he went on: "That is because they are so much better-tempered by nature than we men are. It takes a jolly lot more than that to make us amiable."

"Not when they're like you," cried Sheila, a shy young creature of sixteen, all arms and legs, whose shyness was momentarily conquered by the force of circumstances.

The stranger made her a low bow.

"That's nice of you," said he. "Nobody has ever said quite such a nice thing to me before. I must earn the right to it. I'll have that tea before you can count a hundred."

"Then it won't have 'drawn' properly!" cried Ermyntrude merrily, as he hurried down the little garden to the gate to make his exit in a more dignified manner than he had made his entrance.

He looked back laughing and raising his hat, amidst a merry chorus of laughter from the grateful girls, who at once began to bable of comment upon their neighbour's kindness.

"Who is he?" asked Rosemary, the cousin. She was five-and-twenty, a prim young woman who disapproved, as much as did her aunt, of chance acquaintances.

"Why, of course, he must be Gregory Ilford, since he comes from the big house next door," said Ermyn-

trude. "Cheringham Court it's called. Yes. Look. He's going in there."

Between the trees which grew, some in their own and some in their neighbour's garden, the girls could see their new friend running bareheaded up to the big house and disappearing inside through the open French window on the ground floor.

"I wish Aunt had been here," said Rosemary anxiously. "You don't know anything about these people, and I know she wouldn't approve of our putting ourselves at once under an obligation like this."

"Oh, how absurd, Rosemary! And how ungrateful! I'm sure he's the nicest man I ever met."

"And he's so good-looking," added Sheila enthusiastically.

"He may not be a desirable acquaintance for all that," said her cousin.

"Well, I think a man who will bring me a chair and a cup of tea is absolutely the most desirable acquaintance in the world," laughed Ermyntrude flippantly.

Field, the elderly maid, however, partook of the fears of the eldest of the girls.

"Perhaps Mrs Sedgeley will be back before he comes," she said nervously. "Oh, dear, no. There he is!"

A chorus of merry laughter from the girls announced that the new friend was in sight. Struggling manfully with a table in one hand and a couple of light chairs in the other, and half extinguished by a basket arm-chair which he had placed on his head, he stalked down the garden with an assumption of a martial tread, followed by an imposing butler with a tray and tea-cups.

"Don't laugh at me. It's unkind!" said the stranger plaintively as he staggered up the garden path and stopped before the cottage porch. "Just tell me where to put these things and then I'll go back for some more."

"Oh, no. It's really too kind. We don't like to trouble you."

"To trouble me!" echoed the stranger with a tragic look, as he divested himself of the basket-chair and began to smooth down his discorded hair. "It shows you're not used to the country when you think a little interlude like this is anything but a delightful excitement! Just tell me, pray, ladies, whether my coiffure is all that it ought to be. Now that I'm getting rather thin on the top I can't afford to be careless."

Laughing, they all assured him that his appearance could not possibly be improved. And he drew himself up with a gratified look that made them laugh again.

"Now, tell us where you will have the tray. Indoors or out?"

"Oh, indoors, please," said Ermyntrude, who saw with horror that some of the youthful villagers, by this time released from school, were planting their dusty little faces against the railings at the bottom of the garden, much interested in the proceedings.

"This way, then, Miles."

"Yes, sir."

Master and man entered the cottage, placed table and chairs and tea-tray in the front room, which was to be the drawing-room, and retired to fetch further supplies.

The girls were chatting gaily, laughing merrily, and reclining at their ease in the chairs already provided by their thoughtful friend, when the door opened and Mrs. Sedgeley, severe in matronly indignation at the failure of the mover's men, walked into the room.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise at what she saw. Instead of the comfortless, bare room she had left she now beheld seats and delightful preparations for much-needed refreshment.

"Where did all these things come from?" she gasped out. "Not, I hope, from—"

Her voice, in which rising disquietude could be noted, was drowned in a merry chorus of explanation.

In the midst of the various replies one phrase caught Mrs. Sedgeley's ear, vivid, significant, unmistakable:

"The gentleman from next door."

A low wail of horror and dismay escaped from the matronly lips.

"From next door!" she exclaimed with tragic emphasis. "Just what I most wished to avoid! We must send them back—at once. Field, you must take back the chairs and table, and tell Gregory Ilford that we are much obliged, but that our own things have come."

"But they haven't!" screamed Sheila.

"And it looks ungrateful, when he was so kind! Mama, we can't," said Ermyntrude earnestly.

"We must," repeated Mrs. Sedgeley with increasing vehemence. "I've heard something about this Gregory Ilford, and he's a most impossible person for you to know, or even to speak to."

"But even if he were impossible, we can't help thanking him for what he's done," persisted Ermyntrude.

"I will do all that is necessary," said Mrs. Sedgeley coldly. "Field, take back the chairs."

"But he's sending us in some tea! Oh, mama, do be reasonable. Whatever he has done, he is awfully nice," said Ermyntrude.

"Yes, he's a most charming man, I know. But that is only another reason why he should be avoided. Unfortunately, his manners are better than his morals."

"Well, let us teach him to behave better," persisted her irrepressible daughter.

"Be quiet, Ermyn, you don't know what you're talking about," said Rosemary.

"Yes, I do. And I know I'm not going to be rude to a stranger who has behaved like a friend," said Ermyntrude hotly.

"You have got to listen to reason," urged her mother quickly.

"Well, what has he done?" demanded the girl.

"I can't tell you. "It's too shocking."

"Perhaps it isn't true," urged Sheila, quite excited in defence of the fascinating stranger.

"It is true," reiterated Mrs. Sedgeley, losing her temper before the threatened revolt. "This Gregory Ilford is a man of infamous character. He is a bigamist, and he treated his wife shamefully."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe he could treat any woman badly. He's too nice," cried Ermyntrude with passion.

"Sh—sh!"

This warning, uttered in a hoarse whisper by Sheila, came too late.

Standing at the opened window, very calm, but perhaps rather paler than he had been when they saw him last, the courteous stranger was holding a tea-pot in one hand and a sugar-bowl in the other, while the butler, who looked rather scared, was standing behind him, with a cream-jug, a plate of bread and butter, and baskets of fruit and cake, on a large tray.

"I've been knocking at the door, but I couldn't make you hear, and there doesn't seem to be any bell," said the stranger mildly. I've brought you some tea, if you care to have it."

Mrs. Sedgeley was making her way to the window, but Ermyntrude interposed her person, and answered him with a gentle and grateful smile.

"It's very good of you," she said gratefully, "but—"

"Oh, don't say but. Do take it. What does it matter who I am, or what I've done, as long as you're hungry and tired."

His tone betrayed a touch of temper.

Ermyntrude looked distressed and bit her lip. Mrs. Sedgeley took advantage of the pause and placed herself between her daughter and the window. Speaking in that subacid tone adopted by matrons when they intend utterly to crush a member of the obtrusive sex, she said, with a conventional smile which did not mask an expression of penetrating disapproval:

"It's so very good of you, and we should have been delighted. But we've had tea already. And we really couldn't think of imposing upon your

kindness any further. So you'll let me send back the chairs, won't you?"

The stranger raised his eyebrows and withdrew the teapot.

"Oh, certainly," he said in the tone of coldness corresponding to the crushing flavour of hers. "I apologize for my intrusion."

He could not raise his hat, as he was bareheaded, but he bowed in as dignified a manner as it is possible to do when one is encumbered with a teapot and sugar bowl, and abruptly withdrew.

"Mama, how could you? You didn't even thank him for his kindness," said Ermyntrude angrily.

Mrs. Sedgeley was flushed and perturbed, but she frowned and said:

"I don't like to do it, but after what I heard there was no alternative. We couldn't stay here to be on friendly terms with Gregory Ilford. Nobody else would call upon us if we did."

"I'd rather be friends with him than with all the rest of the people about here," cried the rebellious Sheila, who, like most shy creatures, was desperately bold upon occasion.

"Be quiet, Sheila," said her mother sharply. "Field, why didn't you refuse the loan of the chairs?"

The maid who had been many years with the family, shrugged her shoulders.

"It's of no use talking to Miss Ermyn," she said tartly. "She was determined to make friends with this gentleman, and I could not stop her."

"Rosemary, why didn't you warn her? You know how particular one to be!" And Mrs. Sedgeley turned to her niece.

Meanwhile she was collecting the borrowed furniture, and striving in vain to get the basket chair through the door. While doing this, she instinctively turned round to look for help, and then made the disconcerting discovery that her two daughters had disappeared.

"Where are those girls?" she asked sharply.

Her niece and the maid exchanged a stealthy look but said nothing. They probably guessed at the shocking act of mutiny of which Ermyntrude and Sheila had both been guilty.

For those two girls had stolen out of the room, and gone out into the garden, where, standing together close to the hedge, they could see the cruelly treated tenant of Cheringham Court slowly making his way up his own garden with the despised teapot in one hand. He had restored the cream jug to the tray of the butler, who had gone on slowly towards the French window by which he and his master had come out.

On catching sight of the two girls, the rebuffed proprietor of the teapot exchanged his brisk pace for a saunter, and, looking over the lid of the vessel, heaved a deep sigh.

They wished to be good, to be dutiful, but on the other hand they couldn't bear to be guilty of rudeness to the man who had come so nobly to the assistance of females in distress. They tried hard not to giggle, not even to grow red, but they did both, and their neighbour waving the teapot as a sort of flag of truce, came stealthily near the hedge, and looking over, sighed deeply.

"I'm awfully sorry to have been guilty of overhearing what was not meant for my ears," he began in a subdued voice, "but I really couldn't help hearing what the lady who has the honour to be your mama said about me."

The girls did not know which way to look. Confused, distressed, perplexed, and half incredulous, Ermyntrude floundered into speech.

"Oh, I'm so dreadfully, dreadfully sorry. She — mama — didn't understand how kind you had been," she said apologetically.

"Oh, it's all right. Don't distress yourself about it. I don't mind, really. And as for what I did, I assure you," and he waved the teapot with so much energy that the hot tea came out over his hand and made him jump, "I assure you that you wouldn't have blamed me if you had known all the circumstances."

"Oh, no, I'm quite sure we wouldn't," murmured Ermyntrude hastily, anxious not to have to listen to a disconcerting confession.

But he refused to be silenced.

"What can you do with a wife who won't lend you her embroidery scissors to cut your tobacco with?" As the girls stared at him with puzzled faces, he went on, stamping his foot and gesticulating violently, but this time taking the precaution not to use the teapot hand. "What can you do with a wife who doesn't use hairpins? That's what I married her for, so that I should always have a hairpin handy, to mend my motor-car or to clean my pipe! And the creature wouldn't use them just to spite me! So there was no help for it, you see, I had to get another one. And I behave beautifully over it. Instead of being unkind or rough, as any other man might have been, I just took her up by the head—her hair was too short, you see, for me to take her by the hair, and I held her out of a first-floor window and shook her two or three times, and then let her drop. Now if I'd been cruel by nature, I shouldn't have chosen a first-floor window, but a third-floor. What are you laughing at? Really, ladies, this is a serious matter. Ask your mama if it isn't!"

He was now standing, preternaturally solemn, with the teapot clasped lovingly in his arms, looking at them with grave eyes over the hedge.

"It isn't true!" cried Sheila, bursting out at last into the laughter she had in vain been trying to repress. "You never did that to any wife!"

He turned with a face of unmoved gravity, to Ermyntrude.

"And what do you think?" he asked slowly.

"I don't think; I know," said she shyly.

He gave her a quick look, thanking her silently. Then he called the butler:

"Miles, go and ask the mama of these young ladies, whether Mr. Warren Ilford may not after all send them in some fruit."

Ermyntrude started, and whispered:

"You are very good, very forgiving."

He laughed as he came nearer to the hedge.

"No," said he. "Only very selfish, and very anxious to have some pleasant neighbours. Your mama—by the bye, I hope I may know her name some day, was quite right. But my cousin has had to leave England for a little while till things have blown over, and I have undertaken to look after the place while he's away."

At that moment, Mrs. Sedgeley, hearing voices outside, appeared in the cottage porch, Sheila ran up to her.

"Mama, there's been a mistake," whispered she.

And as the lady, perplexed and bewildered, stepped out upon the garden path, Warren Ilford, smiling and bowing humbly on the opposite side of the hedge, said, addressing her in the meekest of voices:

"I hope, madam, that you will not continue to visit the sins of my cousin, Gregory Ilford, upon me. I have never had two wives. I've not even had one. I'm the most lonely of bachelors indeed. At the same time" —and as he spoke, he unconsciously cast a glance at Ermyntrude, who had taken his part so valiantly—"I am not a hardened one."

Mrs. Sedgeley was overwhelmed. She tried brokenly to apologize.

But he would not let her.

"There's only one form of apology I can possibly accept," he said firmly. "If you won't let me bring the tea to you, will you come and have tea with me?"

Mrs. Sedgeley made excuses, but people who, taking advantage of her mistake, were getting unruly and self-willed.

And even before the vans arrived with the furniture it began to be evident to all the party that if Mr. Warren Ilford were to remain a bachelor for another six months, it would be very much against his will.

A LIFE-DREAM REALIZED

An appreciation of the unveiling and spiritual significance of the Hébert Statue of Evangeline at Grand Pré

BY J. D. LOGAN

WHICH of the statues, as art, by the late Philippe Hébert, who is the most celebrated of Canadian sculptors, will rank as his masterwork, is a question that must be left to the critics of the plastic arts. As to the historical, social, and poetic significance of the statue of Evangeline, which was originally designed by him and completed by his son, Mr. Henri Hébert, and which was unveiled at Grand Pré, on July 29th, 1920, by Viscountess Burnham, wife of Viscount Burnham, president of the Imperial Press Conference, before the delegates of the Conference, members of the Nova Scotia Government, and distinguished citizens of the Province, there is but a single opinion or estimate. The statue is the fruition of a dream which was always in the innermost heart of Philippe Hébert. He himself was permitted only to design the small clay model which the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, through the kind offices of Mr. Murray Gibbon, generously presented to Acadia University, which is near Grand Pré, in recognition of the University's services "in promoting the study and appreciation of Canadian literature", and which is housed in the Library of Acadia. With this model as a basis the statue as it now stands was completed by the late sculptor's son.

The statue as such, however, is but the outer form of the meaning of the dead sculptor's dream. Its inner or poetic meaning is summarized in the metaphor which Viscountess Burnham applied rather to the sun that shone down as a benediction on the occasion than to the work of art itself. The statue of Evangeline memorializes the truth that, in Viscountess Burnham's phrase, "God's healing hand" rests, at last, on two races which, under the rigours of ancient methods of warfare and, no doubt, unnatural intrigue and lust of empire, had wronged one another. It signalizes a tragedy in the history of the Acadian people; but it also signalizes the fact that the descendants of the Acadians and of the British in Canada have joined hands and, expressing contrition for the error of their progenitors, are reunited in brotherly love. In other words, the Hébert statue of Evangeline is a beautiful, enduring memorial of Atonement. French occupation of Nova Scotia began in 1605 with the festivities of L'Ordre de Bon Temps; and ended with the Tragedy at Grand Pré, in 1755. That Tragedy ended in our day with the unveiling of the statue of Evangeline, which is the art work of the Héberts, father and son, descendants of the Acadians who were expelled from Grand Pré more than a century and a half ago. Surely this as an Atonement wrought by love and memorialized by art; for art is born of the faculty of imaginative idealizations, which itself is the faculty of love.

The Hébert statue of Evangeline was cast at Paris this year in bronze,

and, as it stands on its pedestal of gray granite, attains a height of twenty feet. On the base is engraved the pathetic legend: *"Pleurant le pays perdue"*, a phrase which summarizes the poetic conception of the sculptor, Philippe Hébert. The figure shows a young Acadian peasant woman, by no means conceived, however, after the traditional manner of the illustrators of publicity posters and booklets, as being in her "sweet sixteenhood", but rather on the way to her thirties. The figure is that of a woman arrived at maturity and capable of deep emotional experiences. The limbs and torso are faced eastwardly towards the river (Gaspereau) where lay, in 1755, the British ships of deportation; but the head is turned southwesterly, to the fertile lands Evangeline is leaving forever, for one last, lingering, longing look at the lost homeland. The face of the figure is not winsome or lovely, but it is not homely; it is just a peasant face; and thereby the sculptor has sought to express not the emotions of an individual but of a people, a simple plain, human people. On the other hand, the sculptor has put his gifts in art for art's sake into the dramatic pose, graces of line in the facial contour of face and neck, and the fall of the garments. The texture values of garments are remarkable for reality and veracity. The modelling of the half-arms is notable for the beauty of the line and the suggestion of tactile values—the sense of pliant roundness and resistance to the touch. There is also a nice suggestion of movement just on the point of stopping without doing so—which is a kind of sculptural feat. The peculiar *spiritual* expressiveness of the statue is attained in a sort of paradox. For while the figure is that of a peasant woman pathetically looking on her homeland for the last time, the expression on the face and in the pose of torso and arms and hands is one of sorrow sublimated by heroic pride in self and scorn of trial. In short, the statue has spiritual *dignity* shining through common humanity. In these qualities the Hébert "Evangeline" is in plastic art what Bastien LePage's "Joan of Arc" is in pictorial art—a compelling envisagement of a noble soul in a peasant body. Around the sculptor's art as such the imagination is left free to weave what pathetic or sublimating romance of the spirit it may.

This beautiful statue stands in a park of sixteen acres, in which may be seen the site of the Norman church to which Evangeline went to Mass and vespers, the row of willows, now two centuries old, that lined the old village street, the site of the home of Evangeline, and Evangeline's well (rebuilt for tourists' eyes). These sixteen acres, in the original land of the Acadians, "the Eden of Nova Scotia", is being created into an Acadian Memorial Park by the management of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway. So far the ground around the Evangeline statue and the environs embracing the sites of the church and home, the row of willows and the well have been laid out in beautiful landscape gardening. A Gotho-Norman Gateway, which is later to be incorporated in a Norman Gatehouse of stone, stands at what is to be the main entrance to the park. The Gateway, as well as the bronze statue, are the gift of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Acadians were Normans; and the Dominion Atlantic Railway is conveying, through Le Société de l'Assomption, the site of the old parish church of St. Charles, on which to erect a chapel in Norman architecture as a memorial to the Acadian people. A Museum of Acadian antiquities, with a comprehensive library of the literature of the Land of Evangeline, is also contemplated as a feature of the park. Attached to the Museum will be an Inn, where literary tourists may consult, while they rest and sup, the literature in the library, food to be served by native Evangelines, and the books by Gabriels, both dressed in Norman garb. The aim, in the end,

is to make the Grand Pré Memorial Park, and its idyllic Acadian environs, the Literary Shrine or Mecca of Canada. For originating and realizing, so far forth, this idea of the Grand Pré Memorial Park and the Evangeline statue, four gentlemen are chiefly responsible: Mr. George E. Graham, General Manager of the D. A. R., Mr. R. U. Parker, General Passenger Agent of the D. A. R., Mr. Murray Gibbon, novelist, poet, and Publicity Agent of the C. P. R., and John F. Herbin, poet and historian, who is one of the few descendants of the Grand Pré Acadians and who resides at Wolfville, near Grand Pré.

Preceding the unveiling Dr. George Barton Cutten, profoundly impressed the spectators with an address which signalized, in a philosophic way, the historic, social, and poetic significance of the statue and the occasion. He said:

"We are apt to think of the emotions as fleeting and unstable, and of the intellectual qualities as steadfast and lasting. Nothing could be further from the truth. The intellectual elements of three thousand years ago are gone; the religious creeds, the dogmatic science, and the hard-fought debates are subjects for the antiquarians, but the emotional experiences and strivings of the twenty-third Psalm are as fresh and as true to-day in America as they were on the rocky hills of Judea one thousand years before the Christian era. History—the history which we remember—is a series of emotional experiences and appeals; panic and fear, sorrow and calamity, courage and heroism, joy and contentment.

"We are met here to-day to remind ourselves of another emotional experience. The intellectual element in the historical event is forgotten. We have ceased to argue about the justice and the cause of the expulsion of the Acadians, and we remember the sorrow in the hearts of the friends of the murdered English, and the pathos of the people wandering in a foreign land with their eyes turned toward their old home. The historian has recorded the fact, but the poet has put the emotion into words of touching appeal, and now the sculptor has breathed this same emotion into deathless bronze.

"Some may ask if the poem 'Evangeline' accords with historical fact. Of course it does not! But poetry is always truer than history, and sculpture than biography. Poetry touches the unseen and eternal, history the seen and the temporal. Sculpture is the snapshot of a heart beat, biography the distorted account of real facts. Of course Evangeline is true! And as we look at the statue to-day the appeal to the heart is real and lasting.

"Did Evangeline live? Evangeline did live and still lives. This statue represents the longings of a deported people for the old home, one last lingering look at the beloved scene before leaving it forever. Wherever, to-day, men and women long for lost homes, whenever they look longingly back upon the days of joy and happiness with the feeling of loss and sorrow, wherever the innocence of youth, the virtue of middle life, and the contentment of old age have been lost, or the joy of a richer life appeals to us as the might-have-been, Evangeline still lives and touches our hearts even more than the maid of Grand Pré.

"But now times have changed; we have met with this distinguished company to-day when the gentle hand of an English lady will unveil the statue of a French peasant girl. No longer are the French our enemies, but in the late conflict our drum beats and heart beats kept time. Strife and conflict we would forget and in these scenes of peace and plenty we hope that the time may soon come when equal peace and prosperity shall be found throughout the whole world."

To conclude: let me add that the late Philippe Hébert was an Acadian by descent. In 1605 an ancestor of his arrived at Port Royal, and this ancestor's descendants shared in the exile of 1755. But their name and influence still remains in Nova Scotia in the district known as Bear River, "Bear" being an English corruption of the sound of the final syllable of Hé-*bert*. Philippe Hébert, though a son of a Quebec farmer, loved the old homeland of the Acadians, and was obsessed with the dream of nobly memorializing his race by his art, by an example of it in bronze, which would visualize for all time the most tragic episode in the history of Canada, and at the same time symbolize the Atonement wrought by his Acadian gift and a British ceremony of acceptance. Let this Atonement of art be Philippe Hébert's crowning glory—even more enduring, as it is, than the material bronze which reflects his great genius and his equally great soul.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Many Canadian newspapers insist that if Great Britain joins with other nations in defence of Poland against the Soviet Government of Russia, soldiers shall not be sent from Canada, except with the express sanction of the Canadian Parliament. In order to obtain such sanction a special session of Parliament would be necessary, but *The Globe* contends that, "the expense and disturbance of an emergency call to members is greatly to be preferred to any attempt by the Ministry to usurp functions which must be exercised solely by Parliament if popular government in the Dominions is not to become extinct." It is *The Globe's* view that "Canadians of all parties will stand firmly for the principle that in matters concerning Canadian participation in world politics, and particularly in the consideration of issues of peace and war, the final decision shall be arrived at by the representatives of the Canadian people on Canadian soil".

It is difficult to challenge this position, but is it in exact accord with the spirit and constitution of the League of Nations? Is there any difference between this position and that of the Republican majority in the United States Congress? Substantially, Republicans declare that they are willing to have the United States act with other nations even in extreme measures to maintain peace in Europe or elsewhere, but that Congress must determine in any crisis upon any question whether there are adequate causes for American intervention. This seems to be only equivalent to the demand that Canadian soldiers shall not be sent into the field except by direct sanction of the Canadian Parliament and in support of a cause of which Parliament has expressly approved.

II

The Imperial Press Conference and the pilgrimage of the delegates across Canada have excited deep and general interest. It may be that few direct practical results will follow, but the Dominion must profit by the greater knowledge of the country which will be obtained by so many of the foremost journalists of the Empire. One hears whispers that the delegation is not fully representative of the leaders in British journalism. It would be true enough to say that there are great journalists in England who were not able to attend the Conference, but there are few among the delegates who have not achieved distinction in some department of journalism or literature. No one can be with the delegates even for a few hours without realizing that the average of ability is very high, and that the opportunity to receive such a company is a privilege for which Canadians should be grateful.

From Australia and New Zealand the delegation is as representative as could be secured. This is just as true of South Africa and Newfoundland. Among the British delegates are Lord Burnham, Sir Robert Bruce and Mr.

Robert Donald. *The Times* (London) is represented by Sir Campbell Stuart, a young Canadian, who by sheer capacity and energy has become signally influential in *Times* counsels and whose attractive personality gave him great popularity with the delegates, and by Sir Arthur Willert, for ten years *The Times's* correspondent at Washington, but who now goes back to London to become its foreign editor. In a difficult position at Washington through a difficult period Sir Arthur has represented *The Times* with much ability and discretion, and unquestionably his wide and accurate knowledge of American conditions and problems constitute a valuable and peculiar qualification for the position of foreign editor. As chairman of the delegation Lord Burnham has been wise, considerate and resourceful. He has had to speak often, but he has never been commonplace, and often he has been singularly persuasive and eloquent. There has been much speaking, but the average has been of great excellence. It is universally admitted that the best speech at the Conference at Ottawa was that delivered by Mr. Dafoe of *The Manitoba Free Press.* Mr. John Nelson of Vancouver also spoke with great felicity. The speech by Mr. Rinfret of *Le Canada* at Lord Atholstan's banquet at Montreal was greatly admired for its beauty and eloquence. Admirable addresses have been delivered by Mr. Ward Jackson of South Africa, Sir Robert Bruce of Glasgow, Mr. Robert Donald and Dr. Ellis T. Powell. But to pay tribute to all who deserve "honourable mention" would almost exhaust the roll of delegates.

The Conference at Ottawa wisely confined itself to questions in which the press was primarily and directly concerned. There was no attempt to usurp all the functions of government or to make the Conference the general adviser of Cabinets. Whether the delegates represented Great Britain, the Dominions or the Dependencies, it was recognized that every portion of the Empire must control its own fiscal policy, determine its own attitude towards common defence, and settle its own status in the Empire. There was no jingo Imperialism nor any attempt to prescribe duties or obligations for Canada. The chief benefits of the Conference will be realized in a better acquaintance of journalists throughout the Empire, and a better understanding of Canada in all other portions of the Empire. Wherever the delegates have been they have been the objects of generous hospitality, and they have been appreciative of all that was done for their edification and comfort. As was inevitable the hospitality has been excessive, but they have smiled, however weary, and gone on with heroic fortitude, however worn and exhausted.

All agree that the organization for the pilgrimage has been perfect in every detail. For this the credit goes chiefly to Mr. C. F. Crandall of *The Montreal Star,* Honourary Secretary, Mr. William Wallace, Assistant Secretary, Mr. J. H. Woods of *The Calgary Herald,* Mr. W. J. Taylor of *The Sentinel Review,* (Woodstock) and Mr. John Nelson of *The Vancouver World.* Mr. Nelson, Mr. Woods, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Crandall, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Dafoe met the delegates at Sydney and did a great deal to make their first days in Canada happy and interesting. But it must not be overlooked that behind all was the faithful labour and organizing genius of Lord Atholstan, Chairman of the Canadian committee, and that the journalists of Canada have had the very hearty co-operation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and the municipal authorities of all the places which have been visited. This is written before the delegates have left Toronto, but it is certain that they will be as warmly received in the Western Provinces as they have been in older Canada, and that they will have a memorable farewell in Quebec where they will complete a journey in which Canada has been profoundly interested, and of which one hopes every delegate will have only pleasant and profitable memories.

III

Whether we admit it or not there has been an unreasoning prejudice among Canadians against goods "made in Canada". For years many of the boots and shoes which it has been believed came from the United States were actually made in Canadian factories. Owing to the prejudice against the Canadian product American names have been applied to many of the lines made in this country. There have been the Yale shoe, the Boston shoe, the Bostonian shoe, the New York shoe, the Manhattan shoe, the Broadway shoe, the American shoe, the Fifth Avenue shoe and many other names which suggest American manufacture. In a retail shop a few days ago a woman bought a pair of fine shoes and expressed her deep regret that she must buy American goods because of the failure of Canadian manufacturers to produce such a sample as she had chosen. She was incredulous when told that the shoe which gave her such complete satisfaction was "made in Canada".

In many such shoes the retailers had their own stamps and the name of the manufacturer did not appear. It is stated that for many years at least twenty per cent. of the finer lines of boots and shoes made in this country have been sold as American goods. The manager of one of the best Canadian factories, producing women's shoes, is authority for the statement that two-thirds of his output has been sold as American. An Ontario manufacturer, making both men's and women's shoes, adopted for women's shoes a name which clearly indicated that they were made in Canada. In his own words "the name killed the line". But he was able to develop a splendid sale for the same shoe branded with a name which suggested American origin. Only two accounts are now taking the shoe with the original brand; all others require that the fact of Canadian manufacture shall not be disclosed. It was difficult for manufacturers to exist if they rejected the retailers' demand. Those who would not agree to have their product marked with names which could only mislead the public lost business and money.

A thorough survey of the boot and shoe industry in Canada shows that in 1918 representative firms had an average profit on turnover of only 5 1-3 per cent. and on capital investment of 7 1-2 per cent. In 1915 the average profit on turnover was 2.65 per cent. and on capital 2.91 per cent. In the furniture industry in 1917 the net profit was 2.6 per cent. and on capital 3.1 per cent. Fortunately there is support for the statement of the Board of Commerce that "business is in the main sound and honest," and that "despite high prices undoubtedly prevailing profiteering so-called, that is the taking of unjust profits, is not, in the Board's opinion, as common as may have been charged or claimed." No doubt there is profiteering, combination to maintain or increase prices, and in cases, deliberate plundering of the public. But such evils are not common and they do not exist peculiarly among manufacturers.

Sometimes, perhaps, we do not distinguish between "profiteering" and efficiency, and genius for business organization. It would be unfortunate if success in manufacture or in any other pursuit or calling should come to be regarded as a criminal offence. In the manufacture of munitions the courage and resource of Canadian manufacturers and the efficiency of Canadian labour were established, and it is true that in peace the great body of Canadian manufacturers are showing equal courage, equal resource, and a resolute determination to hold the Canadian market by the quality and prices of their products.

In 1918 Canada exported products other than manufactures to the value of $900,000,000. It has been estimated that if the manufacturing processes of even one-third of these had been completed in Canada 125,000 more workers

would have been employed, an additional $125,000,000 would have been paid in wages and salaries, and the value of the products would have been increased by $275,000,000. During 1918 foreign products to the value of $906,000,000 were brought into Canada. According to the same estimate if one-half of these goods had been produced in Canada, or if we had substituted goods made at home for one-half of the imported products, 100,000 more workers would have been employed and $100,000,000 more paid in wages and salaries. With a deficit on the national railways of $47,000,000, with an annual expenditure of $400,000,000 or $500,000,000, and with a debt of $2,000,000,000 it should not be necessary to emphasize the need of a national policy which will increase land settlement and agricultural production, maintain and expand industries, develop natural resources and carry manufacture of raw materials to the last processes in Canada.

IV

All proposals affecting the Imperial relation under discussion in Canada are opposed by the French newspapers of Quebec. As yet only *L'Evenement* among the French journals has accorded any support to Lord Jellicoe's naval proposals and its language is guarded. It admits that in 1910 "like the majority of our compatriots we were hostile to a programme of naval construction," but confesses that "tragic events since then have taught us a great deal and we realize how easy it is to upset the equilibrium of the world and how difficult it is to re-establish peace and order." In the light of these experiences it thinks that "before coming to any settled opinion" we should consider the problem of naval defence first from the standpoint of Canada and then "from the point of view of our relations with the Mother Country and the other parts of the British Empire."

Le Soleil, the Liberal organ of the Quebec district, insists that all of Lord Jellicoe's projects should be thrown into the wastepaper basket and that "only those whom jingoism blinds" could imagine that Canada has millions to spend on a navy. It traces the whole movement to "the detestable designs of conquest which are nurtured by the Imperialistic clique." *La Presse* argues that the finances of the country will not permit us to assume obligations for a navy and that "the duty of the Administration if it really intends to adopt any attitude at all in relation to Lord Jellicoe's report is to first consult the Canadian population in a general election." *La Patrie* thinks we should develop a mercantile marine and that the Government has no mandate to decide what shall be the naval policy of Canada. *Le Devoir,* organ of Mr. Bourassa, warns the country against accepting even the principle of an Imperial navy. *Le Canada,* whose editor has just been elected to the House of Commons, argues that neither Canada nor the Empire is menaced and that the time is ill-chosen to raise the naval question.

The French newspapers are as resolutely opposed to the proposal which has the support of Mr. Doherty, Minister of Justice, and Mr. Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal party, to vest power in the Canadian Parliament to amend the constitution of Canada without reference to the Imperial Parliament upon concurrence of all the Provinces in the amendments suggested. They insist that Quebec has special rights and privileges affecting laws, language and religion, guaranteed by the British North America Act, and that these may not be restricted or sacrificed. *The Montreal Gazette,* however, expresses the opinion that Quebec's hostility to the proposal will disappear when it is better understood and sees no reason why the rights and privileges of the French Province should not be secure under purely Canadian constitutional guarantees. *The Gazette* and other English newspapers point out that no request

from Canada for a constitutional amendment has been or is likely to be refused and that it is unjust and ungenerous to suggest that the Imperial Parliament has any desire to exercise authority over the Parliament of Canada or to interfere with the right of Canadians to determine the provisions of their constitution. As *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) puts it, the requirement of Imperial sanction for changes in the Canadian constitution was not "an abridgment of our national rights," but was a necessary condition to the pact of Confederation.

The Manitoba Free Press, while admitting that the privileges of minorities and the special rights of provinces guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected, does not agree that no modification of the Constitution shall be made without the approval of all the provinces. It thinks that any change suppported in a referendum by two-thirds of the people in two-thirds of the provinces, not impairing special rights and privileges, should go into effect. "The suggestion," says *The Free Press,* "put out at Ottawa that any Provincial Legislature should be given power to veto any proposal to amend the Constitution would place the whole Dominion at the mercy of the most backward section." It suggests a constituent assembly to recast the Constitution and declares that "a vast majority of Canadians are resolute in their determination that Canada shall be henceforth a nation in name and in fact; and they are not going to be deflected from their purpose by the fears, whims or prejudices of timid and reactionary elements in the population."

Quebec also regards with distrust and disfavour the proposal to abolish appeals to the Imperial Privy Council. Such a proposal has been before the Legislature of Ontario and possibly will be adopted at some future session. Quebec sets a high value on the right of appeal to "the foot of the Throne", and clearly is not too willing to have questions touching its special rights and privileges in Confederation finally determined by the Supreme Court of Canada, in which a majority of the judges are taken from the English provinces. The truth is that Quebec does not want to have the original compact of Confederation disturbed, and while opposed to Imperial projects and all the proposals of Empire federationists, holds resolutely to the Throne and to the connection with Great Britain. It may be added that whatever action may be taken by the Legislature of Ontario or of any other Province to restrict appeals to the Privy Council it is doubtful if such legislation can be effective without ratification at Ottawa. There is the further contention, perhaps of doubtful validity, that the right of appeal to the King is something of which no British subject can be deprived.

V

Newspapers favourable to public ownership contend that the Government should write down the capitalization of the National Railway System and adjust freight charges to the difference between the actual value of the roads and their total capitalization. This is a method of avoiding deficits and of misleading the people which, as a general principle in business, would produce astounding results. One effect would be to handicap private railways which have to compete with the National System and a second effect would be to impose interest charges upon the general taxpayers which should be met by higher rates for freight and passengers.

The advocates of public ownership have led the country to believe that lower freight charges and more efficient management would follow assumption of the railways by the Government. It never was suggested that capitalization would have to be reduced in order to prevent increased charges for transportation. By the method suggested losses could have been avoided under private

management. Is there so much difference between additional subsidies to private railways and reducing capitalization of public railways? Somehow or other the country must meet every obligation which has been assumed and the situation is not improved by financial jugglery.

It did not seem to enter the mind of the Government at Washington to abolish the huge deficits under public operation by reducing capitalization. By adequate reduction deficits at any moment could have been turned into surpluses and the complete success of public ownership established. But it is curious that this easy method of equalizing income and expenditure never was suggested even in Canada until a great railway system actually was acquired by the Government. There may be stretches of railway in Canada that are over-capitalized. There may have been waste or even jobbery in construction. If so it is certain that the stretches of road constructed by Government were as costly as any section built under private management. The fact of over-capitalization, therefore, is not an argument in favour of Government railways or of public control over transportation.

Moreover it is certain that great sections of private railway taken over by the Government could not now be built for what they cost eight or ten years ago. Indeed if we have any such influx of immigrants as seems to be inevitable the fact that we have a great railway system built with cheap money will be a valuable national asset. At current rates for money it is doubtful if any Canadian railway can be said to be over-capitalized, and surely there are vital objections to any action by the Government, particularly since portions of the Canadian railway system lie in the United States, which would radically alter the conditions of competition between private and public railway systems and require Railway Commissions to adjust rates with all the natural relations between competing roads complicated by Governmental undervaluation of those under public control.

VI

The Veterans of the Great War constitute a new and very formidable element in the life of Canada. If there was any apprehension that they would be a social or political danger, that has been dispelled. It is perhaps offensive even to suggest that any such apprehension could have been entertained. There are restless spirits among the soldiers but those who are agitators now were of like temper before they went oversea. In many cases, indeed, they are soberer in judgment and less aggressive in opinion and action.

In Canada as elsewhere there are symptoms of revolt against the old order, incipient Sovietism, and inflammatory writing and speaking. But few of the leaders of these extreme movements were in the army. For the most part in the older Provinces they belong to revolutionary groups of foreign origin, who enjoyed personal security and high wages, while the soldiers were fighting to maintain the free institutions which they assail. In the West there are busy recruits from Hyde Park and from the nurseries of Australian Socialism. Chiefly the fomentors of unrest are pacifists, Socialists, and Syndicalists, those among the workers who opposed conscription, and those affected by the teaching of social destructionists, and possibly in cases the secret agents of international revolutionary movements. From such enterprises the soldiers generally hold aloof, as they do apparently from all recognized groups and factions.

Indeed the great body of the soldiers are singularly quiet and reticent. They seem to have begun life over again, not with distaste for old associations, but with a detachment and a reserve that it is difficult to penetrate. For the most part they have been re-established in civil life and seem only anxious to forget their experiences oversea and to escape praise and adulation. None

so unresponsive as they when public speakers glorify their achievements. Never when they speak individually do they suggest any claim upon public favour or gratitude. They will rally to a comrade who stands for public office and they are quick to resent unfavourable criticism or any symptom of indifference towards their demands. But they will not trade in their losses and sacrifices although they expect sympathetic consideration and all reasonable opportunity to establish themselves in decent comfort and independence.

The soldiers have not come back to Canada as professional patriots. In their utterances there is no glorification of war and seldom of Empire. One does easily discover their hatred of "profiteering" and their contempt for the futilities of partisan wrangling. Even those who were social leaders before they enlisted have left any class feeling they may have had in the trenches. It is not certain that the veterans will be more active in the churches. They either loved their chaplains or regarded their personalities and ministrations with tolerant amiability. They found their own religion in the trenches, and it was expressed in a furtive fidelity to the Sermon on the Mount, a robust courage for the call of life or death and a conception of human relations not unlike that which prevailed in the old mining camps of the Sierras and the Cariboo. But whether the veterans are more or less religious it is certain that they are more intolerant of narrow sectarianism and have had probably a final release from the denominationalism which has divided and enfeebled the churches in other generations.

One feels that they have no acute interest in the issues which divided the people while they were away. They are thinking of the present and of the future, of the problems of re-establishment, of the immediate prospects of themselves and their families. Many of them, with all consideration that the State can extend, are in a less fortunate situation than when they left Canada, and it is not surprising that they should be greatly concerned to recover what they have lost or at least to escape uncertainties and anxieties for the future. They cannot fail to realize the tremendous political power which they possess. At most Canada has 9,000,000 of population. In all the Provinces woman suffrage has been established. There were nearly 600,000 men in uniform and 400,000 of these were in England or in active service in France or elsewhere. Under the system of equal suffrage between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 voters are veterans or the relatives of veterans and directly interested in pensions, gratuities and other provisions for the army. Thus nothing which the soldiers demand may be lightly ignored and nothing within reason may be withheld that can be granted without danger to the public credit and excessive strain upon the country's resources.

Fortunately the bulk of the veterans are under responsible leadership and apparently persuaded that the disposition of the Government and Parliament is to give more rather than less than the finances will permit. There is a prospect that the soldiers will unite in a single national organization and while this will give even greater power of political pressure it is manifest that they hope to prevail by reason rather than by coercion or intimidation. There is no doubt that for a generation the soldiers will be very influential in government in Canada. They will have many representatives in the Senate and the House of Commons. They will have preference in the judiciary. They will constitute a great portion of the Civil Service. One wonders if they will restrict or extend sumptuary legislation and what will be their ultimate contribution to the faith and fact of Empire. It seems hard to doubt that those who lie over in France and Flanders will walk in spirit by their sides and that the living will cherish and protect the institutions for which their comrades gave "the last full measure of devotion".

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

Bare and forbidding

THE sideroad and concession crossed where the schoolyard lay — a parcel of land, perhaps two acres in extent, fenced off from the outside corner of a corner farmstead. Denuded of everything that nature had bestowed, the plot itself presented in its various aspects nothing but a bare and forbidding prospect. But it was not intended that nature should be outraged. Having cut down the beeches and the elms, natural monuments which had raised before the settler their sureties of a fertile soil, the trustees, those misguided miscreants whom we have tolerated throughout Canada for fifty years—the trustees took thought again and planted saplings here and there along the four sides. As an unconscious protest we used to climb trees in the nearby fields, pick gum in the neighbouring swamp, or play hide-and-seek amongst the slabs and columns of the adjoining graveyard.

The graveyard was put there no doubt because it was there that we all should end soon or late. It was a Baptist graveyard, and as the school was composed of Protestants and Catholics there was but little respect for denominational distinctions or any visible reverence for consecrated clay. Clay it was that covered the schoolyard and clay covered the newly-made graves. Burials did not take place often, but it was not a remarkable co-incidence for the teacher to be conjugating the verb "to be" while the minister was repeating the familiar, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes". We had the beginning. We had the ultima thule.

A Pun and a Reason

Ultimate indeed was this incongruity. And as to the schoolhouse itself, one might suppose that it was called red because commonly it was misjudged as being well-read.* Certainly if it ever had flaunted the first primary colour its pristine

*This pun is suffered to stand in the hope that it might induce the Editor to print a defence of the pun which it is my purpose to write just as soon as I fail to think of a better subject.

Cold drab of the Weather-beaten

brilliance had changed long ago to the cold drab of the weather-beaten. Beaten assuredly it was, not only by weather but also by time and the depredations of healthy children. Its style was not Grecian, nor Georgian, nor even Colonial. It was plain clapboard, standing sheer to the elements, on the inner side of the yard, so that the outer wall at the back could serve as part of the fence. To either end a small porch, without door, was attached. A pump, long in disuse, leaned hard by, and in each of the farther corners there was a small outhouse. And while the school was ludicrous on the outside, as one reviews it now, it was equally ludicrous within.

There were two distinctive rooms, the Little Room and the Big Room. It was our privilege to enter the Little Room first. There we beheld a space about twenty feet square and ten feet high. At the farther end a blackboard extended from one side to the other, and underneath it, eight inches above the floor, there was a platform. At one end of this platform stood the teacher's desk, a high slanting device with four spindling legs that were held together four inches from the floor by four wooden bars pegged at the four corners. These bars, or at least the outside one, which was flush with the edge of the platform, served another important purpose by supporting when the school was over-crowded four boyish legs whose feet dangled in front and whose nether supports reposed on the hard floor beneath. This hard floor supported also a third small boy, but he had to sit in behind, wholly underneath the desk, with his fet thrust out like a performing bear or tucked below like a Scandinavian tailor. For him there was no dangling. He even could not kneel without bumping his head or imagining himself a prince held tight in a dungeon.

To be that boy it was my privilege in those far-off, tender years. Years, I write, but was it not an epoch?

With me under the desk, but with legs dangling over the bar in front, sat two others, a boy long dead, named Jim, and his cousin, long lost, named Dick. Of the three Jim was the oldest, and he immediately declared a dictatorship as to the preferred positions in front. Already he had disrupted our morale, especially mine, by wearing long pants, of striped cottonade, with deep side pockets. Into these pockets he loved to thrust whole pieces of chalk obtained stealthily by me from the desk's encumbered maw, just above my head. As a reward for my enterprise, Jim would perform the single shuffle, making for me a place in front beside himself, much to Dick's combined discomfort and disgust. For it was Jim's contention

First place in Jim's Affections

that Dick, being a cousin, had first place in his affections—next to chalk—and that if I should produce the chalk he would, with justice, degrade Dick. *The Justice of degradation*

But Dick, like many another boy thrown thus upon his mettle, had predatory instincts of his own, and therefore it never was long before he could reclaim the seat by delivering what always looked like the longest and fattest piece of chalk I had ever seen. Then I would have to crawl back into the shadows, beaten and bested, full of shame and the study of revenge.

Revenge never has promised so much sweetness. And at length, urged by the ghosts of my forefathers and in order to render my revenge supreme, I attempted to get a whole handful of chalk all at one haul. The teacher's back was towards me when I crept forth, but when I stretched with toes atip to make the great grab, one end of a pointer came down upon my head, causing me to withdraw quickly, sink ignominiously to my knees, and creep with inglorious countenance into my retreat. Dick sat triumphant, while I, led by the ear in deep disgrace, was placed between two ruffians on one of the side benches.

The side benches were indeed a device of the devil. It is bad enough when children are placed for hours at a time, two at a desk, or even one at a desk, in straight rows, this way and that way; but when it comes to plain pine benches put in the aisle between desks and wall, it is too much for human endurance.

It was on one of these side benches that I made my first adventure in the furtive pastime of fishing for rats. I use the word "fishing" not because we used it then, but because we fished much, through knot-holes in the floor, but caught little. Not a highly intellectual pastime, one might confess, and yet it had points of fascination. A bent pin tied to a string served as tackle, and for bait anything would do from a shred of slate rag to a morsel of cheese. Cheese, in the circumstances, was the *piéce de resistance,* and the rats rose to it like sand flies at twilight. A simile out of proportion. Nevertheless I have seen rats swarming in the space between the school floor and the soft earth beneath, and once, when the teacher moved the wood-box, a mother rat ran across the boards, to the commingled delight and fear of the children; and after she had been hurled, all crumpled, into outer space, the nest was dragged forth, and ten hairless young ones were sent squeaking and sprawling upon the floor like miniature piglets. *Sprawling like Miniature Plglets*

Numerous fishing-holes

The floor contained numerous fishing-holes, but we failed to realize that none of them was big enough for a rat to pass through. Thus with joyous patience, yet surreptitiously, we fished at every opportunity, and oftentimes we jerked a rat up against a hole and caught a glimpse of his hairy nose before it dropped back again into the gloom. But once—oh, only once!—Dick, making his first overture towards a peace, passed to me, from his seat under the desk, a long line with a fish-hook tied tight at one end. The line ran under the bench, lengthwise, and therefore most of it could not be seen. I fixed a piece of fried egg on the hook and dropped it into the widest hole. Like a trout in fly time, a big rat gulped it. I gave a yank, and immediately there was the most agonized squealing and scratching I ever had heard. In terror I let the string go, but Dick,who held the other end, drew it taut, revealing the rat's mouth and whiskers and increasing in violence the squealing and scratching. Then followed an immense hubbub. The children shouted and danced, and the teacher, not knowing what was happening, put fingers in his ears and called vainly for order. But confusion continued, and as the line still lay, almost imperceptibly, under the bench, nobody could point to the cause. Dick by this time had a foot on the farther end of the line, just where it emerged from the bench, and was looking on with keen delight but with no show of guilt.

To discover the cause was the teacher's duty, but round the rat the pressure was so great that he could not immediately elbow a way through. Meantime the squealing and scratching continued until just as the teacher squeezed in upon the scene someone jostled Dick off his balance—and the rat dropped out of sight. The line swished after it, and sometimes, even to this day, whenever I have used fishing tackle I have thought of Dick's adventure and of his piece of twisted linen, a precious possession, that went with distressing suddenness into the unsavoury burrows of ratdom, to be followed in the same breath by an occurrence without precedent—a stampede from the Big Room through the partition doorway into the Little Room.

The Big Room was composed of the big boys and girls and the Big Teacher. Into it we gazed betimes with awe and expectation, for in the natural course of events we should undergo some day the exquisite ordeal of passing into it, acknowledged as fit subjects for the higher education. But the higher education was not regarded generally as being of much account in the everyday life of our people. For without it you were a carpenter as good as if you could parse a sentence or

The Higher Education

define a noun. Without it you could plow as straight as if you could describe a circle or solve a problem given by Euclid. Without it you could set a tire or lay a brick with as nice precision as if you knew the date of the Norman Conquest. Without it you could patch a shoe or fell a tree with as much assurance as if you knew by heart "The Vision of Mirza". And without it you could knit a sock, render lard, or bake a pie with skill as fine as if you knew longitude from latitude or could name the great water routes of the world.

The real old Water route

But the water route that we all knew best was the one that lay between the school-house and the nearest farmyard, for the chronic indisposition of the pump and well in the playground made it necessary for us to transport water from another source. A patent pail was the method, and four willing arms were the means. But try as we might the water, when at length it was placed on the bench, never was in what a drover would call prime condition. If we walked leisurely in summer time it would be warm. If we ran it would spill. And whether we walked or ran dust surely covered it. But in winter time, when we turned from allaying thirst to keeping out the cold, conditions were a little more favourable. Even at that, I recall a ludicrous incident to a late autumn afternoon. Snow had been falling unexpectedly in thick, heavy flakes. Already the ground was covered, but Dick and I, undaunted, volunteered to fetch water. The sharp change of weather had caught us without mittens, and by the time we were returning our fingers began to feel numb. Then we started to run, and the water ran with us, at least, some of it ran with us, but most of it ran out. Dick held that we could make up the loss by putting in snow, which would melt and nobody need know any difference. But the snow failed to melt. Instead it mixed with the water and took the form of slush. This mongrel concoction, in blissful ignorance of its devilishness, we introduced to the school. As a libation it was a dismal failure, but as a weapon for mischief it put the old reliable, the pea gun, into the fire. Immediately we entered the room a dozen hands went up for the privilege of passing the pail. Up and down the aisles the pail was passed, and the children, instead of drinking, grabbed handfuls and with the feverish rapidity of many machinations of the devil they began to pelt one another with melting snow. Within two minutes the place was bo bespattered that the teacher, who was marked by philosophy, being of cherful texture, ordered us all out to finish the bout in the open. First, however, he had one request to make. Long had he suffered under the galling

Up and down the Aisles

The Pea gun and the Snowball

fire of the pea gun, and while he had the disposition to recognize it as an institution, he now saw a chance to supplant it with the snowball. He made his request in these words: "All ye who have pea guns draw nigh and cast forth."

We leaped to obey, and soon we saw an armful of pithless elder stalks consigned to the flames. The groans that followed from the boys were equaled only by the roar of the old box stove.

To the stove, perhaps after all, we should not commit thus summarily the enlivening pea gun, for although it might be regarded as a nuisance, this toy had its proper season, when the elder stalk was at is best, just as had also the leek, with its insufferable odour, the elm root, with its fine Havana flavour, and the spring run of suckers. The pea gun was known also in my grandfather's day, and one teacher, as I recall the account, arrogated to himself the right to use it as a whipping-rod. He always selected the biggest stalk in the school, and once when he thrashed a boy across the back the boy affirmed that the stick sounded hollow. The teacher replied with a few strokes of second-growth hickory and asked with unfeigned glee whether that sounded hollow. Years afterwards, when the rising of 1837 took place, this teacher and his former pupil came togther again as rebels in the same company. They had marched for two days without food, and the older man, weakening, began to lag behind. Presently the rest of the company fell upon a cranberry bog, and after eating until satisfied, they took up the march again much refreshed. But one of them remembered his former teacher, and filling his cap with berries he went back to where the man sat exhausted.

"Here," he said, "eat some of these."

He ate a few of the berries, and the younger man, patting him on the back, said, "There, that doesn't sound quite so hollow."

Four—the Hour for Closing

It is now four by the clock, the hour when all well-regulated public schools, even the old red one, must close.

KNITTING

Bronze casting from the model by
A. Suzor-Coté.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1920 No. 6

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

I AM not particular about biography, but I perhaps might say that my grandfather was a descendant of "John the Captive". William Longley came to Massachusetts from Yorkshire in 1636. He had eight children. The parents and five children were slain by Indians on July 27th, 1694, and the three other children were taken into captivity. The daughter Betty died of starvation. Lydia was taken by the Indians to Montreal, redeemed by the Sisters, and afterwards was taken into the nunnery, where she passed her life, attaining the position of Mother Superior. John was ransomed after having lived many years with the Indians. He had become quite accustomed to the life, but he was induced to return in 1699, and he was the father of the Longley family in North America. A monument has been erected at Groton, Mass., on the site of the old home in which the massacre took place, with this inscription:

> "Here dwelt William and Deliverance Longley with their eight children. On the 27th July, 1694, the Indians killed the father and mother, and five of the children, and carried into captivity the other three."

One member of the family at Groton came to Nova Scotia and settled in Granville, Annapolis County, and from him is descended all the members of the family in Nova Scotia having that name. I mention this fact so any one may see how near an accident it was that there should have been any of the name preserved.

On the fourth day of January, 1849, I first came into being. There were four children born to my father and mother. The oldest, at the age of thirteen, died; the second, Leigh Richmond, died at the age of two years, and my second sister, Sophie, died at the age of twelve, of

diphtheria, which was then first appearing and was considered a mysterious disease. The doctors did not know how to deal with it. I was myself eight years of age when she died. I am now in my seventy-second year and have passed on through the various trials and incidents of life, so far, in comparatively good health.

My father, Israel Longley, was thirty-six years of age when I was born. He was a successful farmer in Paradise, Annapolis County. My mother was two years his junior, a daughter of Rev. James Manning, Baptist Minister.

I did not attend school until I was nearly eleven years of age, but I devoted myself wholly and unreservedly to study, and at four I had learned to read, and then I commenced the study of geography and various matters which a youngster can have until, when I went to school, I was considerably more advanced than most children of my age.

At the age of eight I found myself an only child and spent my life chiefly in roaming about, getting up early in the morning, as the rest of them did, between four and five o'clock. One thing especially I note, and others who read this can recall similar experiences or not, exactly as the question presents itself to them, I was consumed with a vast ambition. I pictured to myself every possible achievement that was within the power of a mortal to make. My thoughts ran chiefly on political matters, and I felt there was no position in the political world which was beyond me, or which I was unable to reach. I dreamed of being governor, prime minister, of being chief justice —everything that was possible for me to achieve would be mine as surely as could be. This same consuming ambition followed me all through my school days and all through my college course, and I never for one moment doubted that whatever there was in the region of achievement possible for me to attain would be mine beyond question. Alas for human ambitions!

My father first ran an election in 1859, when I was ten years of age. He was a candidate of the Liberal party. There were three on each side. On the one side was Hon. J. W. Johnstone, at that time the leader of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia, and associated with him were Avard Longley, an uncle of mine, and Moses Shaw. On the Liberal side were Mr. W. C. Whitman, Mr. W. H. Ray and my father. It was a violent contest, and I myself took an active part in it. I hailed people on the road that were going along in carriages, got in with them and talked of the prospects. As a matter of fact, Johnstone was elected by seventeen majority. Johnstone was in power at that time, and in the election his government was defeated by a majority of four or five in a total of fifty-five seats.

In the Autumn of 1859, a series of public demonstrations were held by each party, first by Johnstone, Tupper and others, who visited the western part of the Province, and held a series of meetings, and secondly by Howe, Young, Archibald and McCully on the Liberal side. I went to the Liberal meeting, of course, and it being impossible for me to see, from the great crowd, everything that was going on, I was advanced to a place on the platform, where I viewed everything with great interest and the deepest attention, and can remember now the words uttered by the speakers.

In 1863 the next election took place, and Johnstone was again a candidate, together with Avard Longley and Mr. George Whitman, whereas my father and Ray and Moses Shaw (who had turned in the House a year or two previously) were the candidates on the Liberal side. The issues were against the Government, led by Howe and Archibald and McCully, and my father was again de-

feated by a majority of two hundred or more, and Johnstone and Tupper came into power in 1863. They had every member of the House except seventeen.

At the first session of Parliament a bill was put through the House creating a Judge in Equity. It was first put through making him Chief Justice in Equity, but it was amended in the Legislative Council, making the office only that of Judge. It was designed to create a place for Mr. Johnstone, who at this time was advanced in years, and the consequence was that at the conclusion of the session of 1864 Johnstone was appointed to the position, and Charles Tupper became Premier of Nova Scotia.

At that time Dr. Tupper introduced and carried a bill for making education compulsory. Hitherto the teachers had obtained their support only by collecting so much from each person who was sending pupils to the school. Dr. Tupper proposed to compel every person to pay a tax to the schools in the district in which they were placed. This was perfectly sound legislation and we had held off long enough in this Province, and Adam G. Archibald, who was the leader of the Liberal party, had really supported the measure, but it created great dissatisfaction in the country and was one of the means likely to involve the Government in defeat at the next election.

But Dr. Tupper projected another matter, which was far-reaching in its consequences and constituted the main object of the elections in 1867. He proposed that a conference should be held of the Premiers and various members of Government of the three Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, which was held at Charlottetown. They had proceeded but a short time in the consideration of the matter when it became evident that it was impossible to agree to any plan at the time, for the simple reason that Prince Edward Island refused to embrace any system of government that did not make Charlottetown the capital of the whole, and they were about to break up without accomplishing anything when they received notice that a deputation from the Government of Canada would meet them and make propositions for a larger union. Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Hon. George Brown and others came to Charlottetown and proposed a scheme for a larger union. The Government of Canada was in reality a coalition, composed of the leaders of both parties, which had been formed for the purpose of devising a scheme by which government could be carried on in Canada successfully without continual dissensions, and George Brown was exceedingly active in propounding a policy of union of all the colonies in British America and forming a Federal Government which would embrace them all. After having outlined his policy as successfully as he could, he induced the three Provinces concerned and also Newfoundland to send delegates to Quebec for the purpose of forming a Federal Government, and subsequently they met in Quebec, in October, and framed an Act for the union of the several Provinces.

It happened that New Brunswick was to have an election immediately. It had been agreed by all the delegates present that the terms of the scheme should not be made known until the legislatures of the several Provinces met, but, as an election was to be held in New Brunswick, the nature of the compact became known, and it was submitted then, in reality, to the electors of New Brunswick, with the result that the Government of Hon. S. L. Tilley and Hon. Peter Mitchell was completely wiped out, and a Government, of which Albert J. Smith was the leader, was called into existence, and arrangements were

made for carrying on the Government entirely opposed to any scheme of confederation. The effect of this was to immediately postpone the question as far as Nova Scotia was concerned and also as far as Prince Edward Island was concerned. Canada proceeded to discuss the question and the Government carried it by a large majority.

In Nova Scotia the attitude of the parties in 1865 was peculiar. The Government and both the leaders of the Opposition were in favour of union, but the majority of New Brunswick had rejected it by a large majority, and it therefore became the business of the Government not to press the scheme at all. Dr. Tupper, in order to let himself down as easily as possiible, proposed that they should go on with the scheme of uniting the three Lower Provinces, although he knew at the time that this could not be accomplished, and so passed by the session of 1865. In 1866 New Brunswick had completely changed in regard to the subject, and in a very short time, owing to various matters which it is not necessary to dwell upon at length here, the anti-confederate Government was defeated and Hon. Leonard Tilley and Peter Mitchell came back into power. Then it was that Mr. William Miller, an anti-confederate member in Nova Scotia, proposed that Nova Scotia should send delegates to a convention to be held in London to frame a scheme that could be accepted by the people of Nova Scotia, and this was taken advantage of by Dr. Tupper, and a delegation of five was appointed to go to London and cooperate with the Government there, who had already sent representatives to such a convention. New Brunswick did the same thing. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland rejected it and stayed out.

In London the scheme was fully discussed and it was carried, very largely according to the resolutions adopted in Quebec in 1864, and it was provided that the Act should come into operation by proclamation by Her Majesty in Council on July 1st, 1867. This led to a tremendous contest in Nova Scotia on the question of it being carried by a partisan convention at London without having consulted the people in any respect, and Nova Scotia came to the front in such an emergency with Joseph Howe as leader of the anti-confederate party, and in the election of 1867 only two members—Blanchard from Inverness and H. G. Pineo of Cumberland —were elected to the Local House. Dr. Tupper himself squeezed through by a narrow majority in the Federal House. Therefore, by an overwhelming majority, the Province of Nova Scotia had determined that she would have no part or parcel in the matter of Confederation.

In the year 1866 I had made sufficient advance in the common school department to go to Wolfville to enter the collegiate school there and prepare for matriculation, but the trustees of the school at Paradise the next spring had engaged Mr. Freeman Tufts as teacher in the school, and it was felt that I could most successfully study under him for the matriculation examination, and I consequently left the Academy and returned to study in the school under Mr. Tufts for a period of time, then went back and finished the course at the Academy, and matriculated into College in May, 1867. The period of four years which I spent at college were, in many respects, the most interesting of my life. It was not that I regarded the question of study as the important matter. It afforded an excellent opportunity to cherish my dreams of ambition, and it afforded unlimited scope for sentimental developments with the girls at the Academy and elsewhere. I will not refer to these in detail now. A whole volume could be written of the various escapades and adventures of this,

my college life. They are things which should be remembered by all, and some day I may be able to picture as well as possible the scenes, but in the meantime they will pass into oblivion.

I attended the first political meeting of my life at the age of ten years, at which Young, Howe, Archibald and McCully spoke at Aylesford. It was a great event to me. I had been dreaming even before this for years about politics and politicians, and the names of theses men had been as familiar to me as could be, and I was placed upon the platform, as a small boy, in order that I might see and hear well. William Young was at this time the leader of the party, Howe having devoted himself to the work of building the Provincial railway in 1854, having retired from leadership of the Government, Young taking his place; and when the Government was defeated in 1857 and the whole Liberal party went out, Howe went with the rest, but Young remained the leader. Young appeared to best advantage at this meeting. Howe was left until the last and the meeting was pretty well exhausted by this time. Benjamin Weir, Adam G. Archibald and Jonathan McCully and William Young had spoken by this time and Howe had been addressing himself to the ladies and getting them all in proper humour, but he did not appear to full advantage at this meeting. It was a meeting of the Liberal leaders after the election and was intended to bring them into prominence. They had only won the election by a small majority, four or five, but they were pretty certain to defeat the Government. I enjoyed this experience above all else in my life. The meeting was held at Aylesford in the county of Kings, which is next to the county of Annapolis, and in order to get there in time, we had to start before daylight in the morning, but arrived on the spot in sufficient time to see the carriage drive up with four horses, containing the various speakers, who were received with great huzzahs on all sides. The next opportunity I had was when Tupper, as Premier and Provincial Secretary, came to Bridgetown and held a meeting on Confederation. It was a crowded meeting, and I have no doubt that a great majority of the meeting was opposed to Confederation. Tupper was at his best. He was not met on that occasion by a real opponent. The Hon. Mr. Musgrave, who was really a most genial and happy type of speaker, made some remarks and they were hostile to Confederation, but they were not of a political character, and therefore had not the weight that would attach to the matter otherwise. Dr. Robertson was present and made a few observations, which, while he was a highly respected clergyman, had no effect upon the meeting, but at the end of it young Mr. Gidney, son of the famous Angus M. Gidney, editor of *The Free Press*, rose and moved a resolution offering great hostility to the present scheme. This was seconded and put to the meeting. My father was chairman of the meeting at the time. As the place was packed with people, it was impossible to form a division, and therefore my father proposed that those who were in favor of the resolution should go out, whereupon the meeting arose, as far as I could judge, two-thirds, and rushed towards the door. But Tupper at once took advantage of the occasion to rise and make all sorts of exclamations—"Would you tie the hands of your representatives?" and all such remarks as that, which the parties going out stopped to hear, which prevented any real division from taking place, and Tupper afterwards stated that he had scarcely been able to miss from this great meeting in Annapolis the people who had gone and supported the resolution.

The next meeting I attended was a memorable one. It was held in the

spring of 1867, and was the occasion of Joseph Howe appearing in Bridgetown to formulate his policy of opposition to the union. He first went into the Court House, but the meeting could not nearly all get in, and therefore it was resolved that, as the weather was fine, they should go outside, and Howe spoke from the steps of the court house. Howe was then in the very palm of his ability, and he made a speech on that occasion that would drive any politician wild, and produced an effect upon me in regard to his oratory that is unequalled, and I am now approaching my seventy-second year. One extract from his speech will enable one to form an idea of how brilliant was his oration:

"Aye, but think of the attractions of Ottawa! They may be very great, but I think I may be pardoned if I prefer an old city beside the Thames. London is large enough for me, and you will no doubt prefer London with its magnificent proportions to Ottawa with its magnificent distances. London! the commercial centre of the world, the nursing mother of universal enterprise, the home of the arts, the seat of Empire, the fountain-head of civilization. London where the Lady we honour sits enthroned in the hearts of her subjects, and where the statesmen, the warriors, the orators, historians and poets, who have illustrated the vigour of our race and the compass of our language repose beneath piles so venerable we do not miss the cornice and the pilaster. London! where the archives of a nationality not created in a fortnight are preserved, where personal liberty is secured by the decision of free courts and where legislative chambers the most elevated in tone, control the national councils and guard the interests of the Empire. Surely with such a capital as this we need not seek for another in the backwoods of Canada, and we may be pardoned if we prefer London under the dominion of John Bull, to Ottawa under the dominion of Jack Frost."

The election on Confederation came on in September and resulted in Howe's magnificent victory. I heard later in Bridgetown a debate that took place upon the question of Confederation between Avard Longley, who was the candidate for the Dominion, and Jared C. Troop, who was a candidate for the Provincial House. Both were speakers who were well known, possessed great ability and exerted all their best powers on that occasion. The result was that Avard Longley was defeated and Ray was returned for the Dominion, and J. C. Troop and D. C. Landers were elected by a large majority to the Local House. J. C. Troop was immediately made a member of the Government which was formed after the election, and was sent as a delegate to London with Howe and Annand. He was afterwards Speaker of the House of Assembly and was about to be appointed a Judge of the County Court when he suddenly died in 1874.

My next political meeting was at Windsor. Howe had accepted office in 1869 with the Dominion Government, and had come to the county of Hants for endorsement. It is needless to say that this step was a momentous one, because it followed so quickly the avalanche of hostility to Confederation, and the people of Nova Scotia, viewing the matter as a whole, had no idea that such a verdict as Nova Scotia had returned would fail of accomplishing its real object. Those that were cold-blooded and vested with clear common sense realized that nothing could be accomplished in opposing the union. Howe and Tupper had discussed the matter fully while in London and the momentous consequences of such a step were brought before Howe, and the necessity of some action on his part which would satisfy the people of Nova Scotia was recognized.

However, Howe had entered into arrangements whereby better terms would be given Nova Scotia. They had been arranged in Portland, Maine, and Howe had gone to Ottawa and been sworn into the Government. This was a patriotic step and worthy of a statesman, but, on the other hand, if Howe had had money enough to exist without it, it was a mistake in

many respects. It destroyed confidence on the part of multitudes of persons in Nova Scotia in regard to the great leader. It was the first time he had been placed in such peculiar and embarrassing circumstances, and if he could have exerted his influence in some other way except by going into the Cabinet at Ottawa, it would have been far better from an historical point of view. Howe's reputation, it must be understood, and his position as a great man, is dependent not at all upon his career as a politician. His letters and addresses to the people of England, together with his utterances in regard to various matters are of so much higher and more dignified character than that of any other public man of Canada, or in the Empire for that matter, that his reputation is beyond doubt or question, but no doubt he is placed under a peculiar state of things by people who do not reason well on account of his sudden change in the matter of confederation.

The meeting in Windsor was held about February, 1869, and it was the first appearance of Howe before an audience in Nova Scotia since he had accepted office, and those present on that occasion filled the court house to overflowing and it was necessary for Howe when passing up to the platform to elbow his way as best he could through the crowd of people. His first reception was entirely unfavourable. He was received with shouts and hoots and hisses all the way from the door to the platform. He began his speech, as he did all his speeches, with a desire to please and create an impression in his favour, but he was handicapped throughout by the hostile feeling which came from all parts of the court-house and was chiefly engineered by a crowd of men who had organized for that purpose. He was followed by Mr. M. H. Goudge, who was then alive and active in public life and was President of the Legislative Council at the age of ninety-one, but who died only a few months ago. He spoke but a short time and was received with tremendous applause. Hon. A. G. Jones followed and made a very formidable speech as representing the opposition interests in the Province, and he spoke with considerable effect and amid great applause. When he had finished, it was twilight, and the lights had been lit in the court-house. Howe rose to reply, and all the innate force of the man and his power over masses of people never came at a greater advantage. The little clique of clackers were silenced, and great applause burst forth from the people assembled, as Howe proceeded. At last he came to this passage:

> "But my friend Mr. Goudge says that I am ambitious. Ambitious am I? Well, I was ambitious that Nova Scotia should have a free press and free, responsible government. I fought for it and I won it. Ambitious am I? Well, a man at my time of life can be supposed to have but little ambition any way, but I am ambitious that when in my declining years I ride up and down the length and breadth of Nova Scotia I may receive the same confidence and love from her sons that in days gone by I received from their sires."

The audience then burst out into loud applause.

Although Mr. Howe was successful in this election, he was subjected to a serious breakdown on account of his health, which was now beginning to fail, and the campaign on behalf of his election had to be carried on by others of his friends. It is said that when he broke down in health and was staying at a certain place in the county of Hants in bed, Dr. Tupper took advantage of the occasion and quietly went to his bedside without having any noise or fuss made about it, and told him that he sympathized with him in the great contest that was going on and that he had every confidence that he would win, but, if by any accident he should fail, he, Tupper, would place the constituency of Cumberland at his disposal and see

that he was returned by a handsome majority. "But," said Howe, "what of yourself for the time being?"

"For myself," said Tupper, "I will go into the Local House and make it warm for the Government."

The incident is worth preserving, though, of course, as Mr. Howe was elected by 380 majority, it has nothing to do with any future relationships of the two parties.

Mr. Howe was elected and went to the House and was present during the sessions of 1869-'70-'71-'72, but he was not himself. In the first place, he was approaching seventy years of age; in the second place, he had been always used to leading and having supreme command, whereas in Ottawa Sir John Macdonald was Premier; George E. Cartier occupied a tremendous position of responsibility in the Government; Sir Francis Hincks was Finance Minister, and Tupper exercised the greatest command over matters which pertained especially to Nova Scotia. Therefore, he did not appear at his best, but all the same in those matters which constitute great thoughts, looking to the larger development of Imperial interests of Canada, he made use of expressions and gave utterance to opinions that have not yet borne their full fruit and which may be said to constitute the origin and beginning of the prevailing Imperialistic views of to-day.

(To be continued.)

BURKE AND HARE IN LITERATURE

BY D. FRASER HARRIS

IT cannot for a moment be maintained that great criminals have not had their place in literature, although some of them have obtained their dishonourable mention quite as much by reason of their exalted position as by the enormity of their crimes, of whom we might take Nero, Heliogabalus and the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, as examples. But the Irishmen William Burke and William Hare, who were members of the very lowest stratum of society, have obtained their place in literature solely by reason of the novelty and enormity of the unparalleled wickedness of which they were guilty. They are certainly in literature, for they are referred to by Sir Walter Scott both in his leters and in the *Journal,* by John Gibson Lockhart, by Lord Cockburn, by Thomas de Quincey, by Robert Chambers, by Lord Macaulay, by George Eliot, by James Grant, the novelist, by Professor Saintsbury, by Robert Louis Stevenson, by Archbishop Trench, and by Mrs. Gaskell. The flood of contemporary doggerel verses for consumption on the street was considerable. The trial of Burke and his paramour, Helen Macdougall, is the subject of several treatises, one as early as 1829, the other as late as 1884. The murders were the subject of magazine articles as late as 1867. Dr. Robert Knox, whose dissecting-rooms received all the victims, insisted on a commission being called together to investigate the sensational charges made against him; and within three years of the murders, Parliament passed an act for the licensing and supervising of duly qualified teachers of practical anatomy. As recently as April, 1917, in the first number of the first volume of "The Annals of Medical History", published in New York, there is an article by Dr. Charles W. Burr on "Burke and Hare and the Psychology of Murder". Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, in his exhaustive and valuable "History of Medicine", has a brief but accurate account of the murders, in which he discusses Knox's innocence.

William Burke, like Captain Boycott, his fellow-countryman, is one of the few men whose name has become an English verb, for "to burke" an inquiry is to stifle it—stifling or suffocating his intoxicated victims being the method adopted by this murderer to avoid leaving any trace of external violence on the body. In Sir Walter Scott's diary for March 7th, 1829, we read: "This extrication of my affairs, though only a Pisgah prospect, occupies my mind more than is fitting; but without some such hopes I must have felt like one of the victims of the wretch Burke, struggling against a smothering weight on my bosom, till Nature could endure it no longer." Burke's method apparently disturbed

the dreams of the dying novelist, for in the delirium of his last illness he kept repeating, "Burke, Sir Walter". Lockhart's words are, "A few times, also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and 'Burke, Sir Walter, escaped him in a melancholy tone." The occasion referred to was an elction at Jedburgh in May, 1831, when his carriage was mobbed.

But the reasons for the celebrity of these miscreants are by no means exhausted. The trial of Burke and Helen Macdougall, as might be supposed, was one of the most sensational ever held in the High Court of Justiciary in the Parliament House at Edinburgh. It began at 10.15 a.m. on the morning of December 24th, 1829, and did not end until 9.30 a.m. the next day, Chirstmas morning. It therefore lasted all day and all night: the jury was absent only fifty minutes. The medico-legal aspects were entirely new; the evidence of Dr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Christison, the medical expert for the Crown, being of unusual interest. It came out that no signs whatever of external violence could be detected on the bodies, if one excepted the rupture of some cervical ligaments, an injury which, as Christison had to admit, could perfectly well have been produced *post mortem*. As a matter of fact, these ligaments were ruptured by the corpses being forced, bent up, into relatively too small tea-chests or barrels which the ruffians used to transport their victims on a handcart or "hurrley" or on their shoulders to Knox's rooms.

A number of lawyers either at that time possessing or subsequently attaining to the highest distinction were engaged on the case whose legal aspects gave rise to a prolonged debate between Bench and Bar, and, indeed, constituted a precedent for all subsequent procedure. The subject in debate was whether Hare and his wife, certainly accomplices in a majority of the murders, could be permitted to give evidence—so-called King's evidence—against Burke; and if so, could the Hares be cross-examined in regard to murders in which they had assisted Burke but for which Burke was not being tried. It was decided that King's evidence might be admitted, but that Hare could not be forced to answer any question he did not wish to relating to any parts he might have played in the grim dramas.

The popular interest in all this rose to an indescribable pitch of intensity. No fewer than fifty-five witnesses were called, amongst them William Pultney Alison, M.D., Professor of the Theory of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, and also three of Dr. Knox's assistants, two of them eminent in after life; Thomas Wharton Jones, Huxley's teacher of physiology at Charing Cross, who was the discoverer of the diapedesis of leucocytes, and William Ferguson, later Sir William, the distinguished surgeon. At least two of the lawyers involved in the case, Mr. Francis Jeffrey and Mr. Henry Cockburn, became, as Lords Jeffrey and Cockburn respectively, not only ornaments of the Scottish bar but world-renowned figures in the republic of Scottish letters. Sir Walter Scott's interest in the case was very largely professional.

The execution by hanging of William Burke in the open air at eight o'clock outside the Old Tolbooth prison at the head of Liberton's wynd, on the morning of January 28th, 1829, was witnessed by 20,000 persons on the lowest estimate and by 40,000 on the highest. It was destined to be one of the last of public executions within the realm of Scotland, and Burke the last person sentenced to be hanged and dissected. This sentence was carried out in all its grimness, for the body was publicly anatomized by Professor Monro (*tertius*) in his lecture room at the University, through which, in the course of two days, 30,000 persons filed past the

corpse. Sir William Hamilton, of the chair of Metaphysics; George Coombe, the phrenologist; Mr. Liston, the surgeon, and Mr. Joseph, the sculptor, were among the spectators. The skeleton was prepared as an osteological specimen, as had been directed in the sentence, and exists to this day in the museum of the Department of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh. Here, too, is a piece of Burke's skin, tanned to leather. It used to be said in medical circles in Edinburgh that one or two tobacco pouches or pocket books had been made out of the murderer's skin; they were described as "soft as glove leather".

It was not merely that Burke and Hare murdered people; they were deliberate, systematic, ingenious and one may say scientific murderers. This is the aspect that appealed to DeQuincey when he mentions them in his "Murder as one of the Fine Arts". They employed the simple method of asphyxiation following on alcoholic intoxication—putting their hands over the mouth and nose of the victim—a method suggested by Hare as one leaving no external signs of violence and one at that time unknown to medical jurists. The miscreants received for each corpse sums varying from £7 to £14, which, to idle and illiterate men in their position, were very large sums indeed. In the space of less than eleven months they dispatched at least sixteen persons—male and female, old and young, hideous and comely, it mattered not; they were tracked down, decoyed, poisoned, suffocated, and sold to be dissected. It was said that one of the demonstrators, Dr. Ferguson, and some of the students recognized two of the bodies as those of persons not only very recently in good health but alive and walking on the Edinburgh streets, namely "Daft Jimmie" or James Wilson, an idiot youth, and Mary Patterson, a prostitute, whose body was so well developed that Knox did not permit it to be dissected, but had it preserved in alcohol to demonstrate certain points in myology. It is on record that he brought in an artist to view the corpse.

The last victim was an old woman called Doherty, who was murdered on the night of Friday, October 31st, 1828, in Burke's room, and whose body David Paterson, Knox's porter, was brought to see on the Saturday morning as it lay in the straw at one side of the bed. Later in the day the corpse was delivered at Knox's, Surgeon's Square. Lodgers in the neighbouring rooms, who had seen the old woman alive on Hallowe'en, searched Burke's room early the next morning and found the body as described; but while they went out to fetch the police it had disappeared and Burke and Hare had set off for Newington, where Knox lived in order to be paid for "the subject", as it happened, their last.

Burke and Hare were at no time body-snatchers, although to allay suspicion they encouraged a belief to that effect among inquisitive neighbours in the West Port. They discovered that with much less risk and fatigue they could command prices quite as high as those paid to the riflers of graves or "resurrectionists", as they were always called. R. L. Stevenson has perpetuated this inaccuracy in the chapter on Greyfriars in his "Edinburgh Picturesque Notes".

Phrenology was all the rage when Burke's brain was dissected, and the professors of that pseudo-science lost no time in examining this notorious person in the light of their great delusion. The phrenological report given in the "West Port Murders" (Edinburgh 1829, Anonymous) occupies eleven pages and includes copious measurements of Burke's head and a description of the cast that was made of it.

The report bristles with all the flagrant errors and consummate nonsense of the phrenologists in their heyday.

We may judge how reliable an estimate of character the expert phrenologists of 1829 could make when we are solemnly told that Burke, one of the most desperate and cold-blooded of modern criminals, a man who could break the back of a child, who a moment before was sitting on his knee and whose grandmother he had just smothered, "was deficient neither in benevolence nor conscientiousness". He was a savage, drunken monster, and we are informed he had a "bump" of veneration and of philo-progenitiveness. This philological exactitude means "love of children"—possibly he loved children after the fashion that Germans love the weaker nations around them. Burke and Hare also murdered an Italian boy, a street musician, who carried about tame white mice; the phrenologists must have overlooked the bump of love for harmless foreign musicians. Burke not being physically so perfectly repulsive as Hare, acted as the decoy to entice his victims into the den in Tanner's close. And yet the list given us of nice bumps is a long one. We need not thrash a dead horse; the pseudo-science of phrenology died long ago believing to the last that the cerebellum is "the organ of amativeness". Of course Burke had a large cerebellum.

As will be gathered from the passages quoted from Scott and Cockburn, the public certainly believed that Dr. Knox and some of his assistants were aware that murder was being committed, even if they did not instigate it. The popular outcry against Knox was very intense. He was called for at the trial, and at the execution the crowd cried, "Hang Knox too". The windows of his house at 4 Newington Place were smashed by the mob, and for many years he could not live in Edinburgh. This bitter feeling was not confined to the lower orders, for, as is seen in the quotation given later, Sir Walter himself did not think that Knox ought to have come forward and attempt to read an anatomical paper at the Royal Society, as he proposed to do, within three weeks of the conclusion of the trial and while the monster Burke was still unhanged (January 14th, 1829). Certainly good taste was not one of Knox's strong points. Lord Cockburn, however, considered Knox perfectly innocent. There exists a declaration signed by Burke while a prisoner in the Tolbooth, to the effect that neither Knox nor any of his assistants was, as the lawyers put it, accessory before the fact. The scrawl runs thus: "Burke declares that Doctor Knox never incouraged him. Nether taught or incoreged him to murder any person Nether any of his assistants that worthy gentleman Mr. Fergeson was the only man that ever mentioned anything about the bodies. He inquired where we got that young woman paterson. Sined, William Burk, prisoner."

Knox demanded that a committee of prominent citizens should be formed to investigate the rumours and charges in regard to him. The committee consisted of Mr. Allan, banker; Dr. W. P. Alison, Professor of the Theory of Physic, the University; Sir George Ballingall, Professor of Military Surgery; Mr. Brown, Advocate; Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Philosophy, University; Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Robinson, Secretary to the Royal Society; Mr. Russell, Professor of Clinical Surgery; Mr. (later Sir) George Sinclair; Mr. Stewart, Advocate.

After deliberating for six weeks, this commission issued its report on March 13th, 1829. It is given in full in Lonsdale's "Life of Knox", and there occupies three crown octavo pages of small print. The report concludes in these words: "The extent therefore to which (judging from the evidence they have been able to procure) the committee think that Dr. Knox can be blamed on account of

transactions with Burke and Hare, is that by his laxity of the regulations under which bodies were received into his rooms be unintentionally gave a degree of facility to the disposal of the victims of their crimes which, under better regulations, would not have existed; and which is doubtless matter of deep and lasting regret not only to himself but to all who have reflected on the importance and are therefore interested in the prosecution of the study of Anatomy. But while they point out this circumstance as the only ground of censure which they can discover in the conduct of Dr. Knox, it is fair to observe that perhaps the recent disclosures have made it appear reprehensible to many who would not otherwise have adverted to its possible consequences."

The committee was clearly satisfied that there was no evidence that Knox had any guilty knowledge of the murders or that he had. in fact, any suspicion of foul play, although there were circumstances which might have created such suspicion in his mind. What ought to have been the really suspicious thing about the whole affair was that all the bodies were "fresh", that is, had evidently never been coffined or buried. We have to remember that before the passing of the Anatomy Act in 1832, the only sources for "subjects", besides the bodies of murderers sentenced to be hanged and dissected, were corpses disinterred by "resurrectionists".

Therefore, Professor Wilson, in his attack on Knox, in the "Noctes", is perfectly justified in saying that Knox ought to have had his suspicions aroused by the arrival in his rooms of a whole series of bodies which showed no signs of having been buried. The idea that so many bodies could have been purchased in so short a time was perfectly absurd, and was clearly a stupid but impudent falsehood. Knox knew as well as anybody else that the Scottish poor did not sell the bodies of their dead relatives; and he must have known there is no property in a corpse. Of course, the plain truth is that Knox did not want to inquire, and was far too occupied with his teaching and his researches ever to trouble to cross-question two illiterate blackguards, whom he left to be interviewed by his porter and occasionally by his assistants.

Robert Knox, who attained to this highly undesirable notoriety, was probably one of the most successful lecturers on Anatomy or anything else that Scotland has ever produced. There is no doubt that, an able man naturally, he had the gift of teaching so that he showed up all the more advantageously against the third Monro, who was as stale, flat and unprofitable a lecturer as one could well conceive. The first and second Monros had been towers of strength to the Edinburgh School of Medicine, the third was unoriginal and inept. The students had to "take out" Monro's lectures to qualify for their examination, but they went to Knox to learn the subject. Dr. Knox researched widely in Comparative Anatomy, and was one of the first to grasp and teach the views of Xavier Bichât on the classification and structure of the tissues. He was born in Scotland in 1791 and died in London in 1862. Undoubtedly some of his popularity with the students was due to his theatrical style of lecturing. He had what we should consider some objectionable mannerisms, and he was dandified to a nauseous degree. He lectured in a dress coat (the object of that being to avoid soiling the skirts of a coat not cut away at the sides); he wore several rings, he displayed much more than the usual amount of frills on his shirt, and he used scent freely. Notwithstanding all this, Knox was not in the least effeminate. When the popular outcry against him was at its height, he knocked a man down in College Street for shouting some insulting remark at him. When, on the 12th of February, 1829, a mob

had burned him in effigy and made a furious demonstration outside his house and had broken all his windows, he showed no signs of physical fear whatever. He did not owe his popularity as a lecturer to his good looks, for his face, which was admittedly ugly, was badly marked with smallpox, and he was blind in the left eye. Apart altogether from the odium he incurred from his connection with the murders, Knox was not popular with his medical brethren, for he was not diplomatic in his intercourse with them, and he held in opposition to them very strong views on some subjects of anatomical controversy. It is to be suspected that he rather enjoyed argument. He is described by his biographer, Lonsdale, a pupil, as really kind-hearted, especially to the poor; on one occasion he gave a starving man his last five shillings and dined off a penny roll.

The chief actors in this sordid drama were young: Knox was thirty-seven, and Burke only thirty-six years old when he was hanged, for he was born in 1792. He was a native of the parish of Orry in County Tyrone, Ireland. When was was about twenty he married a young woman in Ballina, County Mayo, by whom he had seven children, all of whom, except one boy, died as infants. Deserting his wife, he went over to Scotland to get work on the Forth and Clyde Canal which was under construction in 1817 and 1818. While engaged as a labourer on this work in Stirlingshire, he met the woman Macdougall, recently a widow, and thenceforth they agreed to live together; according to the reports of neighbours they were continually quarrelling, and on one occasion Burke nearly killed her.

That there should have been a great outcry for the execution of Hare is perfectly intelligible. He seems to have been one of the most squalid and depraved wretches that human eyes were ever set upon—ghoulish, ferocious, diabolical, inhumanly ugly, are the terms used to describe him. Burke averred in one of his confessions that Hare either alone or assisted by his wife murdered several of the sixteen victims, including "Daft Jimmie". To one of the jailers who had said to Burke that he never wished to see the man forgiven who could have murdered the poor, harmless idiot "Daft Jimmie", Burke replied, "I am soon to die. . . I have no interest in telling a lie. . . I am as innocent of Daft Jimmie's blood as you are. He was taken into Hare's house and murdered by him and his wife." All who examined Hare were unanimous in the conclusion that he was absolutely destitute of moral sense. He could neither read nor write. He had to fly from the vengeance of the Edinburgh mob by the help of the Dumfries coach one dark night in February, 1829. He was booked as "Mr. Black", a not wholly inappropriate pseudonym. Immediately on arrival in Dumfries he was recognized and greeted with cries of "Burke him, burke him". He would have been dispatched then and there had he not contrived to run for his life into the shelter of the town prison. From here he was smuggled away to his native Ireland. The mob assailed the building all day long, and not until one hundred special constables were sworn in was order restored. Hare was a native of Armagh, and believed to be only about twenty-five years of age at the time of the trial.

David Paterson, Knox's porter, was evidently a man not easily repressed. In April, 1829, he had the effrontery to write to no less a man than Sir Walter Scott, offering him a collection of anecdotes relating to the murders, and suggesting that he, Scott, should write something on the subject. The public believed that Paterson knew a good deal about the crimes. Burke distinctly stated that Paterson knew where he and Hare lived, but that neither Knox nor any of his assistants knew. Seeing that

Paterson lived in the West Port itself, at number 26, which he gave as his address in court at his cross-examination as a witness, it is on the face of it exceedingly probable that he knew not only where Burke lived, but how Burke was living. Paterson was astute enough to see that there was money in a story of the West Port murders based on personal knowledge, and he probably contemplated an advantageous monetary arrangement with the "Great Unknown".

In the days of body-snatching it was the recognized thing for the dissecting-room porter to deal directly with the resurrectionists and keep some portion of their fees for his part in the business. He was the middleman, and got that necessary evil's profits. But more than that, the anatomists themselves had to depend on the body-snatchers for their entire supply of subjects, and of course they had to pay them well.

The anatomists were very dissatisfied with the absence of legislation in regard to practical anatomy, and they implored successive governments to legislate in such a way that teachers of anatomy might, without scandal, carry on their indispensable work. All their attempts to overcome the official functional inertia were unavailing until the Edinburgh murders aroused the public generally to a sense of the unfair position in which the anatomists were placed. They had to have human bodies; the legal source of supply, persons executed for murder, was far too small; they had to accept bodies from the resurrectionists, although they detested them and their methods. But the law would not come to their aid. Of course the difficulty of acquiring bodies for dissection was not one confined to our own country. Vesalius, the Belgian, the Father of Anatomy, bitterly laments the difficulties he had in his time (1530) both as a student and later as a teacher. On the continent of Europe the chief supply was from suicides and the bodies of friendless persons who had died in the poor-houses.

There can be no doubt whatever that "An Act for Regulating Schools of Anatomy" (*Anno secundo et tertio, Gulielmi* IV *Regis Cap*: LXXV) was the direct outcome of the West Port atrocities. It is known as Warburton's Act, and became law on August 1st. 1832, since when British schools of anatomy have been properly and legally conducted. Part of the preamble reads as follows: "And whereas, in order further to supply human bodies for such purposes, divers great and grievous crimes have been committed, and lately murder, for the single object of selling for such purposes the bodies of the persons so murdered. And whereas, therefore, it is highly expedient to give Protection under certain Regulations to the study and practice of Anatomy and to prevent, as far as may be, such great and grievous crime and murder as aforesaid; Be it therefore enacted," etc.

The murders alluded to in the Act are without any possible doubt those of the Burke and Hare series. The Act contains 21 provisions, one being that the old law of George II, directing the body of a murderer to be dissected after execution, be repealed. No less a man than Lord Macaulay spoke in favour of the bill.

It is natural that I take more than an ordinary interest in these crimes, seeing that I have known intimately two persons who witnessed Burke's execution, one, the late Mr. F. S. M., of Edinburgh, one of the clerks of the Court of Session; the other, my maternal grand-uncle, William Sutherland Fraser, W.S., Procurator-fiscal for the County of Sutherland and sometime Provost of Dornoch, the county town of Sutherlandshire. Mr. M., only a boy at the time of the execution, was enabled to see it through the kindness of a man who placed him on his shoulders. My grand-uncle (b. 1800, d. 1888)

was one of the junior counsel engaged on the case. I saw him for the last time when he was eighty years of age, and he then recounted to me, with the full detail of an eye-witness, the story of the trial and execution. So deep an impression had it made on him that he remembered those distant scenes very much better than many recent events.

The actual houses in Tanner's close, West Port, where the crimes were committed, have long ago disappeared in city improvements. I could, however, take anyone desirous of seeing the locality to within two hundred yards of Burke's haunts.

The towering mass of the mediæval castle of Edinburgh frowns grimly over the place where murders more dreadful than any perpetrated in the darkness of its dungeons were carried out in hovels, some of them under the full light of day.

No wonder that Edinburgh was scandalized! Edinburgh, the Calvanistic Holy of Holies, the very high place of Presbyterianism! Edinburgh, with its martyrs of the Grassmarket and their graves scarcely a stone's throw from these scenes of unimaginable turpitude, had good reason to be scandalized! Edinburgh the royal and saintly; the school of a decorum that was a very paragon to less favoured places; the centre of social illumination and multiform culture, in ecclesiastical, legal, educational, medical, scientific and charitable circles: this city had revealed to it with sudden and brutal frankness such unplumbed depths of degradation to which it had been thought no human nature, male or female, could ever descend. It was a terrible unveiling to the city of that other Knox—John the stern Reformer—the reprover of all iniquity, the great citizen of that same Edinburgh the *Uutima Thule* of respectability.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by W. E. Atkinson, Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

THE PUBLIC TELEGRAPH

BY GEORGE L. STRYKER

HERE is nothing, perhaps, concerning which the public is more curious and knows less about than the manner in which the great daily volume of commercial telegraph business is handled.

The inner workings of the metropolitan newspaper is to the majority an enigma, but the operation of the telegraph to the uninitiated is a puzzle infinitely greater.

To the old-time telegrapher whose pen indited "copper plate" copy and whose clearly enunciated Morse was like music to the ear, telegraphy was an art and it had its recompense in accomplishment and renown.

Defending the old system an old-timer the other day remarked facetiously: "They may boast of their new-fangled schemes with a 'Bug, a Tin Can and a Mill—(new mechanical devices used by operators), but in the old days when I took press report in New York City I had to take nine carbon copies with a stylus." This did not seem to imply anything phenomenal until he added sententiously, "And mind you, I had to turn out the bottom copy in German for the *Staata Zeitung!*" Rather extravagant? Nevertheless, some remarkable feats were performed, the chief difficulty being that only comparatively few attained to the higher degree of the art.

Modern telegraphic inventions do not dip so deep into the intricate as to enable the telegrapher to manifold his copies in different languages, but to-day he does receive press reports at the larger news-gathering agencies on wax stencil; combining the operation of receiving press reports in a phonetic form, doubling the old rate of speed, translating it into English and typing it in full at the same time direct from the wire. The stencil is then passed through a cyclograph and one hundred copies of the report turned out in one minute ready for distribution to the newspapers whose editors may revise to suit their particular journals.

The profession has become more mechanical, more prosaic, yet more scientifically systematic, and, in some respects, mollifying the high tension so superinducive to nervous strain on the operator of "heavy" wires.

Continual expansion of business demanded both increased wire facilities and an increase in the capacity of wires. These exigencies have been largely met by the invention of instruments which increase the capacity of single circuits many fold. Likewise, mechanical devices have helped to increase the capacity and efficiency of the workman, while many thousands of miles of copper wire strung for new circuits and to replace iron wires have given advantage of longer successfully operated circuits.

In the beginning the telegraphic signals were recorded by a needle which performed marks corresponding to those transmitted. In certain respects science has brought the automatic telegraph back to first principles, with the added advantage of reproducing the copy printed in full instead of merely the symbol.

But how is the business handled? Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, with Halifax and Sydney as the chief cable offices, in the order named, are the principal telegraph centres of Canada. Each of these centres, in addition to handling its local business, is a relay office for telegrams to and from everywhere. Each is like the hub of a wheel, the spokes of which are represented by wires to cities and towns in surrounding districts; while through the hub run trunk lines, like axles, connecting with distant wheel hubs, or relay centres, in Canada and the United States. Of the several hundred wires passing into and through Toronto switchboards many are tapped daily only for testing purposes—such as, for instance, the direct duplexed Montreal-Vancouver and Chicago-Montreal circuits. These are termed trunk lines and have no intermediate offices.

Chicago is the largest relay telegraph station in the world. New York and London, (Eng.), may handle more local business, but Chicago is the great throbbing, pulsating heart core through which flow the briefest stories of love, war, peace, weal and woe from all points of the compass. It is at once the centripetal and centrifugal wheels of the telegraph which gather and disseminate the thousands of messages filed by thousands of persons throughout the continent. Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, St. Paul, Winnipeg, St. Louis and a number of other centres are similiar offices on a smaller scale.

In the main office of the larger of the two commerical wire companies in Chicago an average of 200,000 messages are handled daily under normal conditions. Only one-fourth or less of this number originates in Chicago, the greater bulk of the business being messages relayed for other points. Approximately 1,500 telegraphers perform the work of handling these messages. The general average number handled by each telegrapher every hour, press specials included, is twenty-two messages. All large offices attain to about the same average.

In Toronto a big day's business for one main office during the busy war period totalled about 20,000 telegrams handled. To form some idea of the telegraph occasioned by an active military, one has but to know that following the signing of the armistice—hence the truncating of war orders—there was a falling off of about 6,000 messages a day for the two companies in Toronto alone.

An extreme case of the travels of an occasional message is afforded in the case of an occasion when a man filed a telegram in Montreal for Vancouver. In this extremity the sender happened to learn that half an hour after filing his message the same message was hanging on the hook in Chicago awaiting transmission to Winnipeg via St. Paul, whence it would be relayed to Winnipeg and thence to Vancouver. This message had been routed first via New York, thence Chicago, for no other reason than to expedite its transmission, because of congestion, obstruction, loss of direct wires or lack of a better route. This, of course, is an extreme case. In this connection the increased number of trunk line wires in recent years has largely obviated the necessity for route circumlocution; and improved methods of quickly locating wire trouble aid in the maintenance of good direct wires.

On the other hand replies from New York or Chicago to Toronto in from two to five minutes are common daily examples of service, especially in connection with stock and grain business; and the service is correspondingly rapid in general business when prompt response is given. The telegraph itself is instantaneous. A telegraph character made on a Montreal-Chicago wire at either end registers simultaneously at the other end.

The larger offices, like a railroad, are split into divisions, each presided over by a chief and assistants who direct and route the business for their

respective territories and assign the telegraphers. Only a small proportion of the telegraph business originating and developing in the larger cities is filed at and delivered from the main offices. It is principally filed at or delivered from branch offices located conveniently to business centres. There are approximately 500 branches in Chicago, 800 in New York City and a number corresponding to the needs in Montreal, Toronto and other large cities. These branches or city line feeders—excepting grain exchanges—work only with the main offices; so that, when a person files a telegram at a branch office in Toronto destined for, say, Saginaw, it is transmitted to the main office, relayed to Detroit, thence repeated to Saginaw. In the event of especially long messages or press dispatches even the otherwise obscure hamlet may be put in direct connection.

Although Chicago has direct wires to more places than any other city—thus making it the great relay centre, still it is impossible to have direct wires everywhere, for economic reasons as well as for advantageous operation. And, while Chicago "works" with the larger cities direct, north, east, south and west with duplexed and quadruplexed circuits, the distant small town business is handled through intermediate relay offices. Although it is practically impossible to elucidate to the uninitiated the reason and necessity for repeated relays, sometimes a thousand miles roundabout to reach a point a hundred miles distant, it is obviously better that he never hear of the devious route his message sometimes takes and which is in fact the shortest cut though maybe the longest way round.

An important adjunct which obviates delays formerly caused by country offices having to call relay offiecs an indefinite length of time to "raise" them, are the concentrators. These are group switchboards on operating tables. There may be, say, sixteen wires entering one concentrator with a total of, perhaps, one hundred offices on them. Instead of calling indefintely to ears riveted on an independent instrument yards away as formerly happened, the outside office, by making a brief combination on the wire, lights a tiny lamp in front of the operator at the relay office, who has the entire sixteen wires under his control in the concentrator before him, and who is enabled to give immediate attention to calls.

The average person who files a message adds the strict verbal injunction, "Rush that right off". This, of course, is but human and in keeping with lack of knowledge of the inner workings of the telegraph. Especially is the request emphasized at a time when wires are known to be impeded by prevailing storms. There is no delay on the normal wire.

Considering the vast territorial extent of Canada and the United States, telegraphic communication between their widely separated districts is remarkably well maintained.

Judgment is used, of course, in putting ahead messages whose nature manifestly demands the utmost dispatch. This is the especial duty of the traffic chiefs.

Occasionally telegrams circumlocute the entire continent before reaching their address. For instance a message was filed at Omaha for Denver. Ordinarily Omaha "worked" direct with Denver, a distance of less than 400 miles. On this occasion the wires were "down" west and southwest. Chicago was asked to handle the message. A routing was given it and that message was sent by Chicago to New York, from there to Toronto, relayed on to Winnipeg, from Winnipeg to Vancouver, from Vancouver to Seattle, Seattle to San Francisco, thence to Oakland, repated to Salt Lake City and finally relayed by Salt Lake City to Denver.

The great volume of telegraph business is filed by the large industrial and commercial concerns, and it is only by means of the modern facili-

ties of the telegraph that they are enabled to negotiate gigantic deals at precisely the opportune time to make them profitable. The miscellaneous volume originating in the small cities, however, forms in the aggregate a mass of no small proportion, and the delay in this class of business is even more probable because of the numerous relays necessitated, and often because of the involuntary neglect of the operator at the small station to respond to his wire call caused by his attention being required at another important one of his multitudinous duties. But when delays caused by other circumstances obtain, and all regular routes fail, no matter how obscure the point of destination of a message, if it can reach one of the great relay centres, Toronto, Montreal or Chicago, these centres will find a route, or make one, for its delivery. The wires of the two larger commercial companies in Canada connect direct with the two chief wire companies in the States.

Trunk lines and overland areas are usually crowded, but there being no intermediate offices on these wires explains why it is possible to sometimes get quicker communication between Montreal and Vancouver than between Montreal and some small town a hundred miles out served by wires with a score of offices, all clamouring for the circuit at once.

A visitor to the main office of one of the large telegraph centres with its thousand and one instruments hammering in discordant note and undulating buzz, instinctively compares it to a beehive, but, should the visitor chance to enter that room on election night he would think it the home of a thousand beehives with the bees all swarming, such is the hum and hustle of the place. And in the circumstance of a great flood or other catastrophe he would find stacks of delayed messages being sorted over by traffic managers; operators on certain wires working at top speed, and others with hooks piled high before them would be waiting for a wire to "come up", meanwhile idly bombarding each other with paper wads. And all this happens while wire chiefs are perplexed in efforts to figure out seemingly impossible connections to derive circuits to relieve the situation.

But the wheels are ever turning. And as quick communication is the very essence of success to many modern business enterprises there is ever an incentive to improve upon telegraph apparatus and arrangement.

Notwithstanding the competition of the telephone in its rapid development for commercial purposes, or, perhaps, in part, because of it, there has been a steady economic development of the telegraph, combining capacity of circuits, expedition of business and reduction of cost to the public. And it is noteworthy that most of the improvements have been invented by men practically employed at the business, who have seen the vast potentialities in connection with their daily work. Thus, in place of the old metallic circuit, (a double wire) of uncertain reliableness, we have copper wires bearing electric current so adjusted and balanced through mechanical instruments, that eight, and as high as twelve messages can be handled with facility over one single strand of wire at one and the same time. And certain manifold circuits are in process of development which contemplate more than twice this number over a double wire circuit. Furthermore, a telegraph and a telephone circuit on the same wire have been a practical success for more than a decade.

Reference has been made here to only the commercial telegraph. The railroad telegraph, the stock and grain brokers' private wires, the leased service of news agencies and other private wire connections of private concerns, are, of course, independent and operated independently of the public telegraph, except in so far as making up their circuits daily and maintaining them in working

order, which is carried on by the companies controlling them. The "ticker", often confused with the telegraph, is purely local between telegraph office and clientèle, and does not require a telegrapher to operate it, although the quotations it records are primarily received by telegraph in the main office.

As a business barometer the telegraph is an unfailing dial. The increase or decrease of the average volume of business handled in one of the larger centres invariably and accurately reflects the fluctuation of general business, and the industrial and commercial status of the nation; and business men who have become aware of this open secret undoubtedly find it profitable at times to court the friendship of knowledge of this indicator.

Great Britain's telegraphs are handled by the post-office department. The London office employs about 4,000 persons. Incidentally, Mr. MacEwen, Controller of Telegraphs, is a Canadian, born in Hamilton. In England the great volume of the business is handled by the automatic "printers". As the business of the old world varies in method to that of the new generally, so, too, the telegraph system and methods differ. Shorter distances between the busier centres make it possible to use the automatic telegraph to a greater extent, which lessens proportionately the cost of service. The code characters also differ, being known as the Continental Morse, which has no "space" characters. The Continental Morse is also used for cable, wireless and army signalling service.

Cable operators working with the continent from London must be linguists to the extent of at least three languages.

An official of the London Telegraphs told the writer that more than 1,000 men from the London office alone were engaged in the army signal service corps during the war.

The longest working telegraph circuit on this continent, and probably in the world to-day, is the circuit that carries the grain quotations from the Board of Trade in Chicago. This circuit extends from Maine to California, embraces Canadian exchanges, and has more offices connected than any other circuit, and yet none can interrupt. The wire is so connected with what are known as "blind" automatic repeaters that should any leg or section of the wire fail, no interruption to the balance of the circuit is possible because of it.

One of the big companies maintained for some time as an experiment, a direct circuit from Chicago to Vancouver via Montreal and Winnipeg, with fair satisfaction.

The longest circuit successfully operated at any time, until the Peace Conference opened, was during the World's Fair in Chicago. At that time the representative of the Peruvian Government at Washington, was put in direct communication with the capital of his country over a single wire, with the Superintendent of Public Telegraphs of France as a witness to observe the possibilities of the present system of telegraph. The route was by way of Galveston, the Isthmus of Panama and a short distance by cable.

The same French official quite recently has had the unique experience of effecting a direct connection from his own country to the United States Capitol in connection with President Wilson's attendance at the Peace Conference.

OUR LADY OF THE MOON

A PHANTASY

BY G. MURRAY ATKIN

Author of "Flowers of the Wind"

TIME—Early Summer.

SCENE—A garden in full bloom. In the centre a marble bench shaded by four cypress trees, above which shines the rising moon. To the left a statue of Cupid with a broken bow.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Alexus Lepidus - - - - - - - - *A Roman Prince.*
Romona - - - - - - - - - - - *A Singer.*

Lepidus—

Dusk and the scent of the acacia tree.
Dusk with dark lilies banked against the wall,
To lay upon the night their sweet perfume
And cloy the listless moments as they pass.
Spirit of night draw near and bless this hour,
Since for this coming hour was I first born,
Since for its triumph was my soul ordained.
God of the night, I ask thee to draw near
And with thy mantle wipe from off my face
The telltale wrinkles by weak moments left.
Pale moments that lie dead these many moons,
Yet in my gestures spring to life again,
So hard it is to kill one's wayward past.
But now the past must hear her requiem,
For like a fan the future fair unfolds.
The running water in the fountain laughs.
I hear the feet of angels on the clouds.
Effort and pain are gone, but love remains.
Romona comes. The portal swingeth wide.
Yes. For this moment I have waited long.

(*Enter Romona.*)

Lepidus—

The scented wind hath been your precursor,
Heaving night's bosom with small, gentle sighs,
As though she dare not breathe too deep, but waits
In awe this hour, when roses rain their bloom.

Romona—

Henceforward, do you choose our trysting place
More near to home. The night dew is falling
And my feet slacken with the day's advance,
Until I wish not adventure, only rest.

Lepidus—

Ah! true. 'Tis far and yet methinks 'tis fair.
This marble bench on which the beating rain
Hath left its mark. These stately cypress trees.
The little broken god of love. And then
The roses and the rising moon. 'Tis true.
You need them not. Your eyes have brought me dreams,
That e'en this solitude may ne'er evoke.
Yet masterpiece is not less beautiful,
If set perchance in framing of carved gold.

Romona—

I bring you news from Rome.

Lepidus—

Rome were not Rome, did not a Roman's ear
Tune to the sound of its ancestral name.
And carry to his brain a thought, a dream
Of hoary eagles winging on their way
To rest at last upon the Capitol.
A Roman without Rome can e'er be nought,
But to-night Rome does not need the Roman
And he would rest awhile in loverland.

Romona—

And yet this news.

Lepidus—

It will keep and be as new to-morrow.
But love. It is the very hour of love
That strikes. The last grain falls in the hourglass.
The sun has left the dial. All fateful
Ends the day in brilliant starry night.

Romona—

O Lepidus, love's hour is gone.

Lepidus—

Now on the instant. Come and sit by me,
Upon this bench. Unheard. Unthinkable.
These words of thine. Thy strength thou hast outspanned,
A tired body drags its sovereign soul.
Come. I will rob thee of this passing gloom.

Romona—

It is true.

Lepidus—

Speak not so. Even in jest. Repeat it not.
No matter. I can so well imagine,
How thy patience ebbed these years gone by.
Our wedding feast put off from month to month,
But now thy fame hath raised thee to my side.
Thy name lies sweet upon the lips of Rome.

Romona—

Impatient, before. Perhaps—but now—

Lepidus—

Always in boyhood, dreamed I of my bride,
That fate would hollow in her little hand
The mark of fame. And add to her beauty
Power that is of conscious loveliness.
It was at twilight, was it not we met?
The wind blew damp from off the azure sea.
Dusk and the sweet-scented acacia flowers
And the fatality of brooding night.
Well. Well. Since then, I've found no fault with fate,
But vowed to bend her to my eagle mind.
You lacked but fame. And fame can be coerced.
My will is strong Romona. All these years
Your life has bent before me like a bow.
Arched now at last for shooting Cupid's darts.
If thou hast wearied—I say not thou hast,
But if thou hast—is it not worth the price?
To hear thy name acclaimed by Roman lips.
Thy horseless carriage drawn by Roman hands.
To know thyself the Queen of Roman song.
'Tis well. 'Tis very well. Duped by your love
Had I foregone your destiny. Allowed
Simplicity of life to hold full sway,
Then had we missed the brilliance of this hour.

Romona—

Methinks you had done well.

Lepidus—

'Tis weariness, Romona. Weariness
Crept from your feet up to your tired soul.

Romona—

Perhaps, as you say, 'tis weariness.
But it hath gone so deep. It is so deep
That it doth dim my golden moments all.

Lepidus—

My love shall charm away your weariness.
Your tears be dried when effort is no more.
Effort and strivings pass, but fame remains.

Romona—

The malady is deep set. It is true,
You bent my spirit to your iron will,
Forcing me ever onward to your goal:
That I contribute to your majesty,
Bring to your princely ear the clap of hands,
Plant envy in the bosoms of your friends
And heal the wound men live as great as thou.
'Tis done, Lepidus. I have reached your goal,
But now a canker curls about the rose.
The flame that leapt towards you leaps no more.
The fire that nourished it— is gone—burnt out.
Burnt out by effort and the flare of life.
A gentle flame that would have warmed your hearth
Had you not willed that it attract the world.

Lepidus—

Then with my will I'll woo thy love again.

Romona—

Wills cannot woo, nor pale ghosts answer call.
Across the waste of years love comes no more.
Dead fingers to dead days may beckon back,
But to the vanished past no paths return.
I cannot stay the fateful march of time,
Or take from death its sting, or lift the gloom
From out a long farewell. No Lepidus,
I am a mortal and you seek a god.

Lepidus—

How may I win thee back?

Romona—

Too late. The hour of our near parting sounds.
I hear the beat of hoofs upon the stones.

Lepidus—

It is the echo of the distant sea.
How shall I trick away the laggard years,
Or hold at bay gray days without thy hand.

Romona—

There is the news that I have brought from Rome.
For Rome is threatened by her enemies.
Great hostile sails filled by a western wind
Approach and menace our fair Roman shores.
Farewell, I go. You must depart for Rome.

Lepidus—

Would you commit our love so soon be gone?
May it not tarry as it goes, as we
Were wont in that far distant summertime
To say farewell. And then return and say
Farewell again. Speed not too fast love's feet.
The years are long in which they make no print.
When goes romance from out our earthly life,
There is no meaning in the wistful moon
And dead the song that longing music sings.

Romona—

I hear the beat of hoofs upon the stones.

Lepidus—

And I—a horseman stands without the gate.

Romona—

It is a chariot to draw me home,
For, Lepidus, I go in weariness.

Lepidus—

It is—

Romona—

Farewell, my Prince.

Lepidus—

Farewell.

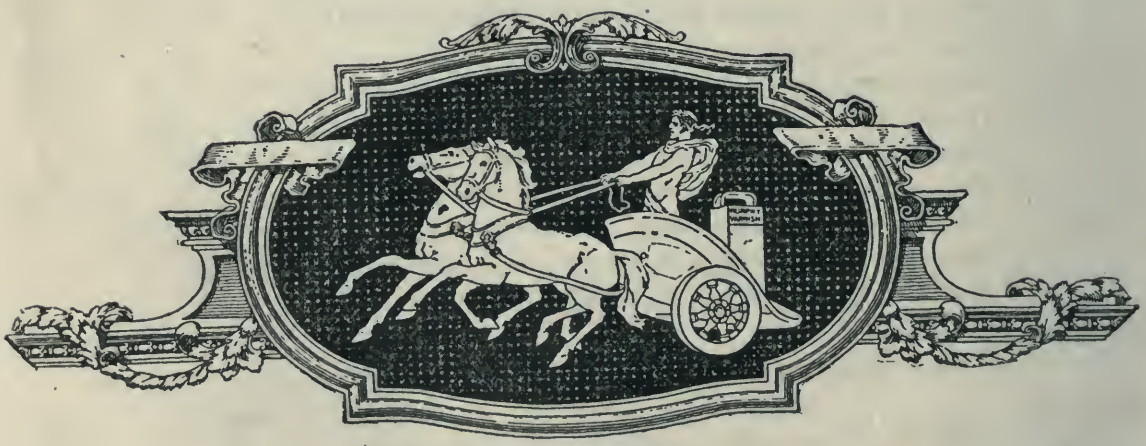
(*Exit Romona.*)

Lepidus—

'Tis well indeed for me Rome needs me now.
A Roman who has Rome hath ever much.
Beyond some star lives God, but Rome is near.
God and his country why doth man ask more?
And yet love in life's early dawn is sweet.
The bloom that lies upon the rose of life.
What do men search for when they seek for love,
Within the eyes of women as they pass?
Peace and a land of dreams. Fairy moments
That the sun has spun in a gossamer
So light memory may hardly chain them,
Unreality with sweet magic mixed.
Where is the woman of man's wistful dream,
Clad in illusion, handmaiden of time,
Bringing him endless thoughts and moments rare?
She is a fancy, bred of utmost need,
Waiting for him beyond the starry sky,
Our Dream Woman—Our Lady of the Moon.

. . . . . .

Ah! Well, I go fight for Rome.



A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN

BY BILLEE GLYNN

MARK GASPAR was a very respectable man. Even in Bradford, one of those small New England towns of four thousand people, where all are neighbours, and which require respectability, he was highly accounted as such. He had been born there, and lived there practically all of his life, holding in turn almost every municipal office the place afforded, from that of deputy sheriff to mayor, and had always been an exemplary figure in church circles. It behooved a man in business to be a church member in Bradford, though no one for a moment doubted Mark Gaspar's sincerity. He was in the retail grocery and dry-goods business, and had five clerks. He was worth probably a hundred thousand dollars. People everywhere, farmers of the surrounding country who traded at his store, habitually spoke of him with admiration as a man of industry, who had more than doubled the business left him by his father, and one who was thoroughly honest. Indeed, he had become popular as an example of success for parents to eulogize for the benefit of their children. And it made even a stronger case that his two sons, the younger twenty years of age and the other twenty-four, were generally known to be quite as virtuous in every respect as their father. They took life just as if it were a text-book, which, of course, it is. They even courted seriously, as was right and proper, too, for in Bradford all young people were exceedingly circumspect and were obliged to be. A breath of scandal and the whole town would have risen in moral dignity to sift the truth of the matter. Once when a young girl of eighteen had fallen by the wayside, she was obliged, though in a state of convalescence, to pick up and leave—unable to stand the boycott and criticism in every eye. The town had five churches, all on different prominent corners. Between these religious bodies a certain rivalry existed, but it was necessarily a rivalry for good. In this environment, Mark Gaspar moved with perfect serenity, the equal in every conventional respect of his fellows, and, because of his wealth, a figure of rather greater influence. His eldest son, Raymond, besides being an under-partner in his father's store, held the position of secretary to the public library. He was engaged to a young lady of known virtue, who sang powerful, soprano solos in the same church where he made the collections. It was his custom to walk home with her twice a week, kissing her perfunctorily and with a certain physical ardour at parting. Its effect on her was much the same sort of parchment process as trembling the leaves of a new prayer-book. The match was regarded on every side favourably, though in some instances with jealousy. It could not help but be prosperous and of long standing. Raymond Gaspar took it very seriously.

Arthur, the younger son, had just completed his course in high school, and had chosen school teaching as a profession. He was a youth of willowy, scant appearance, with a mop of yellow hair and a grave expression. It was said of him that he looked like

his mother. She was a woman of tall, rather ungainly mold, carrying her awkwardness with a show of dignity and sternness, however. Her reputation before and after marriage was spotless as any immaculately-laundered thing. Nothing pertained to her that had not been perfectly ironed and aired for inspection. No one could point a finger at any single blemish in her that was not also a virtue. With the aid of one servant she kept her household as spotless as herself, and bore the name of being an excellent cook. Her one sorrow, it was whispered, was that no daughter had been born to her to inherit her virtues. However, she made the most of the two boys, bringing them up with a degree of properness to satisfy even the most pernicious gossip of the community. Not that Bradford was ruled by a gossiping element, but that these being church-goers, stood strictly on moral grounds in their criticisms. Consequently they wielded a double-edged sword from which there was rarely any escape for the guilty. That the majority of the best families stood secure betokened the general carelessness and discretion of the town. Of course, there were little things, as there always are little things in any human herding, but nothing ever of importance when the wrong-doer did not pay in publicity and loss of prestige. If there were accidentals on a higher scale, they required that fine art of concealment which pertains only to country places, with always, however, the attendant danger of them coming to light eventually. But in this honeycomb of familiar knowledge and cognizance, Mark Gaspar shone a steady flame. In every office in which he had served, he had always given an excellent account of himself. His habits and home life were as regular as a clock. Even when he attended lodge meetings his wife could be always sure of where he was. And Bradford had no club. Just recently one had sprung into being, but it had been hastily and generally frowned upon, so that in a few weeks it had wilted to nothing, dying miserably as things do which lack healthful setting and nourishment. It had been advocated and founded by George Paxley, a Californian in Bradford, on a visit and for the purpose of writing a volume on French Canada, a country from which he had just returned. He had decided to stay East to do the work because he was in closer touch with his publishers in New York City. Robert Benton, sheriff of Bradford, and an uncle of Paxley, had written to him, praising the place, its pure, high air, ideals and quiet. So he had gone there. Then, suffering in the unaccustomed environment, he had, with a few stronger spirits whom his arguments tempted, endeavoured to form a club as a sort of pastime. But he went too far in permitting the members to play poker, though the ante had been carefully limited to two cents, and all gains made a general fund for relieving the distress of a certain poor old washerwoman, whose husband had been killed in an accident, and who had been left with eight children to take care of—the eldest of them being not yet fourteen. Bradford, preferring to feed the widow from its back doors, could not relish that form of charity.

One sermon, preached from the principal pulpit, followed the next day by what was generally regarded and clipped as a strong editorial in the local paper, took all the breath out of the scheme, and caused Arthur Paxley, in dudgeon, to prepare to quit the town. To this move, his uncle, the old sheriff, had raised few objections, for the whole matter had embarrassed him to an extreme degree. Very hot under the collar that such a little thing should have created such a hubbub, and feeling that he must express his mind to somebody, the Californian went to see Mark Gaspar, with whom he had struck up something of an acquaintance. He was received in the family parlour, and Mrs. Gaspar was present, her low jaw wearing a snappy look that denoted her absolute rejec-

tion of Paxley's defence of himself. When she spoke on the subject of morality, Mrs. Gaspar invariably brought into it her two sons, pointing to them with a mother's pride and always making reference to their "dying happily". All of Bradford, it would appear, thought of little else but dying. Mark Gaspar, himself, was still but fifty years old, and well preserved. The Californian was his junior by only seven or eight years—not such a great difference. Consequently he addressed him freely, leaving madam rather out of it.

"It was absolutely nothing to make a fuss about," he complained, growing more reckless in expression as he seemed to evoke such little sympathy in his audience. "Why, this place is so good, or would pretend it was, that it is no longer human. In what way a club with a few games could hurt, I cannot imagine."

Mrs. Gaspar came to counter, her thin chin slightly in the air. "Bradford is very human," she pronounced. "I consider it very human. Whenever anyone does wrong here, and it is known, they are punished. Your 'Home Club', as you were pleased to call it, might have done a great deal of harm. Supposing my two boys had become frequenters of it, and had learned to play that gambling game—"

"But there was no gambling, madam. It was only another manner of charity in which none were expected to join who could not afford it. Anyway, the club was for men, and your youngest son would not have been permitted in it."

"Just the same, it was wrong."

Mark Gaspar, who appeared to have no desire to go into the matter, looked up from a store ledger he had been inspecting, an occupation which he had excused on the ground of its immediacy.

"From what part of California do you come?" he asked.

"San Francisco."

His eyes semed to lighten momentarily. so that his wife looked at him.

"I spent eighteen months there," he stated, "about twenty years ago; the fifth summer, it was, after I was married. I had just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, and my doctor, fearing for my lungs, ordered me to California. Father was alive then, and he and Alice, here, looked after the business."

His wife cut in rather harshly. "Though I did want to go to California, too," she attested. "And even after he was there, when he stayed from month to month, I would have joined him if he only would have let me."

But her husband passed her remark over. "San Francisco was full of colour in those days," he said, "charged with health and vitality. It did me an immense amount of good, and I do not regret my stay there. I do not think that anyone forgets San Francisco."

The Californian responded heartily. "It is the greatest town on earth," he boasted, "and with more pretty women to the square yard even than Vienna."

Mrs. Gaspar was picking the sleeve of her lawn blouse with nervous repression. "Pretty women," she pronounced, "usually do not amount to much."

Her husband did not seem to hear this remark, either. For the moment he had fallen, as it were, into a sort of brown study. He awakened to turn away from the subject. "I am sorry," he apologized, "that you do not find Bradford sufficiently agreeable for you to stay here to finish your literary work. This is a small community, you know, and it is not always easy for a newcomer to fit himself into such. Living in sight of each other, it is necessary that we set an example for each other, and do right. One's place in the community depends on it, and, of course, it is the common desire, anyway."

"Of course it is," emphasized his wife. "In Bradford, *we*, that is, the best of us, have the satisfaction of living good, of living so that no neigh-

bour can point even a finger at us."

"That may be true," said the Californian. "But it strikes me as being too much for the sake of your neighbours."

She did not like his remark, and showed it plainly in her face. Mark Gaspar, on his part, spoke with reflection. "Life is different in different places," he acknowledged. "In communities like Bradford, we have our own particular code, and which we think is best. You have lived too long in San Francisco to be able to recognize it, I fear." He smiled. "But with those of us who have lived here the most of our lives, we have learned different values. Our family is here, our business is here, and to live rigorously, as it might seem to a stranger, before each other, is quite the natural thing for us."

"Perhaps so," retorted the Californian. "But you might, at least, allow yourselves a few liberties. In the Western States one does not find the small town so circumspect. Why, you must have half a dozen churches all within four blocks of each other. One hears nothing but psalm-singing. Your local option law makes it impossible for one to buy a single drink for any purpose at any time. This may apply well in some cases—weak husbands of poor families, say—but it is mighty hard on the stranger. And your pretty young women are so housed up that they are obliged to marry the first suitor to hand or take the risk of losing their youth. Your greatest ecstasy is a social or foolish moral play, given by church talent, and if a travelling troupe happens through, they are boycotted by all of your best families for no other reason, maybe, than that nothing is known about them, or that they maybe have a couple of soubrettes who dance as it pleases them. As for your ne'er-do-wells, there is never any chance for them. A man is known so well for one fault, and watched so closely for it, that he is always conscious of it, and can never hope to have anything else believed of him. It is all extremely narrow, and I cannot understand how you fit in the groove."

He was looking straight at Mark Gaspar as he spoke, and Mrs. Gaspar, visibly annoyed at his heretic point of view and arguments, fancied he addressed her husband in a personal sense.

"It is *extremely good,*" she flung, *"and of course he fits in it.* He has his wife, his family, and his business, and he has never desired anything more. My husband is a respectable man, and I do not like you talking to him as you have."

"There, never mind, my dear," interposed Gaspar. "No one can change a man so old as I am by talking to him, and Mr. Paxley has a right to his own opinions."

The Californian, who had been speaking with feeling, courteously withdrew from the argument. "I did not mean to offend, madam. The perfect character of your husband is too well known, of course, for me to criticise him or doubt his sincerity. The evident satisfaction and certain success of his life, indeed, is one of the greatest arguments in refutation of what I have said, and which I beg of you to forget. We will let the subject drop."

The author was not to get away for a couple of days. The following afternoon Mark Gaspar sent for him. Himself and two friends were going deer-hunting for a couple of days, he said, and it might add to the pleasure of Paxley's visit if he would go with them. Evidently he desired to make a good impression upon the author, possibly wishing him to remember Bradford more kindly.

It was the fall season for deer, and ten miles north of the town was a scrubby pine range in which the animals sometimes ventured to run from the wild interior. This game land, which was really a large tract, belonged to an old Englishman who had owned it for years, and steadily refused to have it cleared up. It was part of his good-will and sportsmanship that he permitted certain citizens

of Bradford to hunt there, among others Mark Gaspar, who made it his particular pleasure every fall.

Of the two others in the party besides Gaspar and Paxley, one was a rich and retired farmer by the name of Michael Anderson. He had grown up from a bare-foot boy in the neighbourhood. Being a resident in the town for the last ten years, and having nothing to do except collect his rents, which ran into something like a thousand a year, he knew every one and everything about every one with an intimacy that made him exceedingly respected. He was a tall, spare man, with brown whiskers and a severe manner. He was a member of the same church as Mark Gaspar, and had a pew directly behind his. The other was Joel Benning, an old deacon, still possessed of a certain degree of youth, and who chattered constantly—a stream of pleasant minor platitudes, pebble-like information and suggestions that made his companionship more or less desirable. He was a sort of gravy to any gathering, a pivot upon which things might more easily turn. In his youth he had been something of a shot, and at fifty-two, and with bad eyesight, still boasted of being one. The Californian fell in with him quite easily.

The four rode out to the deer country in a double buggy drawn by two black horses. As some one remarked afterward, the outfit had the appearance of a hearse. A log hut set some distance in the woods served them as a shelter for the night, and outside of it they built a camp-fire which flared and crackled in good, old-fashioned style. Joel Benning held his two hands to it and grinned widely. Mark Gaspar and Michael Anderson seemed to warm in some degree, too. And the author told some tales of lion and wildcat hunting in California that excited his audience visibly. He spoke sparingly of the freedom of San Francisco life, also, but Michael Anderson received this with so much criticism, and the chubby deacon appeared so horrified and fermented at common statements, which could apply to any large city, that he dropped the subject. Toward the conclusion of the conversation, the deacon turned to address Mark Gaspar, who, except for a few pointed questions directed at the Californian, had said nothing.

"You spent some time in San Francisco, a good many years ago, did you not, Gaspar?" he inquired.

The other responded rather carelessly: "No; only a short while. I saw very little of the place, indeed, and remember less."

Then the conversation, with the fire, died quickly out, and they all turned in.

Deer hunting on a crisp, sunshiny fall morning is a sport to intoxicate. There is a lean, gray dog or two running with their noses to the ground, the excitement of stalking down paths leading to the frost-hued glades, the scent of fresh, wooded air in the nostrils, the autumn leaves crackling underfoot and tremulous in red and gold above, and everywhere filtering sunshine that seems to make every echo golden. Then, above the yelping of the dogs, a shot rings clear, perhaps two or three, followed by shouting, a buzz of voices, exclamations and laughter.

In the forenoon the party got two young bucks and a doe. They skinned the latter and roasted a piece of the flank, eating it beside the campfire with great gusto. It was the end to their good time. For they had just started out in the afternoon again when Mark Gaspar fell on his gun, which went off, wounding him fatally. By the time they got him to camp, he was dying. Then, while the Californian held him in his arms, and the other two stood looking on horror-stricken, the two hands of the wounded man sought and fumbled unconsciously at an inside pocket of his vest, which had been unbuttoned and swept aside to give him better ease of breathing. The pocket was fastened on top, and Paxley opened it for him. Then one hand drew out a photograph, yellowed with age and stained with blood.

He held it to his lips, regarded it fondly with glazing eyes, and kissed it long and fervidly again. And, murmuring indistinctly a woman's name, the breath left him in a sort of heavy sigh and he lay dead.

"It's all over," said the Californian quietly.

The deacon, who was very susceptible to death, dropped to his knees and voiced a prayer, while Anderson stood with uncovered head.

Then, Heaven having been dealt with, he rose to his feet, and, catching sight of the picture which had dropped from the hand of the dead man, he bent quickly for it like a bug attacking its prey. He was just an instant ahead of Michael Anderson, whose instinct had been the same. Open-mouthed he stood looking at it over the deacon's shoulder. The latter's eyes protruded like alleys.

"Why, it's an *act-ress!*" he articulated. *"An act-ress!"*

He glanced down at the dead man critically, almost with a chuckle, as if at last knowing him. The face of Michael Anderson had taken on a stern, cruel look.

"Yes, it *is* an actress," he endorsed.

The whole horror of death seemed to have been swept away with this statement.

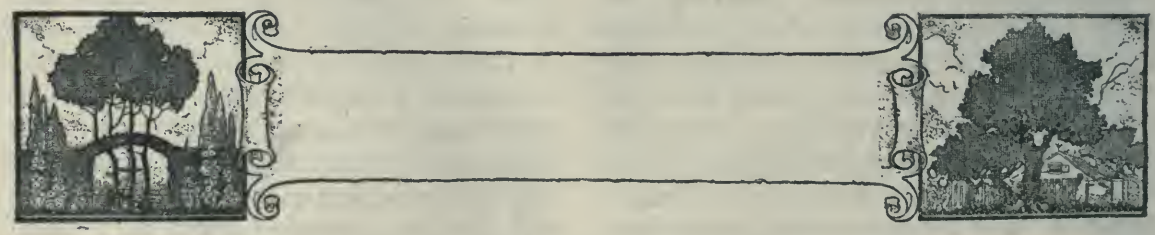
The Californian got on his feet, snarling an oath that startled his companions. He snatched the picture from the deacon's hand, giving it a quick glance. "Supposing it is an actress," he thundered; "supposing it is an actress—hasn't ever man a right to his own past!" He put the picture in his pocket. "I'll take care of this," he pronounced.

Little else was said. They put the corpse in the buggy and drove back with it in all haste to Bradford.

The Californian, who made it a rule never to attend funerals, saw that of Mark Gaspar pass, from the balcony connecting his room in the sheriff's house the next day. He took out the photograph, yellowed with age, and smiled. He had known Kitty Walters in his time, too. A daring, picturesque, mediocre creature of the San Francisco stage she was, and one of strange notions with regard to lovers. She seized them from all angles of sentiment and taste, parading each publicly and with a certain genius for advertising. So Mark Gaspar had been one of them. That was the manner of his sojourn in San Francisco, and which he had flatly refused to share with the woman who was his wife. Well, he must have paid the price and gone the pace with her, living the bizarre life of the town as she lived it so notoriously. Who could have imagined it! And for twenty years Mark Gaspar had remembered her and loved her—she, who represented probably his only period of folly and sinning. Smiling at his own recollections of her, Paxley rose to his feet and walked to the upper end of the balcony. The long line of black rigs wound like a snake in the distance, headed by the high hearse with its tossing plumes. The old sheriff, with his hand shading his eyes, looked after it from the sidewalk below.

"A large funeral!" the Californian called down to him in a subdued voice.

"A very large funeral," responded the sheriff gravely. "He was a most respectable man."



THE SPINNER

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

THE FLAME-COLOURED DRESS

BY KATHLEEN BLACKBURN

BREAKFAST at the Warrens' — that heavy, succulent, English meal —was over at last, thank goodness, and as the maid, according to a time honoured custom of the Warren house, brought in the morning mail and laid it in an orderly pile in front of Mr. Warren's place, Pen leaned forward expectantly. Pen was always more or less expectant. Youth and a vivid imagination, reacted upon by the dulness and the repression of her surroundings, combined to make her so.

For nothing happened in the Warren house, and nothing was ever likely to happen. It was a prosperous and orderly establishment with well-oiled wheels that never creaked, and over which Samuel Warren Esq., the master and arbitrator, presided like a Sultan. The three Warren girls bore their lot passivley, with that patient submission to the superior masculine will that is so largely a feminine trait. They had always been kept down, overruled and treated as children, and since their mother's death nearly two years ago, things had been, if anything, a little worse.

The two elder girls, Lucy and Kate were thin, dark-eyed young women with sallow skins, neat brown hair and a general air of meek compliance with fate and existing circumstances. Their stuffy black mourning dresses with high collars, and unrelieved with any touch of white, were extremely unbecoming. They partook of their breakfast stolidly and for the most part, in silence.

Pen the youngest was different from her sisters. She was a fair girl. with quantities of unruly chestnut hair, pretty skin, large gray-blue eyes and an atmosphere that carried with it a suggestion of youth and suppressed gaiety. As her father, the white-whiskered, opulent, masterful old gentleman, inspected the correspondence for the family through his gold-rimmed spectacles, she watched him eagerly. Perhaps something was going to happen to-day, something interesting and exciting! Perhaps there might be a letter for her! She loved getting letters. Her eyes were shining at the mere suggestion; her colour came and went; she needed only a touch of joy to make her radiant.

But as Mr. Warren went through the correspondence, in that methodical way of his, tearing up circulars and tossing aside the bills that formed the bulk of the morning's mail, her heart gave a disappointed throb. Then there were no letters for the family and nothing was going to happen after all! She settled herself back on her chair again with a resigned air as her father took up the morning's paper, and in a throaty voice began to read depressing items of war news out loud. The girls exchanged silent

glances round the table, but no one moved or raised a finger. They were all as quiet as little mice, for it was an unwritten law in the Warren household that no one should rise until the author of their being should be disposed to release them. Goodness knows how long that might be! It was a question of mood.

Pen amused herself by watching an audacious fly circling round the bald spot on the top of her father's head, and by casting furtive glances at the marble clock on the mantelpiece over the fireplace. It is to be feared that she wasn't very interested in the progress of the Somme offensive, at least not just then, and when at last paterfamilias took out his watch and exclaimed, "Dear me, how late it is!" her spirits rose perceptibly.

"By the way, my dears," he said, flinging the paper down on the floor, for the maid to pick up, as he rose from the table, "I have a bit of news for you." He smiled down on his cluster of three with an amiable tolerance at the interest in their faces. Mr. Warren, when not thwarted, could often be quite mild and pleasant. "We are going to have a young man to dine here this evening." He cleared his throat oracularly. "A Lieut. Morse from Canada. His father used to be an old friend of mine, and he is anxious for me to meet his boy before he goes to the Front."

"Lieut. Morse from Canada!" breathed Pen, her colour rising perceptibly. That was news indeed! She was so fearfully interested in Canada and everything Canadian, and so especially interested in the boys in khaki from overseas. She had read about the part they were taking in the war, of their bold, unconventional ways and their deeds and daring. The thought of actually meeting one in the flesh sent little waves of joyous excitement pulsing all through her body.

"I can hardly wait to tell grandma," she said to herself as she got up from the table, and then like a young colt, she went bounding up the three flights of stairs till she reached a room on the third floor where the door was always closed to keep in the warmth. Behind that door there flickered a little unsteady flame that death had thoughtlessly passed by. Grandmother Spencer had outlived her day and generation, for she was the mother of the mother who had already been called away. A little wisp of a woman in an invalid chair, with a white, unwrinkled face, soft white hair and clear blue eyes that seemed to be looking out steadily and patiently for the great adventure. But she and her youngest granddaughter were like girls together, and when Pen came bounding into the room with her wonderful piece of news, she, the old lady, was girl enough to understand just what it meant.

They talked over the anticipated event in every detail, speculating as to the appearance of the young unknown, and whether he would be dark or fair, tall or short.

"I do hope," Grandmother Spencer exclaimed at last, "that your father won't monopolize the whole of the conversation! But he's sure to. He always has, and always will." She looked at her granddaughter speculatively. The girl was really very pretty. She was her mother over again. She had her mother's gray-blue eyes and oval shaped face. Her mother's delicate skin and unruly chestnut hair with those ruddy gold streaks through it. Dressed in anything but that stuffy, sombre, mourning dress, she would be a beauty—in evening dress with a touch of colour, for instance. Her mind went back and back through the avenues of the past and her daughter's disappointed life. Suddenly an idea leaped into her mind. Pen was just her mother's size when she was young. Fashions change and revive, and old styles come in again. That flame-coloured dress that her dear dead girl had never been allowed to wear because it

had been cut low in the neck! Why couldn't Pen—

"Pen, my child," she said, pointing to the old-fashioned dresser with looking-glass doors, "open my wardrobe. There is a cedar box in there with one of your mother's dresses put away. I want you to get it for me."

"Now, child," as Pen obeyed, "try it on."

"Oh, grandma, how beautiful!" the girl exclaimed as she held out the dress, a dainty, glowing, butterfly thing of silk and chiffon. "If I could only wear it!" she added wistfully.

Grandmother Spencer's blue eyes flashed fire. It was fire that for twenty-five years had smouldered helplessly within her breast only to shoot up now into sudden flame at the close of her life.

"You shall wear it," she said decisively. "You will wear it to-night."

"Oh, but grandma. Papa—"

"Put it on, child, and just take him by surprise. Be brave for once and defy him. If your dear mother had taken that course she might have been spared much unhappiness. Most men are tyrants if their women allow them to be."

It usually takes two minds to hatch a plot. Pen stood gazing at her mother's dress, her cheeks on fire. "I will wear it, grandma," she said suddenly. "But I wish you could come with me and hold my hand. Suppose he should order me out of the room."

Pen was late for dinner that night. Indeed, it was seven o'clock, the guest had arrived, the gong had sounded in the hall and the party had already assembled at the table before she ventured downstairs. She was acting under grandmother's advice. "Don't go down, dear," that astute old lady had said, "until the last minute. Ah, but you're the living image of your poor mother!" she added quickly.

And Pen certainly looked a picture. A living, glowing incarnation of beautiful girlhood in the flame-coloured dress that her mother had never been allowed to wear. She had no other ornament but a row of pearls around her throat; but her eyes were blazing with excitement, and as she went down the stairs toward the dining-room her heart was pounding out great throbs of fear. Never in her life had she done anything so daring and so bold.

As she neared the door the sound of voices fell upon her ears, her father's raised above the rest. Oh, whatever would he do when he saw her! Would he be very angry? Would it be the explosive kind? Would he shame her before the guest? Order her out of the room, for instance? Or tell her she wasn't fit to be seen? If he did—she hesitated an instant, clenched her fists in a sort of nervous agony, then took the plunge.

But the flame-coloured dress was responsible for none of these things. It burst upon the party in the nature of an electric shock—as though some beautiful and gaily plumaged bird had suddenly alighted in their midst. Pen's two sisters in their sad black, gave audible gasps and Lieut. Morse, rising as she entered, covered her with an admiring glance, as though she had been a queen. The sample of the family he had already met had, no doubt, left him unprepared for such a vision. Mr. Warren, however, was the biggest surprise of all, for he said nothing at all. Indeed, Pen almost had a feeling that he was pleased as he introduced her as "my youngest daughter Penelope".

It was in a sort of rapturous dream that Pen took the seat assigned to her beside the guest of the evening. Never in all her life had she been so happy, and never had she looked so radiant. Lieut. Morse was all that her fancy had pictured him. Tall, broad-shouldered, clean shaven and athletic. A Canadian of the Canadians—the sort of man designed by nature from the beginning to win the heart of Penelope Warren. And oh, what an even-

ing it was! The conversation, for once, flowed easily, and Mr. Warren did not have the entire monopoly. The young lieutenant had a way with him—an easy, unconventional way of keeping the ball rolling, and of appealing first to one and then to another, and though, of course, his eyes rested upon Pen oftener than upon the others and lingered there with a sort of unconscious and boyish admiration, it was not obtrusively done.

"It is all my dress," thought Pen, her heart fluttering gaily. It seemed so wonderful that a mere dress could make such a difference in any one's feelings, and that her poor little starved life could all at once be enveloped in such warmth and happiness. She had forgotten the fear of her father's impending anger; she had forgotten all the dull, narrow, objectless days of the past; she had forgotten everything but that Lieut. Morse's eyes were brown, and that when they looked down into hers, they filled her with a sort of delicious glow and happiness that was like nothing else in all the wide world.

After dinner they had a few minutes' conversation, just a very, very few, but the young lieutenant, with the ardent eyes, had found time to ask her if he might see her again, and when, and Pen, with the colour coming and going, had expressed her willingness to grant him the pleasure and so on and so forth. It was all extremely short, because in a household like the Warrens' no one was even allowed to talk very long with any one, and at ten o'clock the young man was obliged to go.

Mr. Warren saw him to the door, while Pen stood just outside the drawing-room door, her heart beating like a little bird. Now for her punishment! She wondered what it would be. Would he storm and stamp his foot, telling her never, on pain of death, to wear that dress again? Would he order her to her room on bread-and-water diet? Would he—

She heard the front door close, the key turn in the lock, and then her father's step coming through the hall. She waited dumbly.

"Penelope!" he called. "Where are you, Penelope?"

"I'm here, Papa," she answered dutifully.

"Come into the library. I want to ask you something."

His voice did not sound so very savage after all, and as Pen obeyed the summons she had a faint glimmer of hope that his anger might not be as dreadful as she had anticipated. She was scarcely prepared, however, for the surprise that awaited her. Mr. Warren was standing waiting for her, and on his face was a softened, almost a tender expression.

"Wherever did you get that dress, child?" he exclaimed. "When you came into the room at dinnertime you startled me you looked so like your dear mother. I never realized before how like you were."

"It was mother's dress," Pen answered simply. Grandma gave it to me."

"Your mother's dress?" He frowned reminiscently. "I don't remember. No! I don't remember it," he repeated.

"Grandma told me that she never wore it," said Pen.

"Indeed," he replied. "And so it comes in for her youngest daughter." He had made no remark about the outstanding feature of it all—the bare neck and arms. Perhaps he had forgotten this deep-rooted prejudice of his earlier years, or perhaps the custom of the eye is stronger than the taste of the individual. Anyway Pen had dared all and had won out.

Dear old Grandmother Spencer smiled as she listened to Pen's recital of it all afterwards. The success of that plot of hers had almost exceeded her anticipation.

"And so the young soldier looked at you a good deal, did he, child? I knew he would. I knew he couldn't

help himself. And it all passed off well, and your father didn't raise a protest! Well! well!" Her eyes grew dreamy and reminiscent. She was thinking of the years that had fled, and of that other young girl whose young life might perhaps have been happier than it was.

"Pen, my dear," she said, laying her frail old hand on her granddaughter's head, "when you marry don't be too gentle and too yielding, and don't put the man up on a pedestal and worship him. Most men are tyrants if they are ever allowed to be."

"Oh, grandma," protested Pen in a shocked tone. Pen was very, very young, and she was thinking of the flame-coloured dress, of the young lieutenant and of the long, long future ahead. Her grandmother was very, very old, and of course she has forgotten about the dream of love, forgotten it long ago. She, Pen, was just entering on it. It was a wonderful, wonderful dream, and like most wonderful dreams, she just wanted it to go on for ever and ever. For though Grandmother Spencer might know something about a flame-coloured dress, and its power to attract, she really didn't know much about men. How could she?

DEAD LEAVES

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

FLUNG down a crying wind,
A handful of broken leaves;
So are my days to me,
So are my moods to me.
Nor Time nor Life know I,
Nor Great nor True am I;
I am leaves in the crying wind,
Broken and torn and hurled,
Twisted and tossed and hurled,
Past the edges of God's wrath,
Past the House of His Pity and Love,
Past all the stars of the world—
A handful of broken leaves,
Dead in a wind that grieves.

The wind is endlessly old,
'Tis the gray old wind of the sky,
That knows nor dream nor path,
But drifts, and lifts, and drifts,
With no Below or Above,
That All and Nothing hath.
And with purposeless destiny,
Dead, in Time's eternity,
With its handful of broken leaves,
It is crying about God's Eaves.

WITH THE TIDE

BY HELEN NOWELL BROOKS

AS he locked the door of his office, distinguished from the others by the word "Private" across its glass surface, John Deming seemed to droop visibly, like a tired horse suddenly relieved of his check rein.

It was half past five and the stillness of the executive department contrasted sharply with the monotonous clicking of the telegraph instruments on the floor above.

"Down!" he called automatically, as the swiftly dropping elevator shot into sight. At the main entrance to the building the general manager of the company was stepping into his automobile. He hailed Deming pleasantly: "Hello," he said, "get in and let me drop you off at your house."

John assented with an inward sigh of relief. His head ached and he had been dreading the general rush into the subway station across the street and the smashing grind of the trains on their uptown trip.

He stretched out his feet and leaned back on the soft, leather cushions with an expanding sense of comfort and luxury. The car threaded its way through the congested downtown district and worked gradually uptown, finally turning into the park at Fifty-ninth Street. Although it was early in March, still winter by the calendar, the birds' cheerful twittering held an unmistakable note of spring, and a shaft of later afternoon sunshine across the path bore out the illusion.

Deming's glance fastened hungrily upon a lean twig showing faintly green at the tip, and causing him to break the silence.

"Do you know," it was an unwonted burst of confidence for Deming, "I can't get the country out of my mind. All day I've been thinking of green trees and grassy plots, with an unbroken expanse of blue sky above them—" he broke off with a laugh, dropping his eyes to hide the feeling in them. "Don't encourage me by listening," he added, "I may get maudlin."

The other man carefully flicked the ash from his cigar before speaking.

"You haven't been in harness long enough, that's all," he said finally. "I was a good bit older than you are when I got my promotion to the head office—my home was in a little Western town—and I thought at first I should go mad from homesickness every spring. This buckling down to real work comes harder when you're young, but after awhile it gets to be second nature to put everything that's in you into the battle. You realize that it's taking it out of you, body and soul, brain and nerves, yet you go on fighting and eventually you get used to it. After all, it's as good as any other life."

He spoke complacently, settling himself more comfortably in his seat. Deming glanced curiously at his plump, white hands and well nourished body; they bore no trace of the struggle for supremacy, but in his face there were deep lines merging into furrows at either side of his mouth and a network of wrinkles under his keen eyes, accentuating in

repose their very expression of fatigue.

The automobile drew up in front of a large, white apartment house near Riverside Drive. A boy in uniform sprang forward to open the door. The general manager took out a note book. "I must write down the number of your house," he said, "so that Mrs. Morse may have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Deming." He had taken a liking to the young superintendent and, in his own phraseology, he meant to "keep an eye on him".

"You are very kind," replied Deming, a trifle constrainedly. The automobile chugged away and he turned unwillingly into the house. The shining marble walls towered above him, shutting him in like a prison. A few feet away toward the river the air was fresh and stimulating and the water gleamed through the bare branches of the trees. Perhaps Margaret would go for a walk with him before dinner.

As he let himself into the artificially lighted hall of his own apartment, a warm breath of perfume smote him. Above the soft hum of voices sounded the tones of a piano and the tinkle of tea cups. Through the portieres he caught a glimpse of the room, flooded by an indistinct pink glow.

He suddenly recollected that it was one of Margaret's confounded "Second Wednesdays!" If only he had remembered it in time he might have gone to the club. Tiptoeing softly down the hall to the library he threw himself on the leather couch by the fireplace. In the dining-room he could hear the maid tripping across the floor as she set the table. Now and then the front door closed and occasionally a man's voice reached him, raised in farewell. The semi-darkness soothed his tired nerves as he lay there, and after awhile he fell into a light doze.

A sudden glare of electric light woke him. He shielded his eyes with one hand and looked up at his wife as she sat on the edge of the couch. The light from the reading-lamp caught her reddish hair and transformed it into a dazzling mass of golden threads.

He drew her toward him tenderly. "That's a funny sort of a gown," he said, "all heavily embroidered on one side and plain on the other—the latest gasp from Paris, I suppose?"

She laughed, lifting one silvery gray shoulder with a shrug. "You won't think it's so funny when you get the bill."

A faint shadow passed over his face. "Margy, I hate to mention it again, but we've been going pretty steep these last few months and if you could slow down a bit for a while——"

She put a white hand over his mouth. "Another little monologue on 'How to Economize'?" she interrupted teasingly. "I simply must have a few good looking clothes in order to keep up with the procession. Wait till after dinner to scold."

His smile was a bit rueful as he followed her into the dining-room. It was so difficult to get Margaret to look at money matters seriously.

"Rosco, the violinist, was here this afternoon," she said, biting into an olive, "he's the one you always refer to as the man with the trained hairs; it's really quite an honour to get hold of him. He came with Mrs. Mary Rhinelander Riggs, who writes for the magazines——"

"For them, or in them?" queried her husband.

"She gave me two tickets to 'The Suburbanite' for this evening," went on Margaret, without noticing the interruption, "and asked us to go with her party; the leading man's a friend of hers. After the theatre, we'll all have supper together. You'll go, won't you?"

Deming hesitated. "I'm pretty tired," he said reluctantly.

She looked at him, frowning. I don't believe you realize how much you've changed lately! Whenever you go out now it's under protest, and you don't take the slightest interest in anything but your business. There

are other things just as important in life." The suggestion of a gathering storm darkened her eyes. "Of course, you have to devote your days to the office, but I don't see why you can't broaden your outlook a little, by going out in the evenings. It's horribly dull for me to stay at home every night; you shouldn't expect it of me."

His face flushed hotly at her changed tone. A wave of resentment passed over him, startling him with its intensity. He grappled with it, strangling on his lips the bitter words that followed in its wake. When he finally spoke his voice was deliberate.

"You exaggerate, Margaret. It's true I haven't much use for the social game these days, but, really, there's a lot of responsibility on my mind just now," he said slowly. "I haven't had my new job long enough to be able to drop the burden of it off my shoulders the minute I get home. The superintendency of these big city offices isn't all glory, there's a deal of good, hard work connected with it. You see," he was adapting his words carefully to her understanding, "I'm rather young for so important a position, and the fact that several older men are under me causes a lot of backbiting and jealousy. Every one of them is ready to spring into my place the moment I fail to make good and I'm not anxious to give them the chance."

He searched her face for a flash of understanding, but she toyed impatiently with her coffee spoon and did not raise her eyes.

"As for the theatres and parties and dances and suppers and all that sort of thing," he went on in a firmer tone, "I like them well enough two or three times a week, but I can't go out every night as we have been doing this winter and be fit for work next morning."

Throwing her napkin on the table, she stood up, her gown falling in shimmering folds about the slender fullness of her figure. "Work—work—work!" she burst forth passionately, "anybody would suppose you were a teamster or something of that sort instead of an official in the biggest telegraph company in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Morse go everywhere and yet he's a busy man; so do the president and his wife. I've no intention of poking around here this evening while you're immersed in *The Telegraph News* or something equally diverting," she added, with heightened colour. "I mean to call up the Riggs and tell them I'll go with them alone."

A swift stab of jealousy shot through him; it was not the first time in the last few months that she had proposed accepting invitations without him.

"I see you're becoming inoculated with the sting of the social bee."

"And if I am?" she retorted defiantly, "haven't I a right to get from life whatever seems to me worth while?"

Her vivid beauty dominated him as his eyes traveled over her, from her daintily shod feet to the masses of burnished hair above her gray eyes, set wide apart and fringed by heavy bronze lashes. The faint breath of fragrance that emanated from her seemed to him as much a part of her as the even whiteness of the teeth that gleamed through her lifted lips when she laughed, or the few golden freckles dotted on the bridge of her nose. It came over him suddenly that it was to women of her type that life gave full measure, mingling its richest gifts indiscriminately with offerings of a more doubtful nature. What a wonderful thing that she had elected to cast her lot with him! She was beautiful and she was his, but how could he be sure that the whirlpool might not yet snatch her from him? He suddenly forgot the yearning for sympathy and understanding that had seemed so urgent.

"Margy!" he stammered, with outstretched arms.

She backed away from him almost immediately, patting into place the curls and puffs that his embrace had disarranged.

"Why in the world didn't you say you'd go in the first place?" she inquired coldly. "We might have saved all this unpleasant fuss. Hurry into your evening clothes and I'll 'phone for a taxicab."

A faint sense of apprehension swept over Deming. Things were going far from well between himself and Margaret of late. Involuntarily, his mind reverted to the evening six months before, when he had brought home the evening papers containing the account of his promotion.

He had thrown them on the table, his blood pounding in his ears exultingly.

"Would you care to look them over, Margy?" he asked, with an effort at casualness.

She was seated at the piano, an open score spread before her.

"Oh, you read it to me," she called over her shoulder, running her fingers lightly up and down the keys. He shuddered yet with the chill her indifference had given him.

"Childishness," he muttered to himself, viciously jamming the studs into his shirt. Often of late, he had been disconcerted to find himself wondering what would become of his illusions regarding his wife if affairs ever reached a crisis between them?

The strain of his financial obligations was growing unbearable. Mrs. Deming had no idea of the value of money, and dread of her displeasure stifled his remonstrances. The end of each month that hurried by left him mentally breathless with the curious sensation of having been rushed beyond his capacity.

A half guilty feeling of relief filled him when summer came and Margaret went away for several weeks, leaving her husband in sole possession of the apartment, shrouded in gray linen and smelling of camphor balls. The day after her departure a new batch of bills appeared in the afternoon mail. John tore open the envelopes nervously and sat looking them over, aghast at the amount they represented. For the second time that day he filled a blank sheet of paper full of rapid figures. During the past month his expenditures had been about eight hundred dollars, utterly out of proportion to the amount of his income.

He racked his brains to think of some way of adding to his earning capacity, aware all the while that the work he was doing took all his time and effort. At night he often came home exhausted with the day's struggle and sick from the heat that surged upward in hot waves from the asphalt.

The thought of his club haunted him, the huge brown building facing the Park where he had spent so many comfortable evenings the summer before. Only a few days ago he had resigned from it to save the annual fee and the temptation to run up incidental expenses. Deming's face twisted with a wry smile as he reflected that with the raise in his salary, he had felt the need of economy hungrily lapping at his heels again.

He must have a plain talk with Margaret when she came back, and start the new season on a solid financial basis. It was becoming impossible to keep on drifting aimlessly with the tide of circumstance.

With the first cool breath of autumn, Mrs. Deming returned from the seashore, full of enthusiastic plans for the winter.

"Mr. Renshaw was telling me about a new apartment house further down the Drive—it's a much more fashionable location than this—and I'm going to look at it. The rent's a little more than we're paying, but we really ought to keep up appearances on account of your position and——"

"Margaret," he interrupted her desperately, "don't you see we're living far beyond our limit now? With all my straining I can't make both ends meet. Don't make the mistake of classing me with Renshaw; he's a millionaire, and a crooked one at that."

She gave a little laugh. "What a pessimist you are! The bills always get paid somehow, I notice, so why

worry continually? It isn't as if you wouldn't be making more money as you go on. Mr. Renshaw says you'll be a power in the business world some day."

Deming hesitated, choosing deliberately from the flood of words that rushed to his lips in reply. "And how long do you suppose a man can keep on spending nearly twice as much as he makes on the bare chance that some day his income may warrant it?"

She hesitated a moment; then, crossing over to where he sat, she perched on his knee, rumpling his hair playfully. "I know you think I'm extravagant, Jack, but see how well I look in my clothes! Other men think I'm pretty, even if you don't," she whispered into his ear.

There was no answering smile on his set face; the familiar little coquetry seemed suddenly to have lost its savour. Unable to bear the triviality which made a jest of his gnawing anxiety of mind, he rose and left the room. The discussion of money matters between himself and Margaret invariably ended in sharp quarrels during which illusions perished one by one in the warring of bitter personalities. At first it had seemed to him preposterous that the sordid question of dollars and cents could move her to paroxysms of tears and hysterical reproaches, but as time went on he grew wearily accustomed to her outbursts.

The grinding necessity of adding to his income became an obsession, killing the pride and joy he had felt in his new work. As the winter progressed the few remaining ties that bound his interests to Margaret's gave way gradually. He no longer bored her with comment from newspapers that she never read, and she was spared the pretense of lending an ear to his plans for the enlargement of district telegraph service.

The realization that his wife considered him merely a commonplace business man, incapable of understanding the brilliant social life to which she was aspiring, dawned slowly upon Deming—so slowly that he scarcely felt the shock. He was making little effort these days to keep in touch with the aimless whirl of her existence. Often he failed to ask where she was going when he saw her leaving the house, radiant in a shimmering evening gown, the bill for which was even then burning a hole in his pocket.

Twice, apparently unobserved, he saw her in the Park, driving with Renshaw. Something in her appearance jarred him momentarily; was it that her hat was too big or the flush in her cheeks too pronounced? It might be that, after all, Margaret lacked the nice perception which marks unerringly the distinction between vulgarity and "smartness".

Her readiness each time in mentioning the incident made him suspect that she had seen him; but he made no comment, marveling at his own indifference. Nothing seemed to matter particularly, except the heavy burden with which he was struggling.

He had begun to run seriously into debt through borrowing on his salary in advance and it took the last remnant of his resistance to keep himself from gambling in Wall Street. Time dragged miserably along. His apathetic indifference to everything in life convinced Deming that he was losing his nerve. A succession of dull days during which the rain drizzled dismally from an overcast sky plunged him into the depths of gloom. He waited grimly for the next development in his situation.

It came in the guise of a visiting card brought in by the office boy, bearing the name "Mr. Julius Newbourg". Scrawled across it were the words, "Important business."

"He's been here three times already, but you was too busy," volunteered the office boy.

"Show him in."

Mr. Newbourg shut the door himself after entering, as if to make sure that the other man would not escape him. Deming stiffened visibly.

"Well?" he inquired. "What can I do for you?"

Something in his tone warned his caller to proceed quickly. He seated himself and laid his hat across his knees.

"I understand," he began, "that your contract with Eberhart and Morris expires in a couple of months and that you're thinking of making a change—ain't it?" His voice was lowered confidentially.

"Why do you ask?" inquired Deming, frowning slightly.

"Well, I represent the Universal Wholesale Stationery Company," responded Mr. Newbourg, "and I come to see if I could land the business. It's a big deal, Mr. Deming, and we're prepared to make it worth while to anyone who helps us. The profit from a big concern like the Metropolitan Telegraph Company is immense. I know from the inside that old man Eberhart has made a million in the last few years out of your company's business."

Deming, nervously tapping the desk with his paper knife, made no comment. His visitor reached into his pocket for a pencil.

"The contract's for five years, ain't it?" he inquired cautiously.

The new superintendent hesitated. "I've heard something about a contemplated change," he began with an effort, "but the affair's not in my province——"

"I know," interrupted his caller, eagerly, gaining confidence, "it's a matter for the supply department, but ain't you boss of the superintendent of supplies? What you say goes, don't it?" He paused a moment, hitching himself nearer the desk. "Your good will is worth a good deal to us—in fact, to be perfectly frank, I'm authorized—" he broke off, scribbling as if casually upon the edge of the blotter beside him and peering significantly at the other man out of the tail of his eye.

The superintendent involuntarily fixed his eyes on the moving pencil point as it etched its way on the paper. Two—five and three ciphers—two—five—and three ciphers. "Merely a little business proposition," his visitor was repeating.

Finally its message flashed on Deming, bringing the blood to his face in a hot wave of shame. He sat motionless in his chair, wondering what in heaven's name prevented him from throwing the man out, or at least dismissing him with the curt rejection the occasion demanded. The beady black eyes fixed on him seemed to be holding him under a hypnotic spell.

Twenty-five thousand dollars in his present extremity! The bank book in his pocket showed at that moment a paltry deposit of fifty dollars and in the drawer beside him lay a sheaf of bills long overdue which he saw no prospect of settling. He passed his hand over his forehead, damp with sudden moisture.

An intolerable desire to end the interview brought him to his feet. Newbourg followed his example at once, slipping the pencil back into his pocket, and pausing anxiously. In Deming's whirling brain was a confused notion that when he spoke he would reject the matter definitely and unmistakably. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself saying in a voice curiously unlike his own, "I'll look into the affair for you and let you know to-morrow."

The other man's face cleared. "All right," he said with a suggestion of a wink, "I guess we understand each other."

When his departing footsteps had died away in the corridor, Deming walked slowly back to his desk and sat down. With a hand that shook in spite of his efforts at self-control, he mechanically tore a leaf from his daily calendar and remained staring stupidly at the beginning of the new month that met his gaze.

The door of his office opened suddenly and he jumped nervously to his feet, thinking that Newbourg had returned. It was the general manager, however, with his hat and coat

on. He glanced into the outer office and then crossed the room to the superintendent's side, speaking in a low tone.

"There's something crooked going on in the construction department, Deming, and I'm going to make a thorough investigation. I want you to look into the affair to-morrow and let me know what you find out as soon as possible." He went on to cite the incidents that had awakened his suspicion.

"A thief to catch a thief," ran through Deming's mind when the door had closed. He shook the thought from him. "No, by heaven, not yet," he muttered aloud. The manager's brief intrusion had somewhat cleared his brain. Once more, Deming began to set the values of life straight in his mind. He drew a chair over to the window and sat there, thinking deeply, his faculties galvanized into sudden activity.

It was plain that he had just passed the first warning signal on a course leading to moral bankruptcy. The path that led to the inevitable pit digged for him by Newbourg and his kind was rich in financial return. His mental vision forged ahead to complete the picture. In a few years he would have left the ranks of these unpretentious thieves and joined the prosperous vultures of the business world who settle intricate deals over their cigars and liqueurs at luxurious dinner tables, choosing terms of expression carefully and cloaking their dishonest transactions with the semblance of respectability and honour.

The janitor, whistling cheerily, opened the door armed with brooms and mop, interrupting the train of Deming's thought. He glanced at his watch—after six o'clock. The building was deserted except for the receiving department on the main floor and the busy operating room upstairs where the buzzing and clicking of instruments kept on incessantly through the night.

He put on his hat and coat and hurried to the street, weary in mind and body. When he finally arrived at home, a maid met him at the door.

"Madame will not be here for dinner, Mr. Deming," she said.

The tension under which he was labouring lessened suddenly. He ate his solitary dinner abstractedly, and afterwards, with an instinctive desire to postpone the reckoning with himself, he fell to reading the evening paper. It seemed impossible to fix his attention on the printed words; his mind kept reverting to his own impossible situation. If only he were free to live his own life in his own way!

When Mrs. Deming returned several hours later, he was still intent upon the first column of the sporting page. He looked up as she threw her pale pink evening wrap carelessly across a chair and revolved before him, clad in a clinging black velvet gown, cut almost to the waist line in the back. It seemed to his masculine eyes fairly molded on the slender lines of her figure.

"Well, how do I look, Jack? You've no idea what a sensation I made in this frock."

From its dusky blackness, her firm neck and shoulders rose white and smooth, and through her glistening hair, piled high on her head, a silver fillet gleamed. With one hand on her hip, she faced him triumphantly, her red lips parted and her eyes hungry for tribute.

There was a curious expression on his face as his glance swept over her bare arms unhampered by sleeve or shoulder strap. "I dare say," he responded drily, dropping his eyes to the paper again.

Something in his tone sent the swift colour flooding over her face. She stared incredulously at him for a moment and then swept from the room with exaggerated disdain, shutting the door, even slamming it, vehemently behind her.

For a long time after she had left, he remained seated in the big chair, the paper fallen unheeded on the floor beside him.

Promptly at half past nine the next morning Mr. Newbourg was ushered into the superintendent's office. Deming greeted him pleasantly while looking over his morning's mail; finally he looked up.

"By the way," he said, "I find I can do nothing for you in regard to the stationery matter; the company has decided to renew its contract with Eberhart and Morris."

Newbourg's jaw dropped; he stood staring stupidly at the other man. The official's attitude precluded any attempt at reopening discussion of the delicate matter.

Deming rose and crossed the room, opening the office door wide upon its hinges.

"Good morning," he said suggestively. Despite his courtesy, the advisability for a prompt departure was borne in upon his caller. Mr. Newbourg passed through the door with dignified haste. In the outer corridor, however, he scowled fiercely.

"H—l," he muttered, as he jammed his hat roughly down over his head and signalled to the descending elevator. "You thought you was too smart to make a break."

When he had gone, the superintendent took up the letter that lay before him on the desk and went on with it automatically.

"The lines into Key West and Santiago have been put through already and we are now engaged in organizing the central offices in Havana, the material for the plant having already been shipped."

He read the entire letter twice, resting his head wearily on one hand, before its meaning finally reached him. The telephone on his desk began to ring insistently. Gathering his faculties together, he plunged into the day's routine with a feverish intensity that absorbed his misery of mind and left him exhausted when evening came.

He departed from the office with its impersonal interests almost reluctantly. Outdoors, the crisp air stung him into a fictitious energy. He began to walk uptown, plodding along with bent head and his hands in his pockets. The episode of the day before had wrought a subtle change in him; a hitherto dormant element in his nature suddenly rose in revolt at the thought of further compromise. He wanted to be free! The fierce yearning for liberty struck to the roots of his soul. Why had he shrunk from admitting it before? He smiled a little as he remembered the time, only a few months past, when life without Margaret loomed before him a preposterous, dreary waste. It was freedom even at the price of losing her that he coveted now.

As he turned the corner of Seventy-second Street, he threw back his head and caught a deep breath of the chill breeze that swept up from the river. An immense burden seemed suddenly lifted from him. The big white apartment house in which he lived, even the elevator boy who took him up and down daily, looked strangely unfamiliar.

As he entered his own hall, the murmur of voices reached him from the dining-room; a dinner party was apparently in progress. Unobserved he made his way to the library and threw himself into an armchair, leaning back with a luxurious sensation of gratified physical fatigue. From the next room he caught snatches of merriment and conversation, the tinkle of silver and glasses and the popping of champagne corks. Margaret seemed in high spirits, her laugh rang out spontaneously from time to time, and he heard her voice raised in vivacious chatter.

He switched on the light and picked up a magazine that lay on the desk. The print blurred confusingly before his eyes, however, and he tossed it impatiently aside.

A stir of departure came from the dining-room and he turned off the light while the soft swish of silken gowns passed his door. Someone struck up a popular waltz on the drawing-room piano and his teeth gritted at the unwelcome sound. He

got up and tramped restlessly up and down the library in a fever of impatience, rehearsing again and again the little speech he had prepared.

Finally he heard his wife's voice in the hall, bidding her last guest goodnight. He opened the door, calling to her, and presently she came, reluctantly. All the laughter and vivacity had faded from her face.

"I heard you come in," she said coldly. "Perhaps you had forgotten that I begged you to be home early on account of the dinner I was giving?"

He noticed the graceful poise of her head and the droop of her long eyelashes with a detached, impersonal admiration.

"Yes," he returned absently. "I had."

"Do you realize how awkward you made it for me?" she demanded.

Her voice seemed to come from a long distance; he scarcely heard her words.

"Margaret, I must have a talk with you," he said abruptly, but forewarned by his seriousness, she moved toward the door.

"Sit down," he said.

"Not at all," she rejoined with angry sparkling eyes, "you know how I hate scenes."

A blinding fury seized him; he stepped forward and grasped her roughly by the shoulders. "Sit down!" he commanded through set teeth, forcing her into a chair.

Her face paled slightly at the tone. "You're hurting me." His grip loosened; after a moment he stepped back, regaining his control.

"There is no need for a scene," he said wearily, "I merely insist upon your looking our situation squarely in the face. For the past two years I've been playing a losing game, and now that I'm convinced of it I'm going to quit. It's only a fool who doesn't know when he's beaten and I'm not entirely that, although God knows I've given you sufficient cause to think so. I suppose, however, that a man as hopelessly in love as I was, must necessarily be blind to the effect he is producing on the object of his affection." He hesitated for an instant, during which the hall clock punctuated the stillness with precise, staccato strokes.

"Yesterday afternoon," he went on evenly, "I got a chance to steal twenty-five thousand dollars."

She started and leaned forward suddenly, her eyes dark with apprehension. "And—did you?" she asked.

"No," he answered quietly, "but I came near enough to it to realize where I was drifting. A man came into the office and offered me that amount as a bribe to turn our stationery business over to him."

"Oh," she leaned back, evidently amused, "that's all! I was afraid we were going to create a scandal in the evening papers with our photographs on the front page and all that; it would have been a death blow to your prospects of getting the General Superintendency."

He gave a curious smile. "So you've heard that rumour, too, have you? Well, I hope you haven't ordered an automobile or planned a country place on the strength of it, for as far as I know, there's nothing in it."

He paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Suppose I had taken the bribe quietly and there had been no scandal, what then?" he inquired.

She shifted resentfully. "It doesn't do to be Quixotic," she returned evasively; "everyone else in this town is doing that sort of thing and taking advantage of opportunities."

"Then you think the standard of honesty is different in this city from that in Keokuk, for instance?" he persisted.

She jumped to her feet suddenly, with quivering lips. "Why do you catechize me so?" she cried, with averted face; "do you really want to force me into admitting that I think you are a fool? I can't understand why in the world people refer to you as a splendid business man; you're always letting chances to make money slip by. What does a successful man

mean except one who has money?" She stopped herself with an effort, catching her underlip with her teeth.

His face hardened. The carefully chosen words of his little speech had long since taken flight from his mind.

"The word 'success' may be interpreted in several ways," he replied shortly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Almost everything is measured by its money value. Even workers in the fine arts aren't considered successful unless they can sell their talent for a high price. There's 'artistic success,' of course, but it usually means that the person who thinks he's made it is starving somewhere in a garret."

The contempt in her tone stung him into a sudden realization of the gulf that widened momentarily between her viewpoint and his own.

"The worker who toils to produce a beautiful thing has at least justified his existence, whether the world ever hears of him or not," he answered, letting the words fall with cool deliberation. "Everyone who lives owes something for the privilege of existence. Did it ever occur to you to wonder what part you play in our system of social economy? Of course not, because you never really make use of your mind; even your vivacious conversation depends upon random thoughts and impressions that never go below the surface. The type of modern, fashionable woman to which you belong contributes nothing at all to the world. If the support of the man on whom you depend should suddenly be removed and you couldn't find another provider, what would become of you? You have no wage earning talent nor necessity to absolve you from what is popularly supposed to constitute a woman's usefulness, yet you avoid all domestic responsibility and are not even willing to pay your debt to humanity by bringing a child into the world!"

She whirled around to face him with blazing eyes. "Why should I drudge?—there are plenty of plain women to do that. Isn't beauty a sufficiently good excuse for living?"

He laughed and she flushed hotly at the sound.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but in that case you are at once relegated to the capacity of a pet, a sort of plaything for a man's leisure moments, and you're a little too imperious for that role. No, even as a toy, I'm afraid you wouldn't prove entirely successful."

She turned toward the door, her face white and bitter. "You're a brute," she flashed, trembling with resentment.

In the silence that followed he struggled to regain his self-possession. He had rather expected her to rush from the room in a burst of tears and was a little surprised to see her hesitate, apparently intending to stay and hear him out.

"Perhaps I am," he said finally. "When I started I had no intention of launching forth into a tirade against modern womankind. All I meant to do was to offer you your freedom. It's quite impossible for us to go on living together. You must realize it, too."

"Her freedom." His face flushed slightly at the subterfuge. It was his freedom of which he was thinking.

"The morning will be time enough to discuss ways and means," he went on. "For of course I shall divide whatever I have equally with you until you marry again, as you probably will."

The sudden colour that flooded her face showed him that he had struck the right note. Unconsciously his mind reverted to Renshaw, with his millions, his yacht, automobiles, prize dogs and horses. What more natural than that he should yearn for a beautiful wife on which to hang the expensive clothes and jewels he could so amply afford to buy for her?

There was a moment's silence. Then, "What have you been hearing about me?" she demanded.

He adjusted the position of two books on the table with exaggerated care.

"You misunderstand me," he said. "I haven't the slightest intention of applying for a divorce and I am taking for granted that there is no cause for such an action, although you are free to take the step at any time. I'm sure you are far too wise to accept a lesser price than matrimony for your favours."

He saw her bite her lips to keep back the tears and he wondered how deeply his contempt had pierced her vanity.

For a moment she did not speak. She stood nervously knotting and reknotting the lace handkerchief in her hand.

All at once he realized the finality of this interview with her. She was standing less than a dozen feet away and yet they were separated as effectually as if the poles intervened. The thing was inevitable; he knew now that it had been coming ever since their marriage. The futile regret that swept over him was absurd in the circumstances. He clenched his hands on it as if it were a tangible thing he could throttle at will.

He suddenly remembered his first glimpse of her. It was at a tea party. He made it a point, too, never to go to tea parties. She came in radiant from a brisk walk on the Drive. He recalled a huge bunch of violets that she had worn in the midst of the heavy dark fur thrown over her shoulders. A mist gathered in his eyes.

"I'm going now," she said at last.

In the shadow of the doorway where she stood he saw her bright hair gleam against the dusk of the hall and noticed how it fell in curling tendrils over her white forehead.

"Very well," he said, without looking at her, his breath coming a little quickly. "Good night. If you are awake in the morning before I leave, I'll talk things over with you. The first of May is drawing near and I should like to terminate the lease on this apartment then."

When he glanced back she had gone, but on the floor he noticed the filmy lace handkerchief that had been in her hand. He picked it up and stood looking at it a moment, breathing in its suggestion of violets, before he tossed it on the table. An unaccountable weariness had suddenly taken possession of him. He walked absently to the window and looked out into the familiar street with unseeing eyes, his head resting heavily against the casing. Far down the hall he could hear the sound of her door, closing.

A PORTRAIT

From the Painting by Frederick S. Challener
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Art

PLAYED OUT

BY LEO CRANE

THE little burro plunged on ahead, out of one hole and into another. The pack on its back seemed a deformity. At times the little beast would slip and be completely submerged in a drift, and then High Card would anxiously question himself about their chances. Sometimes he gasped, the wind in his throat, and wondered if they really had chances.

Above drifted a dull gray sky, without a cloud, without a wrinkle, hard, pitiless, from which swept at intervals a bitter wind. Around was an uneven landscape, topped by spare ridges, lean and gaunt, like bones from which the rapacious wind had picked everything. And over all, the snow. Snow everywhere encrusted, the old snow of a season, tinged with impurity. Winter having painted so bleak and uncomfortable a scene, cast over it silence, and fled. The open season was drawing nearer, day by day, when the thaws would begin and the mountain torrents become arrogant. At times a weak sunlight would try to creep into the picture, but with sad success.

High Card Baldwin thought he had given the Camp Freeze-out people the slip. For several days he had collected those things which a long prospecting experience had taught him were absolutely necessary to have. Food had been high at Camp Freeze-out because of the rigorous winter, and High Card had purchased his supplies cautiously, a bit at a time. Tools he did not require. He had cached a complete kit in the gully where he had first encountered the vein, and where he had well nigh gone mad with delirious joy. Matches and ammunition had been scarce in the camp, and High Card dared not seem overanxious for either. He was forced to content himself with a moderate supply of these things. Precious little sticks, those matches! He guarded them jealously. A man might fight a wild beast successfully with a bare knife; but he might not fight cold without fire.

For his rifle, High Card Baldwin did not have more than thirty loads.

High Card Baldwin was a woodsman and not a fool. He realized all the imprudence of attempting this journey so early in the season; but there were reasons making an early start and secrecy preferable. If he had not made a great strike, he could not have told of it. If he had not become beastly drunk in Peter Simon's saloon at the Camp one night, he would not have told of it.

But his find was now common talk. A wait until the favourable months would entail much undesirable company. The men were watching him. He knew they were watching him. He grew nervous and irritable. He had two fights about these little attentions. He had shot Wilberforce Jones in the arm. So High Card Baldwin wanted to get away and make sure of his allotment as discoverer. There were other and quite as important reasons. He was not certain that he would easily find the valley of which he had so boastfully spoken. Fully a hundred little gullies, similar in appearance, seamed

and pierced the five miles of ridge which he was sure his vein traversed, and High Card felt that some search would be necessary to again locate the exact point of discovery. Of course, he had centered this spot by triangular observation, but he did not care to depend hurriedly upon that primitive method. He wanted to be twelve or fifteen days ahead of the horde which would swoop down upon the place as hungry wolves at the first signs of spring.

To gain this decided advantage he must risk much. He was willing to risk much. High Card Balwin was not a man to quibble at danger. He had faced all the deaths of that time and region since first setting foot in the mountains, and such perils are various and not a few. A man's exit could be accomplished swiftly and without embarrassment in the mining country, and High Card Baldwin knew the entire programme, from the long tiresome number by starvation to the nerve-racking report of a forty-five. But, just as he would have calculated his chances at faro, so he figured the probabilities of a late season and more snow. More snow—more snow—he thought of it only amid shudders.

So he left Camp Freeze-out in the night. No one saw him depart. He felt sure of this. In the first stages of his journey he met no one. About him was a wild region, sterile, naked and exhausted from its long battle with the cold. Silence and solitude reigned in grandeur at once simple and profound. Bare trees and a haggard mountain scenery encompassed him. Had he been the last man in a ruined world, the only survivor of a cataclysm, he could not have been more than hopelessly alone.

The air was thin and deserted of birds. A terrible force made itself known in the solemn quiet. As though earth had died, it was rigid in the iron clutch of this remorseless season. Winter lingered reluctantly on the horizon. Its heavy hand had left vacancies which no number of successive summers could refill. Winter was not to be flaunted lightly. And bitterest of all would be a loitering storm. More snow, a grim possibility. High Card Baldwin laughed as he often had over his last coin. He assured himself that no man from Camp Freeze-out would follow him in the face of this stern probability.

*

But after the first three days—something, an indescribable something, akin to fear, told High Card Baldwin that he was being followed. In the beginning he put his feelings aside.

"Why, I'm a reg'lar baby," he said.

But this strange premonition recurred again and again with a steadily increasing persistency. As a momentary distraction High Card cursed and beat the burro. Twice, however, he paused with his arm upraised, and slowly lowered it, overcome by the haunting idea.

"It might be . . ." he half whispered.

Then he consented to think of the thing. He debated with himself, he argued, he considered. He glanced behind him. Then he surrendered to it. The little, indescribable suspicion rode between his shoulder-blades. It nagged him until he was in a highly nervous state. A hundred times a day he would swing about to scan the distant horizon and the ground over which he had passed. It was a feeling like that which impels a man to step aside from a danger in the dark.

After a while this suspicion became fear, a strong, dominant fear. It possessed him.

When the matter grew so insistent that it could no longer be denied, when it had fed sufficiently upon his nerves, High Card Baldwin stopped and waited for the second man to catch up. A whole day he waited, patiently expectant. At the end of it he was disappointed. The snow was a barren waste, with a faraway line of lines like so many vultures against a sheeted sky.

"Strange!" said High Card. Then, with an oath: "I'll ambush the hound, whoever he is. . . ."

But the little traps were fruitless. He lost another day. Then he went on, cursing his timidity and trying to convince himself that he was a fool. But, an hour after he was fully convinced, a stick cracked in the thicket, and he suddenly spun around to scan the backward trail. Instinctively he knew he was being run to cover as a wounded deer.

At night the feeling of oppression did not trouble the man so much. The nights were calm and still, and coldly beautiful. The stars were so many pointed icicles. Between the earth and the stars was a clear, keen atmosphere, having the freshness of crystal and the purity of rock-water. All about in the greenish smile of the winter moon lay stretched the hills, clean, deadly white, as if upon a bier. And what candles more blessed than the stars!

High Card Baldwin would heap up his fire until it roared. Tired, sometimes almost exhausted, he would sit before it, his back to the windbreak, and consider this thing. To him the fire was a companion, a comfort, an imagination. Beside it he would plan those conquests which that store of gold in the gully would make possible. In the glowing crevices of the fire he could see, as so much molten metal, all his previous gold, ruddy warm, fit to delight the heart of a king, and he would stretch out his hands to it, as a covetous child, until the heat scorched his skin. And, indeed, truly the fire was his treasure. It possessed the gold as a warder might. Without the one he could not hope to have the other. The fire kept him snugly from the cold, cooked his food, banished care and the dull monotony of the gray, gray days, preserved him until that time when the unsympathetic treasure could be ensnared and made captive.

Sometimes High Card would talk to the fire. He felt that he must speak now and then. During the day, as they plunged through the drifts, he talked to his burro, and at night he would include the fire, while the burro looked on solemnly, his funny little head just within the circle of its light.

"Fire . . . fire," High Card would say, warming his hands, "you're just like gold . . . gold . . . "

One night he met with an accident. It had almost terrible results. A little tin box, in which were all his matches, slipped from his hands and tumbled fairly into the flames. High Card Baldwin heroically plunged his hands in after it. He caught up the smoking box and tossed it aside in the snow. Eagerly, his hands burning and throbbing where the fire had licked over them, he darted after, and, without breathing, inspected these little sticks of unborn flame. The matches were smoking—they had been ready to flare up. High Card Baldwin, when he realized his safety, turned sick all over and weakly sank down to the ground. He became as ice, and then flushed as with fever. His hands shook, but not from pain. He breathed as though he might have covered miles, running.

"My Gawd!" he whispered, his lips quivering. A moment more, and he would have faced the wilderness, snow-barred, ice-sheeted like Prometheus, blowing on a brand. When these foolish sensations were past, High Card Baldwin laughed in a little high-pitched tone. He wrapped the box in a piece of blanket and tucked it away in his pack. He took from it only one match at a time. His operations in this way were painfully deliberate and precise. He revered the matches, loving them when it was possible not to fear them. They were his genii, his gods. To them he would owe his gold—his preservation. What space of life he had left to him was measured by these. He no longer counted days, weeks, months, years. He looked upon existence as represented by so many little sulphur-capped splinters. Had any one asked

his age, it is very likely he would have replied without thinking:

"Why, I am forty-two matches old"

*

One night when the stars were calmly critical, and the whole world was touched with an enchanted peace, High Card made his lone camp on the sheltered side of a ridge and at no great distance from the summit. The opposite ground dropped away into the valley which he had that day crossed. He had contemplated his fire and smoked a pipe. He was about to roll into the blankets, when a near-by crackle caused him to start. Some four or five deer had slipped up through the undergrowth, and were staring in blank wonderment at his fire. At his first movement they went over the ridge, making little, frightened leaps. High Card caught up his rifle quickly and scrambled after them.

"I'll have a steak," he said with determination, drawing back the hammer of the gun. A few seconds later he had parted the damp branches of the thicket which fringed the summit. An exclamation came from his lips, and as if his hand had been relieved of all power, he allowed the wet branches to whip back across his face. Venison was now gone from his mind.

"Caught, by Gawd!" he said aloud, his mouth and tongue becoming dry as a bone. He stood for a long time gazing across the valley, where a faint sparkle peeped from the folds of the hills. It was a fire. The pursuer had caught up with him.

In former years, years of plenty, when High Card knew the gold of his first strike, and when the cards were high enough to bestow on him a name, he had gambled desperately. He knew the worth of gold only by the sensation it caused when a big bet swung on a single turn. He had sat upon both sides of the table of Fortune, beside her and facing her. He had seen his pile disappear in a single round of play, the gold, precious and beautiful, deserting his side of the board, like a false mistress, and crossing the table to mock him in the abyss. On that last night, when he had been beggared, a certain look settled as though it were a mask upon his face, rendering the features hard, adamant, criminal. That night decided the utmost length to which he would go for gold. Gold, though it had tricked him, beaten him, starved him, deserted him, was, after all, his goddess. The falsity of the deity proved only the fanaticism of the devotee. And such an expression swept across his features again as he stood, this night, upon the summit of the ridge, and looked across the valley toward the second player. Once again the stakes were high, and the turn against him.

All the good in him was overthrown in this revulsion of feeling. The greed of the man ascended to a dominant strength. He stood forth reckless, without conscience. The yellow, mellow call of the gold enslaved him. Incoherently he muttered against this invasion, just as he had muttered when he had shot Wilberforce Jones for meddling at Camp Freeze-out.

But for High Card Baldwin this was no new experience.

An old, old dread caught him in its cruel talons. He remembered a man, a certain old man. The guilty are ever mindful of their sins first and the chance of happening comes after in its turn. The gambler gripped his hands and fought back his momentary cowardice.

"By the Living Gawd!" he cried out tremulously, "I'll share my finds with no man. It's my gold, mine, mine. And you want your share? Well, follow me. I'll lead you a dance, you meddler . . . you . . ."

*

For the next three days, High Card Baldwin endeavoured to lead this follower astray. Each night, from a vantage point, he surveyed the backward trail, and always he located the little gem-like gleam indicating the fire. He hated that persistent gleam, he hated it with a terrible vicious hatred. Despite the suffering he knew

the loss of fire would entail, he would have willingly stamped out the embers of that fire had he been able.

High Card made off to the right, into the wild, untrammeled hills. He did not hesitate. He was willing to tread the dangerous edge of a precipice that another might slip over it. The thickets were now denser, the defiles more rugged, the way steep. It was a severe detour, but he kept on, gritting his teeth against his every hardship. He knew that across country, distant perhaps five terrible, uncharted miles, opened several very deceptive passes through the range. It was his plan to confuse the tracker at this point, circle about, and pick up his original bearings. What would become of the man? That did not worry High Card Baldwin. The man would no doubt lose out. Some one always lost out on the turn of a card. In the winning of gold, one must play a game with the elements; therefore, one must ever face the probability of the elements winning.

High Card plunged determinedly into the newer country, the wilder and more intricate features of which pleased him as he thought of the other man's bewilderment. He was ever anxious for perfect freedom; he was ever haunted by the instinctive feeling that he was not yet free.

Then the burro went lame.

"A misdeal . . ." growled High Card Baldwin, urging onward.

Four hours later the little beast slipped over a fallen and snow-mantled tree. When the burro refused to rise and go on, the impetuosity of the man received a severe chill. He examined the burro's ailment, a definite fear in his heart. The poor little beast moaned despairingly.

"A broken leg! said the gambler, contemplating the disaster wearily. "Was there ever such a devil of a hand to play? Mickey, you're out o' this game, little beggar, an' may be a good job for you, too. I'll have to play it alone. Serves me right for dealin' as I have. Well . . . many a good fellow got it before ye, Mickey. Damn this deck, anyhow . . . well . . . "

There was a gunshot.

The gambler looked down at his work, and said with very little of the spirit of mockery:

"Poor Mickey . . . despondent over his losses at play . . . well . . . "

A little later High Card Baldwin began dividing the outfit. He separated the portions of it with a rare precision. Precious were those things which he discarded, but more precious were those he retained. Matches and ammunition were the only parts of it he did not lighten or curtail. He tossed all the beans and a goodly half of the cornmeal away.

"Swift play," he muttered, and then, with a bitter laugh: "It's like splittin' aces to draw a straight. But if that's him, as long as I have the gun and the matches, I've got the call."

Courageously desperate, he shouldered the small pack and came to a more serious consideration—his surroundings.

What had been familiar ridges were now a series of chaotic shapes, frowning upon the world men love; what had been a forest was now a primitive wilderness, always hostile; what had been a solitude was now utter desolation. The silent was only broken by the coughing rush of snow from overladen trees. This promised dangers of avalanche. The wind was tempered with bitterness. There came into the air a soft warning of future snow. High Card noted these things, shivered and prepared to make his circle without delay. The hardship and worry had made him like a lean animal. His boots were showing signs of strenuous wear. The ammunition was and had been at all times low enough. He counted the cartridges—now thirteen. He had not too many matches even in the beginning. Now he must consider his own preservation. Had the burro lived—but the burro was dead. He had had to spend a precious cartridge

on that burro. The question in a small compass was, could he manage with the pack upon his shoulders or ought he strike out immediately for the nearest settlement? Common sense pointed the latter course. He hesitated, as he had once hesitated between placing his last ounce on the queen or supper. The queen meant many suppers, perhaps; the ounce but one. Then he sighed wearily, a gambler's sigh.

"In the morning," he promised himself, "luck may change then."

The luck changed as he sat toasting his feet that night before the only friend left to him. He started at the sounds of crunching snow. There was a warning crash in the thickets. Without a halloa of greeting, without a word, a man suddenly came into the light of his fire. High Card's hand moved toward his rifle. But the other man came up boldly and stood opposite, a strange figure.

"Well!" snarled High Card, recognizing this newcomer.

The other man raised his hand to his head, seeming dazed; then he looked at the fire in the way a man regards something which he must respect. When he spoke, the words came slowly, pronounced in a queer monotony of tone:

"Lost my bearin's back there—matches ran out, too. You got any matches? Glad you got a fire—been lookin' out for one some time. You've made a big strike, locatin' this fire."

High Card Baldwin listened, watching the other suspiciously. He had thought to hear reproaches, demands, threats; but there was nothing of the sort. This man was fairly old. His hair was a grayish white in places and straggled down, unkempt. He went off a few paces, still watching the leapings of the fire, his face earnestly intent. He sat down. There was a certain reflection of satisfaction in his look as he contemplated the ruddy, cheerful blaze.

"Matches ran out back there," he repeated, without looking up.

"Well, do ye expect to refill the matchbox here?" asked the gambler. Once he had insolently refused a loan to a man he had beggared at cards. He had spoken at that time quite the same. Matches or gold—which the more precious? Treasures are those things we most need and covet most when they are quite beyond our reach.

The old man looked up, a vacant stare on his face.

"Why," he replied to the question, "we're pardners, you an' me . . ."

"You've been following me," broke out High Card angrily.

"Just comin' along."

"What right had ye?"

"Why, we're pardners, you an' me . . ."

High Card Baldwin laughed — a nasty, derisive laughter.

"Pardners nothin' . . ." he snorted.

There came over the other's face a grim look. Several moments passed while he sat stroking one hand over the other, nervously, as if they were cold. He did not notice the fire. His eyes were alert, restless. His dirty gray mustache straggled down on either side of his mouth, giving him the fierce expression of a viking.

"Pardners, of course," he continued as if persuading himself. "We opened the Mary Ellen mine, didn't we . . .? Oh, yes, share an' share alike, we said."

"So that's your game?" bellowed High Card Baldwin.

"It's a fair enough game. We staked out the Mary Ellen. But that was a long time ago. That's past, High Card. But when you came to camp awhile back, an' said you'd made another strike, why, says I, that's where High Card'll make good, says I. So I comes along. Had to pack all the stuff myself, an' that made me quite a bit late, ye see. Then the powder gave out, back there, an' then the matches gave out, too. Somehow, never thought of that. But I kept on . . . I knew ye'd wait somewhere for me, High Card, an' "—

"Wait for you!" sneered the gambler.

"Why, we staked out the Mary Ellen. We came out o' the East together, you an' me—we're pardners."

"Not by a damn sight!" proclaimed High Card Baldwin, doubling his fist and shaking it emphatically. "We ain't pardners — neither gold, nor powder, nor matches, nor nothin'. My finds I keep to myself. Savy?"

"But I found the 'Mary Ellen,'" said the old man, speaking a trifle faster.

"An' you were fool enough to let me lose the stuff, but that's not me. I finds this trick, I trumps it, an' I counts it. There ye are . . ."

High Card Baldwin stooped down to rake the fire a little. He noted, as the flame hissed upward at his touch, that the old man drew aside. Then, still watching the ruddy heap of sticks, the old man continued in his monotone:

"You ferget there was lots in the 'Mary Ellen' 'sides gold. Gold there was aplenty, to be sure, but . . . there was a woman an' there was a child. You lost it all at faro . . . you! First went the gold, yellow stuff—I could see the man rake it in across the table. Then you lost the woman . . . then you lost the child. Somehow, I didn't seem to mind it—then. Ever since that fight at Slim Jim's, when they tried to do for us, an' Burgundy hit me with the bottle, I didn't seem to mind it. We were pardners; you managed. But the woman died, an' the child . . . well, says I to myself, 'them things'll all come right when we make another strike,' an' now we've made it . . ."

"I have—you've lost out," said High Card.

"Ain't we pardners?"

High Card laughed again.

"You laughed that way when you lost the gold . . ."

The laughter of fools is often heard in the gray corridors of death. The old man brushed aside his long hair with a nervous movement. Suddenly he stood erect. His action and decision were so quick it caught High Card unawares. The gambler reached for his gun, but too late to secure it. With a demoniacal scream the other man tore it from his hands. Mechanically the gambler sought a weapon, something, anything, with which to defend himself from this madman. Quick as a flash he leaped across the fire, and caught out from it a club, one with a blazing end. The old man sprang away from this with another eerie cry. There was in the sound an element of pain. High Card saw the man feared the brand only. When he swung it about the circlet of fire seemed to fascinate, charm. When the old man saw this brand advance, glinting, glowing, he fled into the thicket. Trembling and breathing heavily, High Card Baldwin watched him go. He saw the black figure against the lighter, greenish white background, and in an upper clearing, lighted by the pale radiance of the moon, the old man was an awesome figure, his movement spasmodic and grotesque as he ran.

"Loony!" muttered High Card in a faint tone of surprise. This realization was astounding and the full import of it came only in degrees. "Loony, an' afeered o' fire," he said. Then a panic seized the gambler.

"He took the gun!" he gasped.

*

There was now much to consider besides snow and the possibility of snow; sterner than the lack of provisions; greater than the methods of keeping warm. Upon the hillside, free and unrestrained, roamed a madman, having a vengeance and a gun. In the gun there was but one load, but one load is often sufficient. For the gambler there was a hope—the man feared fire.

High Card collected a pile of wood and heaped up the blaze, just as he would have done had he considered an animal. But an animal has no means of projecting its vicious rage. This madman had a gun. High Card crept around and collected his wood on all fours. During all the night he watched from the shelter of two trees, between which he stood, alert.

"Can't keep this 'ere game up long," reflected High Card. "He's got aces to my deuces—well, I mustn't go off to sleep. First time I locate him, I'll go after him. If I can get him to loose that one ball, then I'll be all right."

Ghostly dawn came after an eternity of somber waiting. A breaking of twigs on the north slope aroused High Card from a doze. Peering about the tree trunk, cautiously, he could see nothing. His every sense attuned, High Card fancied he could hear the old man circling the ridge, creeping upon him from every side, now here. now there, like an assassin, a specter, a woodland fiend. High Card found himself growing highly nervous. The slightest noise now caused him to quiver and chill with the terrible fear of the unseen.

"I can't stand it no more," he decided at length, steadying his jangled nerves. "Any way, to stay here means to starve. I'd as lief be shot right down like a dog than starve. Here goes, an' may the devil spoil his aim, damn him . . ."

Locating the next suspicious sound, High Card made a determined start. With the stealth of a slinking cat he advanced over the rising ground, dodging in and about the tree trunks, which were now as lank specters in a pallid mist. High Card had remembered to carry a club, one end of which was charred and glowing. He could hear the other in retreat, but he could not catch sight of his adversary. The strain of this hide and seek was horrible. At any moment he expected the crashing of a shot. He was as a man following a trail set with infernal machines, the triggers of which were always a little beyond. Then the brand he carried died away. High Card glanced back to where his fire burned in the open space, feeling a certain security in its presence there. It lived for him, protecting him. That was a fire of some proportion, he told himself. The woods chilled him with the veil of dawn-mist, and he shivered to be back by his comforting friend. The brand dead, he must beat a retreat to the fire for another. But a louder noise directly ahead drew him on a little. There was a crash of breaking branches and the rush of a heavy body.

"Maybe . . . that wasn't him"—exclaimed High Card. "Where"—He wheeled about, and stood momentarily paralyzed at the sight of his enemy in the clearing, tearing open his precious pack, throwing the things about in a destructive glee. High Card could see the stuff falling into the fire.

"Matches," he groaned, the word coming from his heart.

Then, with a wild yell, he charged down the hill, whirling his club, a fearful courage goading him onward. What was the chance of a shot when the loss of matches and fire was reckoned? He would fight the man, mad and armed though he be, with bare hands. As High Card neared him, the old man disposed of the last of the pack, and with a call of impish delight he ran off to the higher wooded ground. High Card tried to rescue a few of the burning fragments. He burned his fingers severely, and a certain little package seemed to explode with a shimmering poof of bright flame in his very hands.

"Matches!" he groaned again pitifully.

*

Without a gun, now without the gift of fire! He must preserve the embers, and High Card feverishly scraped them into a heap until they blazed up again. Hardly had he accomplished this when a dull report sounded from the upper ridge, and High Card heard the heavy plunging of a bullet overhead in the sodden branches. He sprang to his feet, an expression of delight upon his face.

"There he goes . . ." he said. "That kills his little game. He'll not be . . ."

Another report and another bullet. High Card's face was convulsed. Like a petrified man he was.

"He must have got the cartridges . . . "

A third report sounded as a muffled signal. This time the ball sped nearer its mark, and High Card made a desperate leap backward into the timber.

"There are thirteen cartridges," he whispered to himself. "Three shots—he has ten left . . ."

A ball struck the very tree behind which he had taken refuge.

"Close—that," said the gambler, shifting swiftly to another shelter. He kept account of the reports. "Four," he said, as carefully as an accountant over his ledger. "Four—that leaves him nine cracks at me . . . Gawd!"

During the next hour High Card Baldwin was hunted from cover to cover like a beast. He tried to keep circling the fire, for that precious fire must not go out or be destroyed. He risked touching the finger-tips of Death rather than be compelled at length to look the Judgment fairly in the face. In the open, clinging to the roots of a large tree, the fire lovingly leaped and fawned its delicious, red gold flames. Such a fire meant preservation, life itself.

"Eight . . . seven left, now . . . " counted the gambler, as he would have tallied tricks at cards. All games of chance paled into petty insignificance when compared to this game he played. A close call flecked splinters of bark into his face, and he could feel the warmth of blood. Now he knew the emotion of being cornered. He hedged about, snarling. His hands trembled with fear and cold. It was growing cold, a moist, damp cold. The sky was overcast, a drab ominous, heavy, leering sky. There were mists along the trees which had not been dispelled by the feeble light. High Card edged nearer the fire.

"Six . . . five . . . four," he whispered, following the muffled reports. "I've got to carry fire with me somehow. Can't stay here—no food, no matches, no gun . . . looks like a bad lot of weather comin' . . . three . . . only two doses left in that bottle. What's comin'? The red or black to win, eh? . . . " He was growing jocular and impatient. High Card peered about his tree. Immediately the wind was whipped near his face. He laughed. "One left . . . one left . . . Gawd! what's he mean . . ."

The old man had come forth from the wood and was advancing. Straight to the fire he came.

"The fire . . ." murmured High Card, in a half-frozen whisper.

Now the old man, a grin upon his face, attacked his greatest enemy. He began scattering the burning sticks. High Card saw them go this way and that, some blazing brightly, some dying in the wet hollows of the snow. What could he do to dissuade this madman? Fire! it meant . . . there was but one shot in the gun. High Card caught up a handful of snow. He crushed it together between his palms and threw it at the other. His aim was bad. It had been a long time since he last played at snowballs. Schoolboy days, they were in the grave of yesterday. He remembered how they had once pelted the master from behind a fence, and what a peculiarly funny expression of astonishment had come to the teacher's face at a well-directed shot in the ear. High Card made just such another hit now, and wondered vaguely why this old man did not reflect that same expression. He stooped to make one more ball of snow. He must drive the man from the fire. It was almost out. The old man looked up at him, an unearthly stare of monotony on his face. There was only one shot in the gun. The gambler hurled his snowball with a maddened effort, running. He heard a dull report, and saw the snow strike into the man's face, staggering him. Now he could get possession of the gun. He went forward. Two long strides he made, and then brought up with a little wavering stagger. There was a wet film before his eyes. He put up his hands to wipe it away. Had the old man thrown a snowball, he wondered. But there

was nothing. With a little choking cough he hesitated . . . stopped . . . sank down upon trembling knees, slowly.

"You . . ." he said once, before he dropped over, his white face touching the cold, wet ground.

*

The old man came up to him cautiously, holding the gun extended. His wan face exhibited the wonderment of a child. He laughed in a tremulous way, as if he might begin to cry. He looked all around. The woods were silent, dull gray and cold. There was no more fire, only a few dead sticks. He snapped the trigger of the gun several times, and was surprised at the continued quiet. All this was very strange to him. He glanced up at the sky. It was a heavy, overcast, drab, lowering sky. A moist something touched his cheeks, his hands. There were little dancing particles in the air. A sane expression of realization leaped to his face instantly. He quivered as a man awakening from a horrible dream, only to find it true enough. He feared for the first time, sought companionship, comfort.

"High Card!—High Card!" he cried out sensibly, running to and vigorously shaking the quiet figure. "The fire's out, an' it's . . . *it's snowing ! ! !*"

THE CHANGELING

By CLARE GIFFIN

HOMESICK, and homesick, ah, sick am I for home,
To see the cliffs of Faery above the flying foam.
The winds go blowing westward, the blue skies turn gray,
But I must walk the sea-sand and watch the ships away.

Westward and westward and westward go the ships,
And seaward and seaward the bright brook-water slips,
And the hunting horns of Faery ring clear every morn,
And I must hear them calling, yet wander here forlorn.

East the sun and west the moon and overseas away
I would go a-faring by night and by day,
But round me and round me, and round me yet again,
Three times the spell was bound that holds me like a chain.

Brook water, tide water, river and sea,
As long as the waters flow I may not win free;
But still I walk the sea-sand and watch the ships go down,
West into the sunset, the road to Merlin's town.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

It is estimated that the money value of the grain, dairy and animal products of the three Prairie Provinces for this year will not fall below $850,000,000. All this is new wealth from which nothing has to be deducted for cost of raw material or cost of manufacture. The grain crop is not of average excellence but even a fair wheat yield at $2.50 a bushel gives a satisfactory return. There are settlers who have had "hard luck" and others struggling for a bare living upon land on which wheat growing should never have been attempted. But generally over the three Provinces the people are prosperous and many farmers become comparatively wealthy. In the fact there is no ground for adverse criticism but only reason for rejoicing.

It is stated that the deposits in the banks of British Columbia equal the deposits in all the banks of Canada a generation ago, and that the deposits in the banks of the three Prairie Provinces exceed the total deposits in all the banks at Confederation. If there are pessimists who still regard the West as an experiment they will only be more completely confounded as the years pass. No doubt wheat prices will decline but in the West as in Ontario the agriculturists will turn more and more towards stock breeding and general farming. In this they will be greatly assisted by the era of high prices. The farmer, like the manufacturer, requires a reserve of capital if he is to expand, enlarge his activities and multiply his products. There is no doubt, also, that through industrial development and growth of towns and cities, he will get better local markets and discover new fields of production and greater sources of revenue.

One feels that there is before Canada not only the greatest era of expansion in its history but the greatest era of expansion in the history of the Continent. As Europe recovers from the effects of the Great Tragedy, there will be an immense movement of immigrants towards this country, while from year to year the overflow from the United States will continue and increase. Apparently British capital shows an increasing disposition to seek investment here while already American capital investments in Canada run into hundreds of millions. No one need expect that the Dominion will escape periods of anxiety and depression. Nor can Governments, in face of the tremendous obligations the people now carry, plunge into reckless expenditures or sanction doubtful public undertakings.

We have need to show great wisdom in providing for the immigration that is coming and in so controlling expenditures as to reduce the heavy burden of taxation. Fortunately, in the future, we shall not require to devote such huge sums of public money to railway construction. We shall probably be less tolerant of railway deficits than we have been of railway subsidies. It will be well, too, if the public understand that deficits on national railways do not differ greatly from subsidies to private railways. Indeed, in the

immediate future there is nothing of more vital importance to Canada than economical and efficient operation of the National Railway System.

What we shall need is a public policy that will attract capital, ensure stability, guarantee the quality of immigration and sympathetic treatment of new settlers, discourage rash governmental undertakings, relieve private enterprises from embarrassing and repressive regulations, and conserve and develop the natural resources of Canada for the national advantage. The war enlarged the functions of government in every country, but apparently the conviction of the nations is that many of the regulations and restrictions necessary for war are merely mischievous and destructive in time of peace. The prospect before the Dominion is such that we probably could defy even bad government but with economy in expenditures, energy in administration and prudence in legislation for the next quarter of a century, the country will be immovably established as a powerful populous British Commonwealth.

II

There is a tragic likeness between the French Revolution and the long reign of confusion and terror in Russia. From the first the real object of the French revolutionary leaders was not reform but destruction. As Mrs. Arthur Webster has established by her History of the Revolution, the Subversives of France in 1793 and 1794 were the natural disciples of the Order of the Illuminati founded in Bavaria in 1776, and in itself an outgrowth of a spurious form of masonry. The Order, according to Mrs. Webster, "abjured Christianity, advocated sensual pleasures, believed in annihilation, and called patriotism and loyalty narrow-minded prejudices incompatible with universal benevolence". Further the Order "accounted all princes usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders as their abettors; they meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-contined and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation, they intended to establish universal liberty and equality, the imprescriptible rights of man, and as a preparation for all this they intended to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life, by destroying the veneration for marriage vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of parents". Mrs. Webster contends it is this doctrine that provides the key to the whole policy of the leading revolutionaries of France, and which finally brought the Reign of Terror.

For more than a century French and British historians have presented the revolution as a great, unselfish, herioc struggle for human freedom and social and industrial reform, when, as the evidence discloses, the leaders deliberately plotted to make all measures of reform futile and ineffective and often had no higher object than to use the people to advance their own unholy amibitions and infamous purposes. "Does the nation know what it wishes?" said Chamfort. "One can make it wish and one can make it say what it has never thought. The nation is a great herd that only thinks of browsing, and with good sheep dogs, the shepherds can lead it as they please." The British Empire only begins to be emancipated from Whig history. So many English writers have been the patrons of revolution in every country but their own. We complain of the perversion of history in American schoolbooks, but they contain nothing for which the authority of English writers cannot be produced. For generations Burke's interpretation of the French Revolution has been treated as the product of a mind which had been unsettled by the horrors of The Terror. But as now appears, he, chiefly among English writers, understood its spirit and its purpose. As Mrs. Webster shows by definite quotation from contemporary writings and official reports the "Revolutions" of Car-

lyle and of "The Tale of Two Cities" are sentimental romances. It is well that history should turn its face towards democracy, but in Mirabeau's phrase one cannot "build upon mud". Reform is not the handmaid of anarchy. Even the tyrrany of absolutism may give a greater general measure of happiness and freedom than the brutality of The Terror or the bloody despotism of the Soviet. It now seems clear that Louis XVI was not only willing but eager to lead his people towards Reform while the revolutionary leaders would go only along the Road to Destruction.

III

As the intriguing hand of Prussia was busy throughout the French Revolution, so there is every reason to think that German machinations precipitated the confusion and ruin of Russia. But Germany's hand is seldom revealed and Berlin seldom openly employs foreign instruments. The revolutionary elements in France were enormously strengthened by the attacks of foreign armies. The "Patriots" could always appeal with effect to the tradition of loyalty and the sentiment of patriotism in the French people. So in Russia with its centuries of national tradition and history any appeal to the people against economic menace or military pressure by foreign nations must bring a response. If there is a thing on earth which has the touch of immortality it is national spirit. Who doubts that the unity of Russia will be restored or believes that its light will go out forever in blood and ruin?

It is hard to think that Poland, in its movement against the Soviet Government, has been well advised, nor is it any secret that the Poles have acted under French inspiration. A vast amount of French capital is invested in Russia, and there are powerful elements in France whose supreme object is to establish a government in Russia which will not repudiate the country's foreign obligations. Indeed it is believed in London that concern for these investments is now the mainspring of French policy. Hence the friction between the British and French Governments. Apparently British ministers have become convinced that direct military intervention in Russia is mischievous and in the temper of British feeling impracticable and impossible, have not regarded the Polish adventure with favour, and are most reluctant to have British power and prestige employed as the instruments of French capitalists. There can be no doubt that the feeling between France and Great Britain is more acute than the despatches disclose. It is not easy on this side of the Atlantic to discover the exact currents and tendencies of feeling in Europe. One cannot know the real temper of Great Britain unless one goes to London. But it is a fact that in Paris there is a general smouldering anger against the British people and in England a great wonder and impatience over the suspicions entertained and the demands formulated by the French Government. There is no thought of an open rupture, but once again one is reminded of the uncertainty and mutability of the relations between nations. How hardly the world learns the lesson of peace, and how rashly, ignorantly and criminally governments and peoples dare the cost and ruin of conflict. Surely the task of the League of Nations is for the gods alone!

IV

In the French Revolution there is a lesson for all democracies. For in the last years of Louis XVI France was essentially a democracy as Great Britain has been for more than a century. No one can set bounds to what may be achieved by demagogues in the press and on the platform. Not ten per cent. of the French people were in actual sympathy with the Revolution. Mrs. Webster quotes a statement by Arthur Young, who "watched the engineering

of the Revolution". He asked, "Will posterity believe that while the press has swarmed with inflammatory productions, that tend to prove the blessings of theoretical confusion and speculative licentiousness, not one writer of talent has been employed to refute and confound the fashionable doctrines nor the least care taken to disseminate works of another complexion." Mrs. Webster also quotes Playfair, another contemporary English writer, who "was amazed by the incredible inertia of the ruling classes". He said, "In this state of things did the proprietors pay a single man of merit to plead their cause? No. If, by chance, a man of merit refuted their enemies, did they make a small sacrifice to give publicity to his work? No. He who pleaded the cause of murder and plunder saw his work distributed by thousands and hundreds of thousands and himself enriched; while he who endeavoured to support the course of law, or order and of the proprietor, had his bookseller to pay and saw his labour converted into waste paper." Mrs. Webster adds: "So at the outbreak of the Revolution all dynamic force, all fire and energy, were to be found on the side of demolition, whilst the Old Regime, resolutely blind to the coming changes, allowed itself to be destroyed without striking a blow in self-defence."

If ever Bolshevism destroys law, order and civilization it will be through the recreancy of the "best citizens". On this continent too many of those who have made or inherited money are reluctant to give themselves directly to public affairs. They are easily persuaded that their duties and obligations lie elsewhere. It is not quite so in Great Britain where the example of the "ruling classes" has made public life the most honourable pursuit in which a man can engage and a seat in Parliament the most honourable position to which a man can aspire. Here, perhaps, is the secret of the long security of Great Britain against revolution. Throughout the world, in Canada as in other countries, the agents of intrigue, unrest and disorder never were so active and determined. There never before has been so much incendiary writing and mischievous teaching. But those who have most to lose are least concerned. Those who, after all, are the best advisers of the people, give little of time or money to ensure social stability and defend and maintain responsible constitutional government. Democracy, interpreted and applied by demagogues, impoverishes the true sources and destroys the vital securities of civilization. Unfortunately the consequences fall most heavily upon the working masses of the people in field and factory, as was demonstrated in the French Revolution, and is as clearly revealed in the desperate experiences through which Russia is passing under the direction of fanatical idealists and malignant destructionists.

V.

A few weeks ago a man charged with a heinous offence was taken out of jail and narrowly escaped lynching by a mob at Thorold. It was by the appeal of the prisoner, not by the vigilance or strong hand of the authorities, that the community escaped an indelible disgrace. No group of men for any cause whatever, may be allowed to establish mob law in Ontario. If over the very sparsely settled areas of the West, in frontier communities and even in the Yukon, law and order could be maintained and fugitives pursued through thousands of miles of wilderness, it should be possible to secure and punish murderous rioters in one of the oldest and most highly civilized districts in Ontario. Should there be failure the contrast with the spirit and efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police will be humiliating and disgraceful.

There is not a right thinking citizen of Canada who was not shamed by the behaviour of the mob at Thorold. We would have been outraged if such an

incident could have happened at Dawson, when it held nondescripts and adventurers from every corner of the earth, and when it would not have been surprising if the ordinary sanctions of civilization were not highly regarded. We have always been willing to lecture the United States over the lynching and burning of negroes. Among us there has been an exalted, at times perhaps, somewhat pharisaical feeling, that we were the true interpreters of freedom and justice on this continent. We have believed that lynching was only possible in the South where feeling between whites and blacks is virulent, or in the pioneer mining camps of the Western States.

What would we have said a few weeks ago if a lynching had been attempted in a New England village? What may fairly be said of Ontario and of Canada if there is no visitation of justice upon the rioters at Thorold? It must be remembered that so far as the authorities are concerned nothing even feebly effective was done to prevent organized murder. The reputation of Ontario is in the hands of the Attorney-General and unless he acts firmly and fearlessly British justice as applied in Canada will have lost something of its lustre and significance.

VI

There is general irritation over heavy increases in freight and passenger charges. Owing to the great distances which separate communities and Provinces in this country high railway charges are very onerous. But possibly inefficiency in transportation is even more demoralizing than the exaction of high rates by the public carriers. This has been demonstrated by the demoralization of the railway system of the United States, where all business has been dislocated, coal shipments retarded and disastrous freight blockades created by the failure of the railways to secure necessary capital for new rolling stock and equipment, for the maintenance of roadbed, for high power engines and adequate siding and terminal facilities.

It is difficult to conceive a more unfortunate situation than that which arises when the transportation services become unequal to the demands of commerce. At any cost we must ensure that the railway services of Canada do not deteriorate, and that the deficits upon the national railway system do not involve oppressive general taxation. It does seem that railway charges must increase if tens of millions are added to the wages of railway workers and costs of material and supplies increase proportionately.

There is need to-day, not only for the expenditure of tens of millions but of hundreds of millions on the national railways to provide additional equipment, more powerful engines, and stronger permanent structures, to improve and rebuild roadbed, and to give better service for passengers and expedite the movement of freight on the branches and even on long sections of the main system. It was a misfortune for the Grand Trunk and for Canada, that the Company never had adequate supplies of capital, and the progress of the country will be retarded if the Government in the operation of the national railways cannot command greater financial resources than the Grand Trunk possessed. Moreover, it is vital in consideration of our huge investments in railways that population and production of field and factory should increase and traffic go in Canadian carriers to Canadian markets and seaports.

VII

In my contribution to *The Canadian Magazine* for May last, I made some references to the late Judge Savary of Nova Scotia, and gave a letter which I had from him shortly before his death in which he described a dinner party given by Sir John Macdonald at which Sir Richard Cartwright was among the

guests. From his son, Rev. T. W. Savary, rector of St. James' Church, Kingston, I have another letter received by the Judge when he was appointed to the Bench. It is interesting to find that of all appointments the Conservative leader declared in 1876 he would like that of a County Judge. He fully realized public feeling was running against the Mackenzie administration and foresaw his restoration to office two years later. "When I saw you gazetted as County Judge," wrote Sir John Macdonald, on September 23, 1876, "my feelings were of a mingled description. I was pleased to think that you had arrived at a position of dignity and usefulness and at the same time I regretted the withdrawal from political life of a true-hearted friend, whose ability was sometime or other sure to bring him to the front in the administration of public affairs. If your duties are similar to those of the County Judges of Ontario, I heartily congratulate you on the position. I have often thought that of all appointments I would like that of a County Judge. There is just enough work to do to keep one reasonably employed without the worry and responsibility of the Supreme Bench. You are the first man in your County and have leisure enough to amuse yourself with literary or such other pursuits as your taste dictates. Long may you live to enjoy it! There is a great awakening of the dry bones in Ontario and Quebec. If the present feeling in the country continues the Government will be routed in these two Provinces. The unexpected victory of Campbell in Victoria, C.B., shows that the reaction has extended to your Province. Lady Macdonald unites in best regards."

VIII

Mr. Savary was not of Acadian descent, as was stated in the obituary notices. His grandfather was Nathan Savary, who joined the Continental Army at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War and, it is believed, was with General Ethan Allen when he surprised the fortress of Ticonderoga and demanded its surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continenal Congress". But Nathan Savary served in the army for only a short time, refused to re-enlist, and gradually adopted the doctrines and followed many of the distinctive practices of the Society of Friends. At the close of the Revolutionary War he came to Nova Scotia, professing that the Declaration of Independence had wrought a change in his political views and affiliations, that he had fought for "redress of grievances" but not for "independence", that independence in the sense of separation was a "hateful word", and that the Thirteen Colonies ought to have accepted the offers of reconciliation made by Great Britain "under the terms of which", the late Judge Savary said, "British America to-day continues to enjoy the blessings of constitutional liberty clothed in its ancient forms and symbolized by the flag of our remote ancestors". Sabine Savary, Judge Savary's father, married a daughter of Samuel Marshall, a Loyalist who came from New York to Shelburne and thence to Yarmouth, was a leading merchant and pioneer shipowner, and represented a Nova Scotia constituency in the Legislature.

Judge Savary was among the pioneer advocates of Imperial federation. In a letter which he wrote in 1917 to Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, who had published an article in *The Nineteenth Century* on the Organization of the Empire, Mr. Savary stated his position with great clearness and vigour. He said: "I cannot understand why representation of the Overseas Dominions and colonies in the British House of Commons is either never mentioned or curtly dismissed as impracticable by those who consider and discuss this all important subject. I have heard no reason why it is less practicable than for the colonies of France and Spain to be represented in their national Parliaments, nor why it is necessary for us to devise and formulate a written constitution and call

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

From the Photograph by Travers Sweatman
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

into existence a new general Parliament for the Empire, or any merely deliberative body. We have the national Imperial parliament all ready to hand, with its many centuries of glorious associations, and it seems idle and useless to speculate on the composition of another.

"Under Home Rule the number of Irish members is to be reduced. Why not give the number thus taken away in fair and just proportions to all the Overseas Dominions, colonies and dependencies of the Empire? Let it be provided that this representation shall carry with it no right to tax or give Parliament any right to bind the colonies in their domestic affairs which it does not now possess, and reciprocally let the overseas member have no right to vote on any question concerning the purely domestic and local affairs of Great Britain and Ireland, to be decided by the Speaker as occasion arises. But let them have full right to speak on every subject. If they take part in the discussions of such subjects, it would be in a sort of advisory capacity, and their position would be somewhat analogous to that of the delegates to Congress from the American territories not yet admitted as states. If, however, an overseas member should become a member of the Imperial Cabinet, then I should give him the right to vote as well as speak on all questions, for he would have been raised to the position of a representative of all the people of the two islands by the confidence of Parliament representing those islands by a vast majority. I conceive of the possibility of an overseas member becoming premier, and for example, Mr. Bonar Law being elected for his native Province of New Brunswick, or one of its constituencies. I would give to any member from the Province of Quebec the right to address the House in his own language, a concession which would have an immense effect in strengthening the loyalty and affection of the French-Canadian race to the Imperial tie. Non-residence in the colony represented should be no disqualification, nor should the holding of an office under or a seat in the legislature, council or government of any Dominion, Province, colony or dependency. The number of members allotted to each of the Dominions and dependencies would be fixed in the Act of the Imperial Parliament, but their subdivisions into constituencies as well as the franchise should be regulated by the Dominions themselves. The Imperial Merchant Shipping Act already binds the colonies, and I would reserve to the Imperial Parliament exclusively the subject of aliens and naturalization.

"True, the representation of the overseas territories would be numerically small in proportion to the whole Parliament, but not proportionately too small considering the small number of matters in respect to which they are to be bound, and that the brunt of the expense of the Empire's sustentation and defence in peace and war must still be borne by the mother country, and the action of each constituent part of the Empire would continue purely voluntary. It would be unwise to attempt to curtail the present autonomy of any of the Dominions by a single function. It could no longer be said, however, that the Dominnons, although necessarily involved in war when the mother country is at war, have no voice in determining the policy on which the issue of peace or war depends, and the call to them for men and money would be responded to with even more alacrity than that with which they have spontaneously entered into the present conflict. Every Dominion and colony would be an integral although a locally independent part of the great whole. The overseas members would bring a freshness of thought and a new way of looking at things to the debates of Parliament, and carry back to their own Parliaments the tone of the old Parliament of the nation, the mother of Parliaments, and the Empire would renew her youth with such a bond of union holding every part of it together and to the mother country. Of all the schemes propounded for the unification of the Empire this seems to me to have most the merit of simplicity

and facility of adoption. It is the policy always persistently advocated by Hon. Joseph Howe, one of the greatest and far seeing of our old colonial statesmen, and to whom the consolidation and permanency of the British Empire was a darling object. I refer you to the recent edition of the Letters and Speeches of Howe by Mr. J. A. Chisholm. In this volume will be found a remarkable letter by Howe to Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, about seventy years ago, and a speech delivered by him in the Provincial Parliament of Nova Scotia, on a resolution in favour of a union of the Provinces of British North America, on March 11th, 1854. He elaborated the scheme in more detail in the memorial which he published and distributed in England in 1867 and 1868, when a delegate from Nova Scotia to oppose the confederation of the Province with Canada, and secure her release from the operation of the British North America Act of 1867. His scheme was limited to British North America, but I would extend it to every part of the Empire, including India and Egypt."

At the moment there is among British statesmen no general support for any project of Imperial federation. Mr. Savary could not have foreseen that three years later the Imperial Parliament would concede political independence to Egypt. And, by the way, it is significant that this concession should have been recommended by a British Commission of which Lord Milner was Chairman. But never was there a greater injustice than the common interpretation of Lord Milner as the mouthpiece of British jingoism and an opponent of self-government for the Dominions. The report of the Commission to Egypt is consistent with all Lord Milner's teaching and expresses his long settled conception of the future of the Empire. Mr. Savary may not have been a prophet. Events and not theories seem to be the determining influences in the evolution of the Empire. But his letter is interesting and the whole subject becomes important in view of the prospect of an early Imperial Conference to consider common problems affecting the nations of the Imperial Commonwealth.

IX

THE JOY OF LIFE

A Boy and Girl with arms entwined,
A bit of wood, a sunny day,
A tender softness in the wind,
How happy they!

A Youth and Maid who loiter by
A bit of wood, a sunny day.
Dumb with love's quiet ecstasy,
How happy they!

A Man and Wife, a Child between,
A bit of wood, a sunny day,
A deeper look in eyes serene,
How happy they!

A dear old Man, a sweet Old Dame,
A bit of wood, a sunny day,
With memories that have no shame,
How happy they!

A SOLDIER SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

"HOW much will you charge to take me out to the ex-soldiers' setlement?" I inquired of the young man with keen and jolly gray- blue eyes who runs the garage at Creston.

"We usually tax five dollars for there and back and give you half an hour to transact your business," he told me. When I explained that I was going out less on business than to take by surprise two ex-soldier friends who had cast in their lot with that colony of fruit-farmers in the making, he at once understood that I would probably want to stay longer than half-an-hour, and promised not to be hard on me.

Away we went with the rush that Westerners used to delight in when going off on horseback, and now demand of their automobiles. At high speed we swerved, twisted, raised the dust on a broad wagon-road between the aligned orchards of Creston. The evidence of the landscape scarcely required the testimony of the driver regarding the "making good" of fruit-growers here. On either hand were trig fences, and the orchards beyond, all in fine condition, half-hid and half-revealed the pleasantest of bungalow homes. As we curved down hill, with the odour of balsam and fir washing past us, the roar of a hidden stream grew louder, and at the hill-foot we slowed up, drawing near to a bridge, crawled on it and stopped. The object of the halt was clear, for down in the canyon, a hundred feet below, a river foamed into rapids and falls—the celebrated Goat River, snapped by every tourist's camera. The chauffeur shouted to me the depth of the canyon and the depth of the water in the gorge, and then we rushed on again through the woods, leaving the roar of the river behind. Soon the only sounds were the cling-clang of cow-bells in the bush and the chirring of our engine.

The woods swept past us, the road ran under us, till we came to a wide cleared space of wilderness dotted with frame houses and shacks. For back view to the settlement is a range of mountains like a stage-scene, all blue and gray of jutting rocks and mast-like trees, and a wavering rocky ridge high above with snow in the topmost crannies and silver threads showing here and there, slender threads that, if anyone climbed so high, would prove to be foaming creeks. At the store we laid in a stock, for our surprise party, of tinned veal, canned corn, and air-tight peaches, and then sought out my friends. They were in the pink of condition, brown as Indians, collarless, open-shirted, surrounded by hammers and lathes, shovels and fishing rods, rifles and cameras.

The surprise over, we made a tour of the settlement, heard all about what is being done and what is to do. These ex-soldiers who are taking up

land here work in gangs under various bosses and one head boss. Some are swamping—that is clearing bush—some are working at dynamiting the bigger tree-stumps (or "shooting"), others are at the sawmill, where the logs become lumber for the building of houses. The system at first was to cast lots for the choosing of a position; but now the spirit of chance has been eliminated and the system is that of seniority of arrival. Every man receives wages for his share in the clearing, four dollars a day, a dollar less than the usual pay for such work; but the "proposition", as they call it, seems "not too bad", because each of these settlers, while working for the general welfare and progress of the colony (somewhat in a communal system) is also working for himself. Clearing the land as a whole, he is also clearing at the same time his own parcel of it.

It is wonderful how speedily the woods disappear and the fields are rid of stumps by aid of a donkey engine, and how soon the preliminary shacks vanish to give place to frame houses. In another six years or so this domain of the squirrels, the frisky chipmunks, and the deer will be such another place as Creston, with the same facilities for speedy shipment of produce to the prairie markets. I do not write as a "booster" for I have no axe to grind (and for all I know the lots at this especial settlement may be already all booked), but I heard no one disparage the location. In Creston last season, on his apple trees alone, one man cleared ten thousand dollars. What others are making I cannot say. It does not come natural to me to ask my host: "And now, sir, tell me, what is your income?" But I do know that the folks there are well-clad, and have very charming homes, and spin about in automobiles everywhere, and can spare considerable time to go picnicking, camping-out in the surrounding hills, or a-fishing. And the common view is that there is no reason why Lister (the settlement, I should say, is named after Colonel Lister, who set the project afoot, and is still resident there though he has withdrawn, I believe, from active participation in its further development) should not, in a few years, show as good fruit as Creston can raise. I am no expert in this matter of fruit, but I have ears to hear, and a certain amount of discernment to weigh what is said. It is essential for anyone purposing to become a rancher to consider the lay of the land, make inquiries regarding the possibility of summer night-nips of frost (winter cold but improves apples) and the question of proximity of markets and shipments to them. There are parts of British Columbia, where a man requires capital behind him to go in for fruit-farming; and I know one section where the orchards, at the moment, are only paying their way. Creston, however, does not seem to be one of these places. I heard of farmers elsewhere who made the mistake of raising too many varieties of apples, with the result that they could not make up orders of sufficient quantities of one specific apple to ship a "straight carload". They are now rectifying that error by specializing on not more than three kinds of apples they can export, by the paying carload, early, middle, or late fruit.

Once the initial hard work is over the jollities of British Columbia life are close at hand for those on the settlement. Boating or canoeing on the lakes; fishing for trout and salmon; motoring on the winding roads; mountain climbing in the season after deer, or a little higher, climbing after bear; these are some of the attractions at the back of the minds of the young men, who (after the trenches and the hideousness of Flanders, the sunstroke and the malaria of the Tigris, and the burden generally that military life thrust upon them) are making homes for themselves, in the midst of these splendid scenes of mountain, wood, and falling streams.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE MEN OF THE NINETIES

By Bernard Muddiman. London: Henry Danielson.

HIS charming little book, written by an old-country man now living in Canada after having served abroad during the war, is the fourth important work treating a period that has a genuine attraction for students of the literature and art of our own time. It has been urged, and with much good reason, that literature is as much an art as painting, and therefore that when one speaks of art it should not be presumed that one is speaking of painting. As a matter of fact, all the *soul* that one puts into a piece of writing is, as art, the same as one puts into drawing or painting or singing. In other words, art is the same in all mediums, and although Mr. Muddiman does not make this claim, he reveals his attitude by placing writing and drawing and painting side by side in his splendid appreciation of artistic expression in England during the decade that ended in 1899. The same period already had been discussed in an even slenderer volume, by Mr. W. G. Blaikie Murdoch, entitled "The Renaissance of the Nineties", and later, in a much larger book, by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, entitled "The Eighteen-Nineties". A fourth study of the same period, one perhaps less widely known is by Mr. Harold Williams. Besides giving one an acquaintance with the moving spirits of the nineties, Mr. Muddiman points to Aubrey Beardsley as the moving spirit and gives reasons not only in his work but in the rise and fall of the "Yellow Book" quarterly, why this mere youth, struggling against a fatal malady and the apathy of publishers, was at length, by the results of sheer genius, able to make a profound and lasting impression on the artistic conscience of his time. Mr. Muddiman, perhaps more than the other writers of this period, discusses individuals who stood alone, such as Hubert Crackanthorpe and Ernest Dowson, and individuals who were parts of groups or who affected groups, such as Henry James, Henry Harland, and Oscar Wilde. Indeed, he ascribes the death of this age to the fall of Wilde and its burial to the Boer War. But Beardsley is the great figure in the movement. "Beardsley's literary work," he says, "like his black-and-white, though the embodiment of the spirit of the age, is also of the noble order of the highest things in art. It is for this reason, indeed, that I have selected Beardsley as the centre-piece of this brief sketch of a movement that is dead and gone. He was the incarnation of the spirit of the age, but when the fall of Wilde killed the age, and the Boer War buried it, neither of these things disturbed the magic spell of his art. His age may die, but he remains. Even now he has outlived the fad period, while many of the books that were written at that date by others and decorated by him are only valuable to-day because of his frontispiece or wrapper. One has not forgotten those wrappers, for as one will not forget the work of William Blake, one will not forget that of Aubrey Beardsley. His enthusiasts treasure the smallest

fragment." Again he says: "The majority of the work of the movement, in fact, can be described as impressionisms of the abnormal by a group of individualists. For in all their work the predominant keynote will be found to be a keen sense of that strangeness of proportion which Bacon noted as a characteristic of what he called beauty."

Mr. Muddiman pays a fine and deserved tribute to the courage, vision and sympathy of the publisher, Leonard Smithers, a publisher who issued "The Ballad of Reading Goal" at the very moment when Wilde, its author, was under his blackest cloud, and a publisher also who considered artistic merit rather than commercial possibilities.

One should not expect Mr. Muddiman to discover much connection between this movement and Canada, but he mentions a contribution by the poet Bliss Carman to "The Savoy". It is perhaps worth nothing also that another Canadian poet, Charles G. D. Roberts, contributed at least one poem to "The Yellow Book", and the Canadian painter Elizabeth Standhope-Forbes, had one of her paintings reproduced.

This is a book that should be in every library that makes any pretense of interesting or informing the ones who are attracted by belles lettres.

*

A STUDY IN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION

By W. G. Smith. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

PROFESSOR SMITH has on occasion been known to agitate a meeting of good clerics by some remark which had the truth of God in it but not as the brethren saw it. At such times, being under the compulsion of his particular demon, Professor Smith has humorously characterized himself as the fly in the ointment—and gone on being the fly. As happens so often in life, he has been taken by many at his own valuation and been voted a disturber in ministerial assemblies if not withal a stirrer up of strife. There was indeed a time when men of fine and earnest spirit and theological bent shook their heads over Professor Smith. Even when they learned that he taught a Bible class every Sunday afternoon it made a difficulty for them that a man who so frequently irritated the peace of theological discussion didn't pass his Sundays shooting dice or otherwise indulging himself in the ways of sin.

But Professor Smith is getting known. His fashion of half humorously, half tenderly jogging preoccupied theological elbows is coming to be recognized as but one expression among many of a fine and serious interest in the truth of things. When, for instance, he once pointed out to a more or less excited theological alumni association that Nietzsche probably did not cause the war he was not being pro-German or anti-Ally, but merely truth-seeking.

This truth-seeking tendency is one that Professor Smith might repudiate, being modest and possibly rather liking the fun of "gadflying", but his repudiation would fall flat under the onset of proof from his own book recently published. "A Study of Canadian Immigration" is manifestly an attempt to get at the truth of the immigration situation in Canada. The book stimulates as the work of the searcher after the truth of things always stimulates. In places it stirs and excites. In places it is stronger than fiction and more romantic, even if convincing.

The author has done in this book what has not heretofore been done in Canada. The word study on the title page is not a misnomer. Hard work, the drudgery of search among blue books for bald figures, the toil of gathering in and examining pamphlets and laws, is behind the business-like volume issued from the Ryerson

Press. No other volume in connection with the subject has shown quite the grasp within its given area of interest. No other volume has had quite the compact and final character of this one.

But the book is more than a study. It is a study brightened by enthusiasm. Professor Smith has done for the reader that difficult and serviceable thing, he has conveyed the sense of a romance that lies always about the data of the laboratory for him who can see it; he has added to fact illumination. He has gathered the materials and arranged the data in connection with Canadian immigration with a vitality and an insight that is new. With his peculiar knack for analysis he has made tables of figures vocal. He has made now and then a page of statistical data the occasion of a revelation.

This statement occures on page 351 of Professor Smith's book, "The undeniable fact is that the immigrants have come, are here, and are coming." The statement is the central point of departure for all the discussions of the book and diverging from it are the lines of investigation and comment upon past policies, present conditions, and future tendencies. It is natural that Professor Smith, contributing what is almost the pioneer scientific study of the whole area, should feel that in the past there has been manifest too much casualness and even careless ignorance in connection with a vital Canadian problem. His comments on the laws and public attitude of the past are not laudatory. In reviewing conditions as they are at present he has to say things that will be awakening and stimulating, and, to some, who have sat comfortably down to hug prejudices, irritating. For instance, he begins by saying that "It is by no means desirable that a bad or a good case should be made out for the immigrant, but rather that the facts of the case should, as far as possible, be ascertained in order that an adequate judgment may be reached," and ends by showing by tables of statistics that "this problem, then, of how far the alien immigrants contribute to the total of mental deficiency, insanity, and criminality is an intricate and even a delicate one if injustice would be scrupulously avoided". His figures in one case lead him to say that "a comparison. . . . shows that between the British Isles, Canada, and Europe the last mentioned can scarcely be blamed for 'furnishing us with more than fifty per cent. of our defectives and insane" someone having made this claim, and, further, taking the 1911 census as a basis for whatever it is worth, "the statistics for that year gave the number of blind, deaf and dumb, insane and idiotic, as 28,611, of whom 23,983 were born in Canada and 5,528 were from outside . . . . on this basis the more than half should become less than a fifth". The following is an arresting statement: "In 1913-14 1,834 persons were deported and 952 or nearly fifty-two per cent. were British, 405 or twenty-two per cent. were American, and 477 or twenty-six per cent. belonged to practically the remainder of the world. This does not speak so adversely against the non-English-speaking foreigner."

All this does not mean that Professor Smith would worship figures or bow down before the infallibility supposed to belong to tables of statistics. He is indeed constantly taking his figures with a grain of salt and mixing them with adequate portions of saving common sense. But the figures are revealing. They are the background for such a comment as, "British justice has been wont to regard a man innocent until he is proven guilty, and guilt can scarcely be established by general impressions, or the somewhat panicky spread of assumptions . . . If the foregoing basis of comparison be accepted it only proves that the alien is but of like passions and failings as the rest of folk, and the country into which he comes has a duty to discharge as much as he

has a labour to give. And if, on the other hand, the foregoing basis is utterly erroneous and inadequate, then, until a new and better basis be found, judgment must be suspended."

Professor Smith has suggestions to offer as to future policy. Having gathered by a reading of his book some notion of what must necessarily be his wide acquaintance with the subject one is apt to grant to these suggestions a respectful hearing. He speaks with authority and not as a scribe who merely scribbles amiable or hostile animadversions according to particular personal bias.

For one thing, Professor Smith urges that the examination of immigrants should be made at the port of departure. He meets the adverse argument to the proposal based on its cost by pointing out the reduced expenditure in connection with subsequent deportations and in connection with the ultimate expense incurred on account of the defectives always all too apt to slip past the necessarily cursory examination at the port of entry. The changing nature of Canadian immigration is pointed out and the tragedy of a continuance of drift policy urged. Regulation is offered as a panacea for most of the ills of the situation.

This review is manifestly favourable. Careful students of the immigration problem of Canada will surely disagree at points with Professor Smith in an intricate matter over which disagreement is so easy. There will be plenty also whom his book will irritate or trouble. He deflates some assumptions and is not without his word of warning against race and national prejudice. But few will find fundamental fault with a book so packed with information, so careful and restrained in its interpretations of statistics, and withal so enveloped with a spirit of fine enthusiasm for Canadian citizenship.

A book with a paragraph like the following in it is worth the perusal and regard of every good citizen:

> To think that Canadians can be made by changing a sheepskin jacket for a tweed suit, adopting the English language with a foreign accent as a means of becoming subservient to a party advocate, or by casting a ballot whose significance and power is only vaguely understood, is to make the foolish mistake of confusing the outward and visible sign with an inward and spiritual grace. Citizenship without devotion may be worse than a delusion and become a snare, and devotion can be evoked by something worth while. The saving means of cultivating that germ of devotion is for Canadians to cast off any temper of superiority, any attitude of neglect, or any presumption that in good time nature would produce the assimilated product, and begin, by assistance, goodwill, friendship, education, and an eagerness to accept the best the alien can give, to set in action those subtle forces that are connected with the working out of a great destiny for a united Canadian people.

*

LINDA CONDON

By Joseph Hergesheimer. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a wide departure from "The Three Black Pennys", "Virginia Blood", and "Java Head", which are only three of the seven or eight books of fiction written by this versatile, searching and, at times, brilliant American novelist. It is a study of a young girl who is reared single-handed by her mother in one hotel after another. The mother and daughter differ absolutely in looks, character and temperament. Linda is dark, slight, severe, serious, undemonstrative, yearning. Her mother is fair, plump, frivolous, worldly. Casually they meet many types and classes, and at length Mrs. Condon, who is a widow, marries Moses Feldt, a Jew, who is rich enough to make her eat gold. Linda goes to live with them and his two daughters in New York. One of the daughters affects Bohemian society, and in that atmosphere Linda meets her fate in the person of a sculptor named Dodge Pleydon. She and Pleydon are seekers after the beautiful. As to Linda, the beautiful she endeavoured to discover and maintain in herself. Here is how the author puts it:

Linda wanted desperately to preserve the whiteness of her skin, the flexible black distinction of her hair, yes—her beauty. Here, again the vicarious immortality of children would be sufficient. But not for her. She was in the room that had been hers before marriage, with her infinite preparations for the night at an end; and her hair loose against the blanched severity of her attire, her delicately full arms bare, she clasped her cold hands in stabbing apprehension."

One might think that a woman like Linda Condon would not marry, but she does. She marries, not Pleydon, but Arnaud Hallet, because she needs expensive things, slippers that cost a hundred dollars a pair and gloves by the dozen. Hallet has money enough to supply these luxuries. Perhaps that is why she marries him. One doesn't quite know. She doesn't know herself. One thinks that she, of all persons, might have married Pleydon, but no one would blame her for not marrying him. The book is artistic, but not altogether pleasing. Certainly it is not satisfying even if it is immensely interesting.

*

ISLE O' DREAMS

By Frederick Moore. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

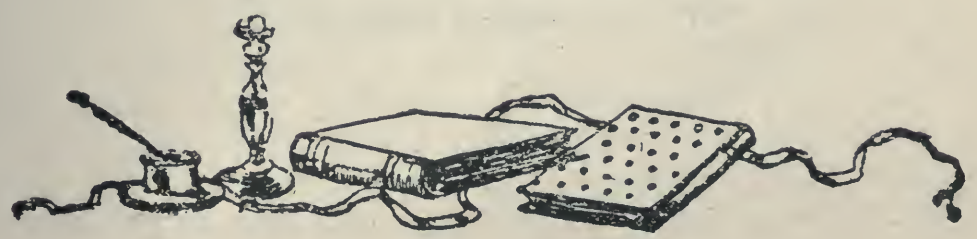
THIS is the kind of story that is fitted for summer reading. Much of the setting is in the Orient, with the China Seas and all the colour of the East for background. Treasure trove and a mad whirlpool of destiny whose centre is a girl's whim; all the colour and tang of Eastern waters, all the vigour of men, drawn alive, all the fascination of adventure undertaken with a smile on the lips. Through the treachery and madness of men, and the greater treachery and madness of the sea, the story moves to its climaxes. The gold is proved to be a mirage and all the strain and struggle wasted, but for one man and one woman, the expedition was gloriously successful, for they found a treasure greater than gold, an adventure

*

THE WHITE MOLL

By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

MR. PACKARD has written a number of exciting stories, but we doubt whether any of them is quite so engrossing as this one. Perhaps there is more art in "The Miracle Man", and more upstanding adventure in "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale", but this novel leads them all in fidelity to the type that reveals the machinations of the underworld. The scene is laid in the East Side of New York, and "The White Mole" is a young girl without family ties who moves about amongst all kinds of offenders, doing good wherever she can, hurting nobody and keeping herself from the many almost unavoidable pitfalls that beset her on all hands. She is known, respected and beloved of this underworld, but owing to a rash step she takes in trying to shield others she immediately is suspected as a hoax and a crook. By an ingenious method she manages to disguise herself and avoid the police. In so doing, however, she meets the "Adventurer", a youth who, like herself, is trying to do good. Each suspects the other, but in the end they discover their motives; and instead of stealing from others they have been stealing from themselves—each stealing the other's heart.



FLUTE OF GOD

By J. D. LOGAN

OH, I have drained the cups of ecstasy!—
At eventide upon a high-faned hill
Where I have watched God's sunsets spill
Apocalyptic splendours to infinity;

And on the wide, high-weltering sea
Where I have seen mad Ocean spend
Its awful energy
In towering titan-waves—end to end,
While my steel-sinewed ship would plunge
Into the whirling waters' vortex, and amain
Leap to the crest; and once more plunge,
Defiant, down the waves' abyss,
And leap up triumphing and free again,
Scorning the snarling hiss
Of Ocean angry at the impotence
Of its voracious violence;

And in a sun-shot, flowered field
Where I have lain concealed
And suddenly have heard
The wild, swift winging
And the wild, sweet singing
Of a glad, free bird.

But not the loveliest note
That issued from the thrush's throat,
Nor wildly weltering sea,
Nor sunset splendours ever stirred
My spirit to such transports of pure ecstasy
As you—Sweet Flute of God!—awake in me.
Oh, when I hear
The music absolute
Of your belovèd voice I stand entranced and mute;
And I am blest beyond all power of uttering:—
There is no Autumn and no Winter in the year,
But only Spring is near,
And pure, supernal gladdening!

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE FALL FAIR

Open to the World

EVERYBODY knew the date set for the Fall Fair, still it was the duty of the Secretary to hang notices in public places, especially in post-offices and taverns. Local pride demanded at least that much publicity, because every competition that offered a prize was open to the world. And that world was not merely the little world of our daily walk and conversation, for it reached out in all directions and embraced places whose very names stirred the imagination, hearing them pronounced glibly by the ashman and the fish pedlar. The ashman is remembered because he was always talking about other worlds than ours, and he never failed to leave bars of hard yellow soap on the back porch; the fish pedlar because it was he who first revealed the phenomenon of ice in July. So that our Fair permitted you to exhibit your Shropshires from Tuckersmith, your Berkshires from McKillop, your Suffolks from Hullett, your Percherons from Fullarton, your fruits and your grains from the Boundary, and your knitting and baking and embroidery from either of the two Easthopes.

It was open to the world.

Could any fair be fairer?

The Crystal Palace

The ground lay half a mile from the village, between an imposing row of poplars and old man Elson's rhubarb patch. It was not extensive, but it was well fenced with boards nailed close together. On three hundred and sixty-four days of every year it was indeed a sad and forlorn object. Even the Crystal Palace, that scene of famous conquests in needlework and crocheting, was suffered to bleach in summer and crouch under snow in winter. We used to pass by it every day on our way to school, and if we deigned to peep through a knot hole, it was with a shudder that we beheld the forbidding aspect of the place. It presented indeed a gloomy and austere prospect. But in winter it was worst of all. From the road we could see the top of the Crystal Palace. We could count

The Great Fair Day

the icicles hanging from the eaves and see snow clinging to the roof. No sign was there of human touch. No track led to the door. No smoke curled upwards.

But what a change on Fair Day! Gone all the drab and forlorn aspect. Gone the icicles and the snow. Instead there was a scene of animation and colour. For since early morning, up the Tuckersmith line and down the gravel, had come wagons laden with hogs and sheep, trucks carrying grains and fruits, fakirs afoot and hired men ahorse, democrats full of families, itinerant merchants with tents and cases of pop and lemons, shining top buggies bearing youth and beauty, men leading stallions and men leading bulls—all coming to a focus at the Fair. The village appeared to teem and swell with people. And every shed was occupied, every shelter, all the tavern stables, every hitching-post, every possible fence corner out as far as the Fair ground and even beyond.

And at the Fair ground itself what a convergence! The entrance fee was twenty-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children. Even fifteen cents, when the most you have is twenty-five, is a considerable sum of money, especially if you have in view the purchase of a throw at the dolls, a drink of pink lemonade and one cornucopia of grapes.

I have in mind a little boy who found himself sitting alone on the front step of his home in the village and wondering how he could make twenty-five cents do the work of thirty. He knew that Big Angus would be at the gate and that one might just as well try to slip past St. Peter as slip past the dour Scot. And to make the Fair for this boy a success four things were required—entrance, one throw at the dolls, one glass of pink lemonade and one cornucopia of grapes. To procure these things he must start out with thirty cents. But how could one make thirty out of only twenty-five? The store was just across the way, and it occurred to the lad that if he were to have the quarter changed into five-cent pieces the storekeeper, who was not noted for giving overweight, might make the impossible blunder of giving six pieces instead of five. And that is exactly what the storekeeper did give.

A miracle had been performed! The lad ran out, but he had not gone far before he stopped to make it certain that he was not dreaming. And, sure enough, there in the palm of his hand lay the six little shining pieces of silver. There may have been a qualm of conscience, but in any case I can say this much, that if that storekeper can be found I myself will return to him gladly his five cents, with interest compounded at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

Find the Storekeeper

Our Little Community

You must follow the boy into the Fair, and with him our little community will be revealed to you—our conceits, our whims, our oddities. You will not be overcome by the extent of ground, but you will realize that on the whole it is so well confined that nothing will escape you. In short, you are at all times within sight and hearing of everything. So that you need not be disturbed if you hear the grunting of hogs and the whickering of horses synchronizing with shouts of "Lemonade, forty feet in the shade, and it shines with the light of a diamond". Nor should you whimper if the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle puts to shame the raucous yelling of the dollman, whose cajolery is limited to the continuous repetition of, "Hit a doll and win a cigar! Three shots for five—a nickel, half a dime; will neither make you, break you nor buy you a farm".

A farm! And to think that this man himself once was a farmer, this man who now stands there and stakes a cigar against your five cents and your skill at throwing! He also makes the alluring offer that if you hit the same doll three times in succession he will give you a dollar.

Could anything be fairer?

And yet Josiah Judson declared at revival that it is gambling. As to that, some of us never have seen the dollman as a gambler. We have seen him as an instigator of an ancient and honourable and somewhat hazardous game of chance. And of all games of this character none has equalled the dolls. For these audacious puppets quicken one's primitive instincts, saying, "Hit us if you dare!" and then one in particular seems to offer itself apart from the others, saying, "Hit *me!* Hit *me!*" No one with a scruple of manhood left in him could ignore a challenge like that. No boy could overlook it. And, anyway, there is about the dolls a kind of human appeal. Like many of us, they show marks of buffeting and are a little down at heel. Then, again, although they are only dolls, they represent humanity, and so as individuals they are amusing caricatures of persons we know. Gaze, for instance, at the one in the middle, the one with the nanny-goat whiskers and pug nose. It looks more like Mike O'Hara than any of Mike's own family, and it has all that bold Irishman's defiant attitude. Long have I wished to hit it square between the eyes, not that I nourish any ill feeling for Mike, but because it is so impudent, so provoking, so bedevilingly Irish. And it is above all else full of contrariness. In that also it is like Mike. For Mike does his spring plowing in fall and his fall plowing in spring. He has no idea of rotation. His wheat will be shelling in head while

More Like Mike O'Hara

Would Rather Trap Minks

his hay still lies in cock. Nor has he much regard for the eternal fitness of things, for he would rather trap minks than haul cordwood, and Sunday, after mass, is unhallowed by the scandalous pastime of quoits or euchre.

Euchre is a game dear to the heart of the widow McVey. But the widow declares that never has she turned a card on Sunday, and, please God, she never will. Among the dolls she is represented by the one in the striped wincey dress and red hair. One small boy always tries to hit her, because one Saturday she spanked him half-way up her green gage tree.

Spanking, by the way, seems to be turning from a pastime into a science. The long-armed doll with the large hands and heavy black eyebrows is its personification. But it shows more marks of violence than any other doll in the group, and it seems to be on the verge of collapsing. Beside it hangs a little bewizened doll with flaxen hair and a form like a clothespin. It reveals the likeness and simpleness of Bessie Biddle, who always boasted that when she was born her head could be hidden under a teacup. She died one fearful night when the dog howled and strange whizzings were heard as far away as the next concession. She was so frail that big Bill Benson picked up the coffin and carried it on his shoulder all the way from the cottage to the grave.

But in another way just now big Bill is testing his strength at a machine whose resistance is indicated on a high pole marked off in feet and inches. With a great wooden mallet in his hands Bill lifts his arms high above his head, and muscles bulge the sleeves of his coat. Then he strikes the machine. Up rushes the indicator, and the barker in charge announces that Bill has come within two inches of breaking the record. With that Bill immediately throws off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. The spot where the mallet strikes he regards intently for a moment. Then he looks up at the indicator, and spits on his hands. To his greatest height he stretches himself, poises the mallet high above his head, and then brings it down with a tremendous thud. Up rushes the indicator, but for some unaccountable reason it stops an inch below the record. Bill regards it wistfully, and while he is thus occupied you might be pleased to look at some other aspect of our community, because you can return at any time and still find Bill with this new fame almost, but not quite, his.

The Local Member

You might be pleased to notice a few of our leading citizens. The local Member has not arrived yet. He always comes late, driving a span of fancy roadsters hitched to a single buggy, with a coach dog running underneath. He will

be late to-day, as usual, but in plenty of time to shake hands with everybody, ask about everybody, praise everything, and in due course of time, before the long shadows creep across the grass, discuss, in a well-prepared speech, the leading questions of the day. Meanwhile you have an opportunity to cast an eye here and there. You will observe that the tent staked over against the Crystal Palace and the other close to the Horticultural Pavilion give a touch of wild life to the scene, and that on closer scrutiny, with their flaps turned back, they reveal an array of tempting libations and sweetmeats that make our thirty cents look like the vanishing point. Near the first tent you see one of our local preachers. His circuit takes in Salem and Beulah, leaving us with only one service in the Methodist church each Sunday. He is talking to the schoolteacher, who got her third-class certificate at the age of eighteen and who, to quote her own father, is "jist fu' o' edication". There is some talk of the preacher proposing to her yet, and, in fact, it is whispered about that he was seen going down in her direction one night last week. Who knows? She looks pretty spick in her starched dimity, chip hat and pink stockings. That's Mrs. Ezekiel Brown standing near them. She is the wife of the owner of our three mills—cider, saw, and grist. She has on a new lustre dress made by the new dressmaker. Some think the bustle is too pronounced, and I must confess that she left an impression when she walked up the aisle of the church last Sunday night. Most of the dresses have overskirts of embroidery, with starched blouses and mutton-leg sleeves. Some squeamish persons complain of too much open work, but they would regard it as a total eclipse if placed beside the fashions of a later generation. For the blouses stick up under the chin, with frilling at the top, and the skirts at least touch the ground if they do not form a train behind, giving every galoot at the Fair something to stand on while gawking at the prize-ring.

Shake Hands With Everybody

The prize-ring is, of course, the great show place of the Fair. All the big stock parades there, and there it is that the best horseflesh is displayed. It performs also a more intimate, subtler function, for if a young girl should accept a young man's invitation to ride around the ring with him in his buggy she might just as well announce her betrothal and be done with it. There goes Betty Butson at this very moment. Frank Farquhar is cranking his new buggy with the rubber tires, and as sure as Satan she's climbing into it. She, too, is wearing a new dress made at home of fluffy stuff called seer sucker. It is quite effective and not expensive. They'll

Betty Butson In Seer Sucker

In Her Black Farmer's Satin

make an excellent match. Henry Harvey is competing also in the single class. He looks pretty gay in his striped blazer beside Lizzie Lavery, who is, if anything, a little grave in her black farmer's satin, which was all the fashion a year ago.

The judge, standing in the middle of the ring, is the local farrier. He always wears his fine kip boots, with the red tops, on Fair Day, and he just loves to crack that whip and appear to be horsey. His annual joke is to take a third-prize ticket and put it on a first-prize exhibit and then stand back, leaning on the guard rail, and laugh at the chagrin of the owner.

On the guard rail, by the ringside, lean also Joe, the teamster, smoking his choice five-center; Charlie Mitchell, waiting for night to fall, so that he can perform at the tavern; Jimmie Jordan, with a little peak cap, and the village doctor, who wears a brown straw hat with a rolling brim, a black alpaca coat and a white waistcoast. He is moving away, and the others are following. Perhaps they hear the man shouting, "Roll up, tumble up! If you can't get up, throw your money up". No, it is the local Member standing on the steps of the Horticultural Pavilion and about to begin his speech. Showing deference to him, all other cajoling ceases, even the dollman's; and Big Bill, with becoming respect, leans on the mallet and listens to the merits of the National Policy.

This diversion is not attractive to Henry Perkins and Mrs. Charlie Simpkins. Henry's squashes received a first prize and Mrs. Simpkins's a second prize. These two, neighbours and distantly related, were the only exhibitors in that class. Naturally they are very proud, and they have been standing beside their exhibits receiving congratulations, for they are highly esteemed. Unfortunately their location is at the farther end of the Pavilion, just out of hearing of the new Member. But they come forward and listen patiently, until someone makes a move to withdraw. Then they, too, slip away, being on the side of politics opposed to the Member, and soon the small boy, jostling on the back of a wagon-load of hogs, overlooks them reloading their squashes, while Jerry O'Brien chases a Shropshire ewe that has run loose. The boy overlooks also the wholesome excitement of the general leave-taking, and as the wagon swings out into the road he sees the long procession of home-faring folk, a procession that reaches all the way from the big gates to the top of the village hill, where it disappears. And he is content. For he has had a throw at the dolls, has drunk pink lemonade and consumed one cornucopia of grapes.

Home-faring Folk

Could any Fair be fairer?

GR
DESK
OS
STA